

TYLER
1905

E. WILLIAM THOMPSON

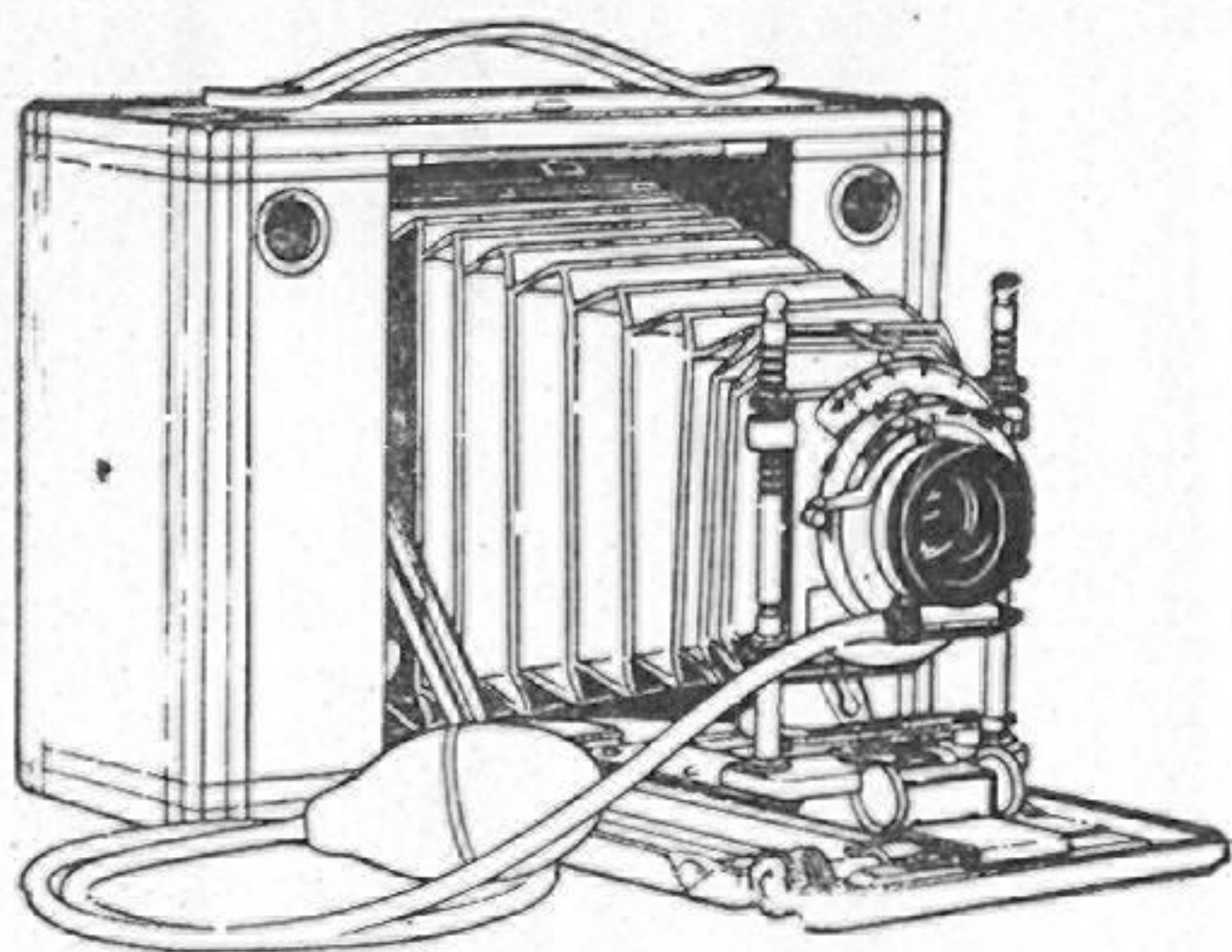


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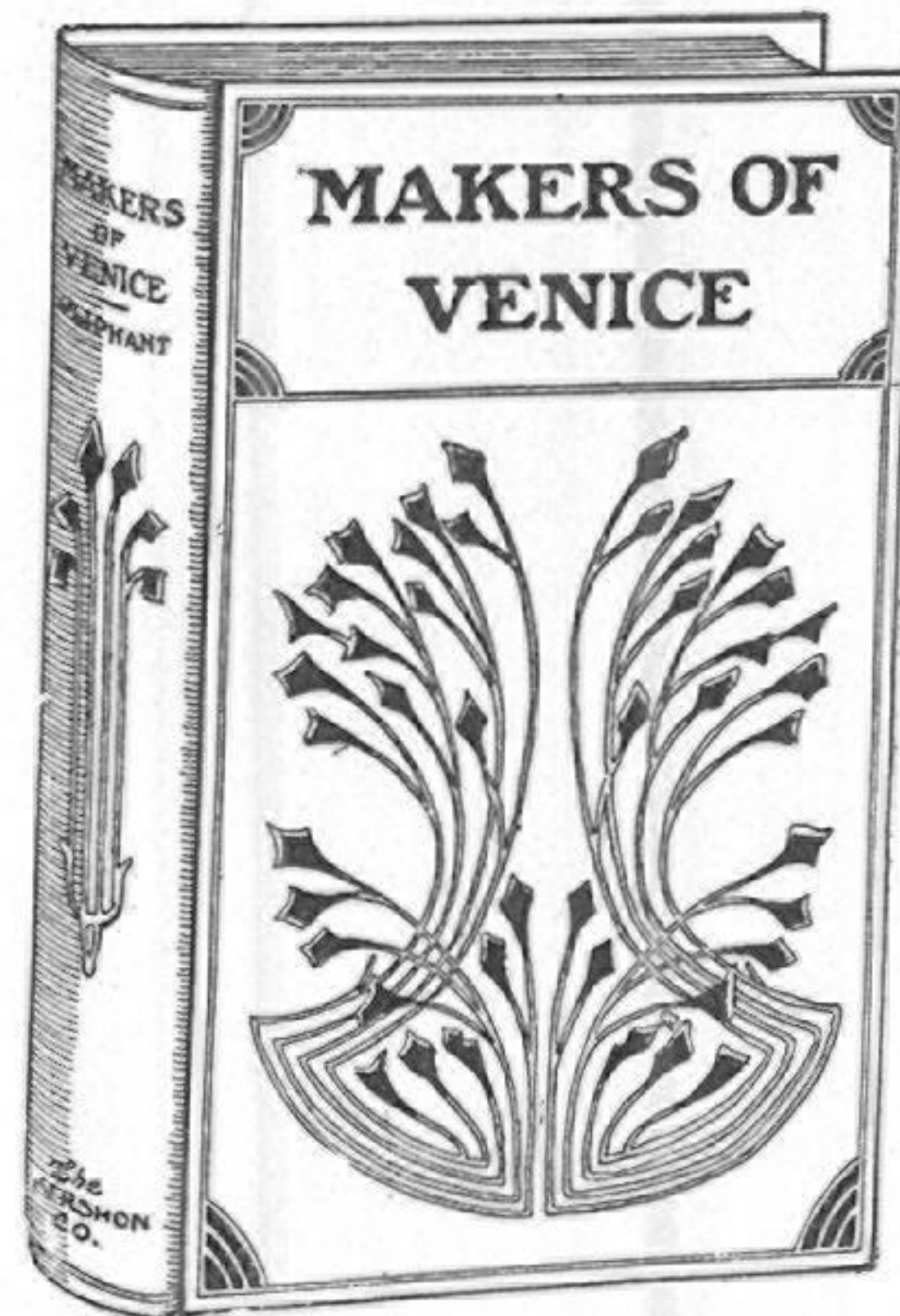
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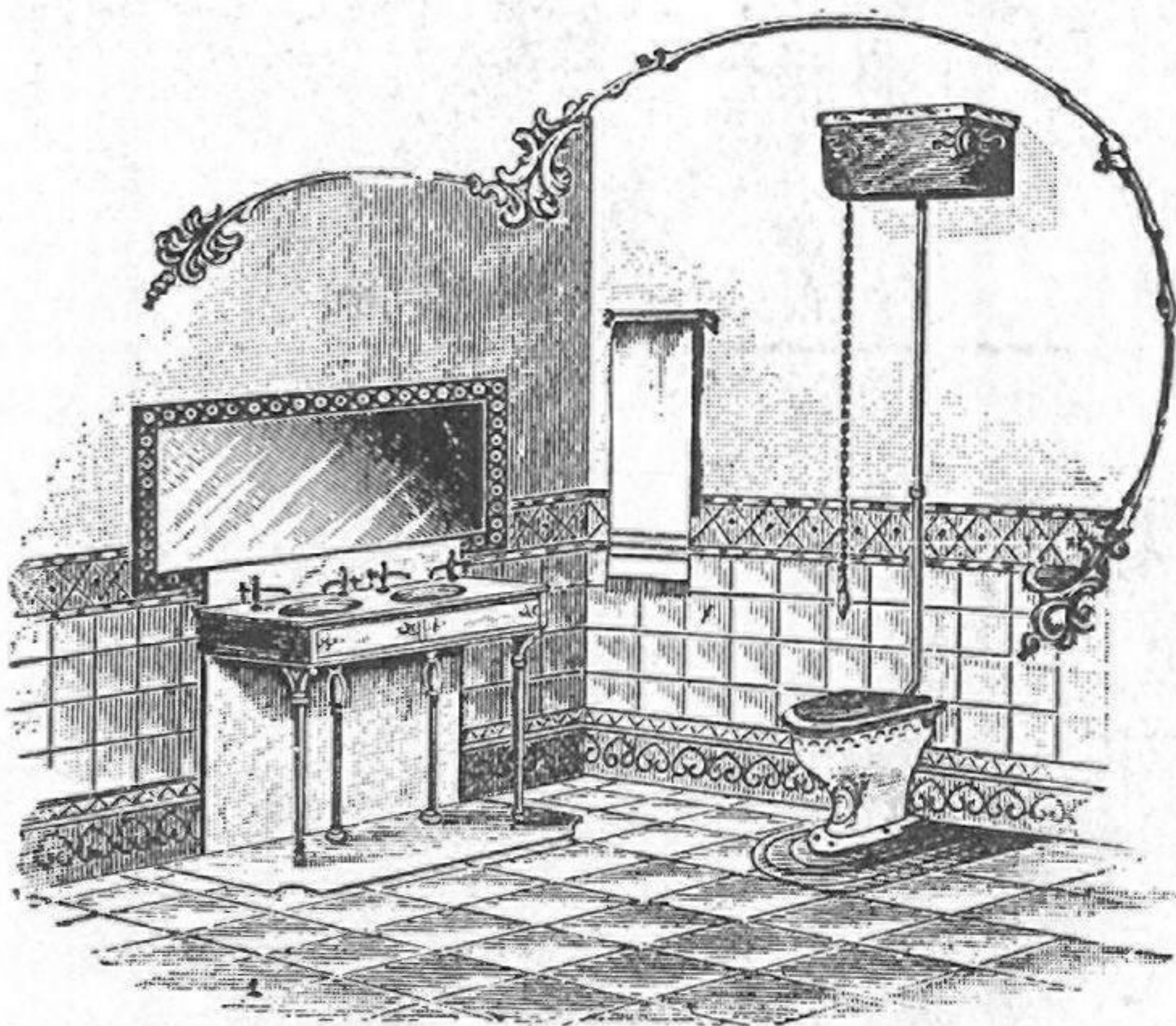
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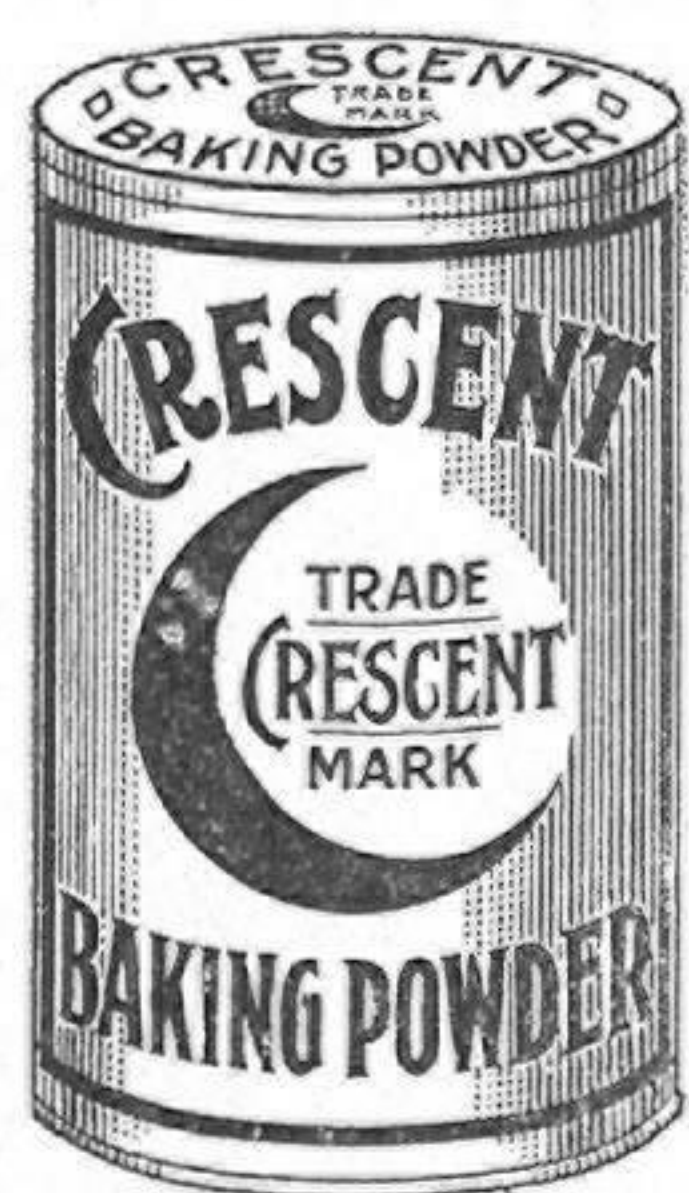
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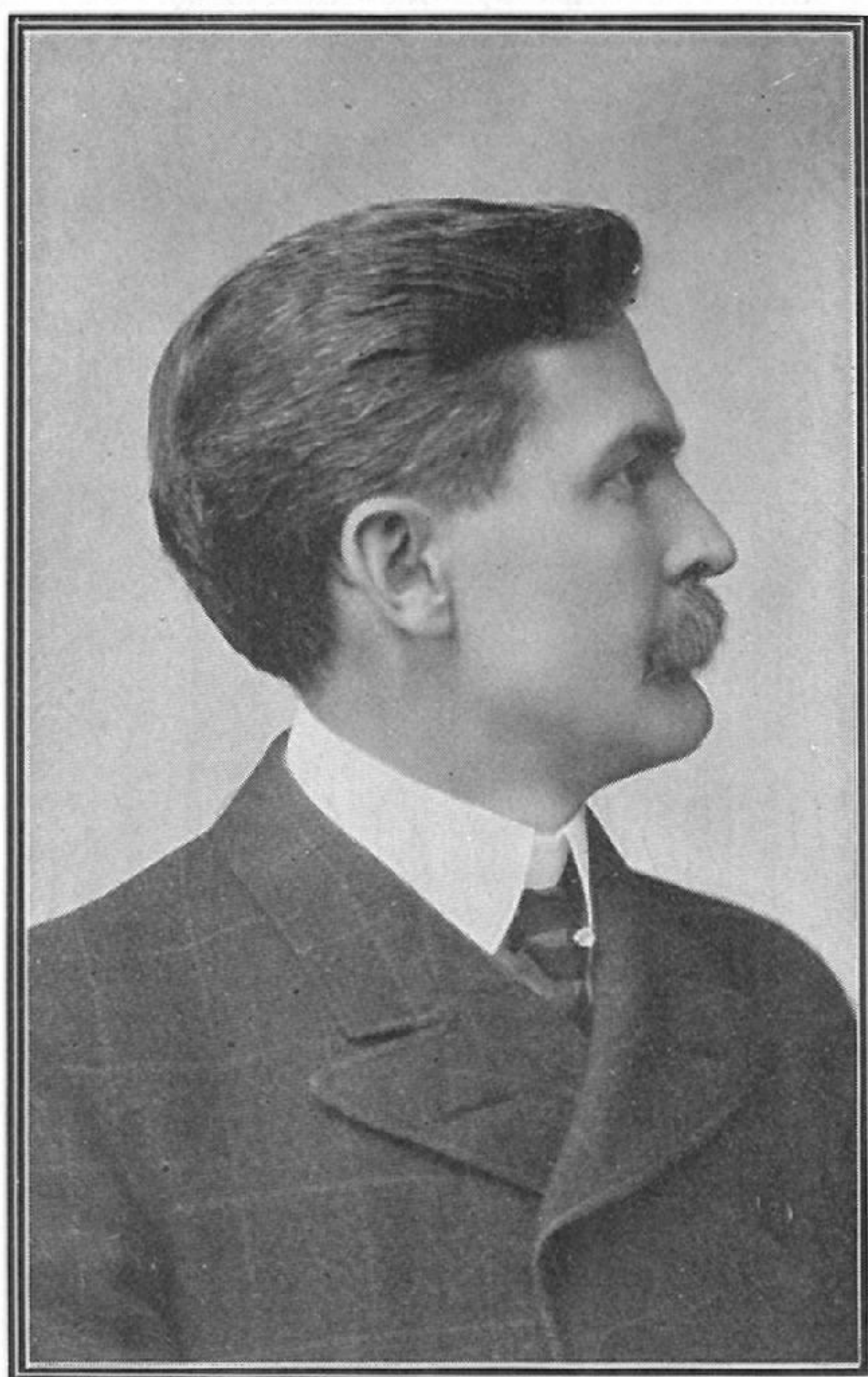
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Athletic Goods.

Lowman & Hanford.....	I
University Drug Store.....	XI

Artists' Supplies.

Walker Portrait Co.....	XXVIII
-------------------------	--------

Bands.

Wagner's	XXXI
----------------	------

Banks.

Dexter Horton & Co.....	V
Nat'l Bank of Commerce....	XXIX

Books and Periodicals.

Lowman & Hanford.....	I
Van's	XIII
O. P. Mooney.....	VII

Brick, Fire Clay, Etc.

Denny-Clay Co.....	XXXII
--------------------	-------

Business Colleges.

Acme Business College.....	XXVII
Wilson's Business College..	XIV

Cigars and Tobacco.

University Book Store.....	XI
Van's	XIII
Schwabacher Bros.....	XVI

Coal and Wood.

Pacific Coast Co.....	XII
Brooklyn Fuel Co.....	XVII
University Fuel Co.....	IX
Holmes Lumber Co.....	XXXI

Clothiers.

Sully's	V
Koleman & Rosenberg.....	XIV
Toklas, Singerman & Co.....	IX

Coffees and Spices.

Crescent Mfg. Co.....	VIII
-----------------------	------

Confectionery.

Palace of Sweets	V
Stokes'	XVIII
Van's	XIII
Hayne's	XXX

Conservatory of Music.

New York Conservatory of Music	X
--------------------------------------	---

Dancing Academy.

Little's Academy	XVIII
------------------------	-------

Drawing Instruments.

O. P. Mooney	VII
Lowman & Hanford	I

Drugs (Whol. and Retail).

University Drug Store.....	XI
Gray-McFadden Drug Co....	XIII
Fremont Drug Co.....	XXI
Stuart & Holmes.....	XXVIII

Dentists, Infirmarys, Etc.

Washington Infirmary of Osteopathy	XIII
Boston Dental Co.....	XXVI

Engravers.

Benson,-Morris Co	II, III
-------------------------	---------

Electric Wiring.

Dunbar & Co.....	XVII
------------------	------

Engineers and Contractors.

Puget Sound Bridge & Dredging Co.....	XI
---------------------------------------	----

Expressman.

P. Hansen	XVII
-----------------	------

Furniture.

Frederick & Nelson.....	XXII
-------------------------	------

Grocers (Wholesale & Retail).

Schwabacher Bros.....	IV
University Grocery	XXVIII

Haberdashers.

Sully's	V
Koleman & Rosenberg.....	XIV
Toklas, Singerman & Co....	IX
King Brothers	XXX

Student's Business Directory—Continued

Hardware (Whol. & Retail).

B Lavine.....	III
Dunbar & Co.....	XVII
Schwabacher Hardware Co.	XIV
Fremont Hdw. Co.....	XXI
Thedinga Hdw. Co.....	XXIX

Hotels.

The Washington	IV
----------------------	----

Investment Company.

American Investment & Improvement Co.....	X
---	---

Jewelers.

Albert Hansen	V
Tarrants'	XXIX

Laundries.

Excelsior Laundry	XII
Seattle Laundry	XXIII

Leather Goods.

H. F. Norton Co.....	XXIX
----------------------	------

Lunch Parlors.

Palace of Sweets	V
Stokes'	XVIII
Van's	XIII

Machinery.

Vulcan Iron Works.....	XIX
Moran Bros.....	XXVII

Manufacturers.

Lutke Mfg. Co.....	VI
--------------------	----

Meat Markets.

Brooklyn Market	VII
Vincent Bros.	XXXII

Milliner.

Mrs. Hackersmith	XXX
------------------------	-----

Net and Twine.

Pacific Net & Twine Co....	XXI
----------------------------	-----

Orchestra.

Wagner's	XXXI
----------------	------

Optician.

Seattle Optical Co.....	XXVI
-------------------------	------

Photographic Supplies.

Lowman & Hanford.....	I
Anderson Supply Co.....	XXX

Photographs.

E. S. Curtis	XXI
Braas	XXVI
Edwin Rogers	XXVII
James & Buschnell.....	XXVIII

Printers.

Lowman & Hanford.....	I
Keystone Printing Co.....	XVIII
Cramer & Coman	IX
Rainier Printing Co.....	XXX

Real Estate, Investments.

Washington Realty Co.....	XII
W. H. Thompson.....	XXIX
C. B. Kittredge.....	XXXI

Rubber Goods.

Gorham Rubber Co.....	VI
-----------------------	----

Saws.

Fox Saw Works.....	XI
--------------------	----

Seed Store.

E. J. Bowen	XIII
-------------------	------

Stationery.

Lowman & Hanford.....	I
O. P. Mooney.....	VII
Van's	XIII
University Drug Store.....	XI

Ship Builders.

Moran Bros.....	XXVII
-----------------	-------

Syrups, Sugar, Etc.

Hill Syrup Co.....	XXXII
--------------------	-------

Tailors.

Irving & Cannon.....	XX
Geo. B. Dunn.....	XXIII

Transportation Companies.

Alaska Steamship Co.....	VII
--------------------------	-----

Undertakers.

Bonney-Watson Co.....	XVIII
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1905

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VOL. V



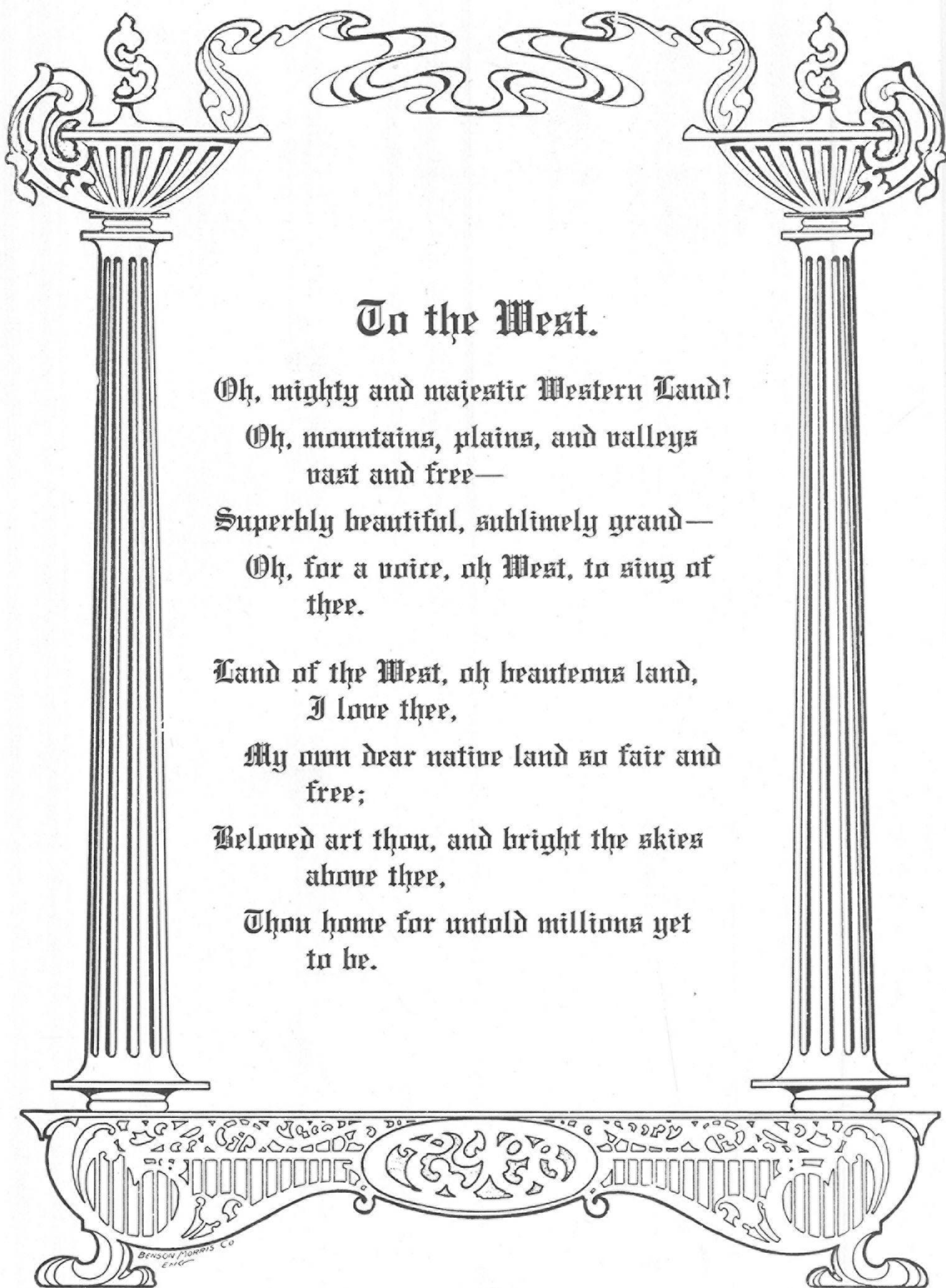
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1904



378

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To the West.

Oh, mighty and majestic Western Land!

Oh, mountains, plains, and valleys
vast and free—

Superbly beautiful, sublimely grand—

Oh, for a voice, oh West, to sing of
thee.

Land of the West, oh beauteous land,
I love thee,

My own dear native land so fair and
free;

Beloved art thou, and bright the skies
above thee,

Thou home for untold millions yet
to be.



FRONTISPIECE.
TITLE PAGE.
DEDICATION.
CONTENTS.
CALENDAR.
BOARD OF EDITORS.
FOREWORD.
WASHINGTON.
BOARD OF REGENTS.
THE FACULTY.
GRADUATION.
THE CLASSES.
FRATERNITIES.
SOCIETIES.
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GRINDS.
FINIS.

Catalogue



TYEE

1905

Calendar

SEPTEMBER.

- 21. Examination for Admission.
- 21. Registration.
- 22. Registration.
- 23. Opening Exercises. Address by General Hazzard.
- 25. Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. Reception.
- 26. Upsilon Upsilon Chapter of Sigma Chi Installed.

OCTOBER.

- 1. Senior Election.
- 1. Junior Election.
- 1. Sophomore Election.
- 2. Freshmen and Sophomore Cane Rush.
- 3. Open Dorm.
- 5. Address by James Lynch.
- 9. Freshmen Election.
- 16. Athletic Ball.
- 17. Football Game—Washington vs. O. A. C.
- 24. Football—Washington vs. Whitman.
- 24. Reception to Whitman Football Team.
- 26. Address by Prof. Meany.
- 30. Football—Washington vs. W. A. C.

NOVEMBER.

- 6. Open Dorm. at Lewis Hall.
- 9. Address by Prof. Alden.
- 14. Football—Washington vs. Oregon.
- 14. Reception to Oregon Football Team.
- 16. Address by Mr. Shippen.
- 19. Grand Rally.
- 20. Football—Washington vs. Nevada.
- 20. Mrs. Padelford Entertains Faculty.
- 21. Football Team Banquet.
- 23. Address by Chief Joseph.
- 26. Football—Washington vs. Idaho.
- 27. Football—Second Team vs. Fort Casey.
- 30. Address by Dean Condon.

DÉCEMBER.

- 4. Oratorical Contest.
- 5. Football—Washington vs. Multnomah.
- 7. Address by Mr. Nakamura.
- 10. Alpha Kappa Gamma Entertains Football Team.
- 11. Freshmen Glee.
- 15. Kappa Sigma Enters Washington.
- 18. Debating Tryout.
- 18. Christmas Vacation Begins.
- 19. Glee Club Concert.

JANUARY.

3. Vacation Ends.
4. Address by Dr. Sidey.
4. Mr. Knight Leaves to Take Chair of Chemistry at Wyoming.
7. Reception to Stanford Glee Club.
11. Address by Mr. William Prosser.
18. Address by Dr. Matthews.
20. Athenas Defeat Stevens.
22. Fisk Jubilee Singers.
25. Address by Prof. Osborn.

T Y E E

1905

FEBRUARY.

1. Address by Mr. Walter Penfield.
5. 'Varsity Ball.
9. Sophomores Elect Editor and Manager of Tyee.
15. Address by Dr. House.
22. Alumni Day.
25. Montaville Flowers at the "U."
26. Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. Reception.
26. Washington-Idaho Debate.
29. Meeting of the A. S. U. W.

MARCH.

1. President Brown of W. A. C. visits the "U."
2. Musicales.
2. Lecture by Prof. Kincaid.
7. Address by Mr. Oliver Stewart.
7. Basket Ball—Co-eds. vs. S. H. S.
8. Address to Law School by Mr. Winfield Smith.
10. Miss Cora Carter Addresses Y. W. C. A.
14. Address by Dr. Llwyd.
21. Pullman Glee Club Concert.
22. Reception to Pullman Glee Club at Dorm.
23. Lecture by Dr. Thomas Boyer.

APRIL

7. Mozart Symphony Orchestra.
8. Oregon-Washington Debate.
9. Girls' Glee Club.
14. 'Varsity Minstrels.
21. Lecture by Henry Watterson.
29. California-Washington Boat Race.
30. California-Washington Track Meet.

MAY.

4. Nevada-Washington Track Meet.
12. Junior Farce.
13. Junior Day.
13. Inter-Class Baseball.
13. Inter-Class Track Meet.
13. Inter-Class Boat Race.
13. Junior Prom.
16. Washington-Idaho Track Meet.

JUNE.

12. Baccalaureate Sermon.
13. Alumni Day.
14. Class Day.
15. President's Reception.
16. Commencement.
16. Senior Ball.



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TYEE

1905

U. of W. Hiah, Hiah!
U. of W. Siah, Siah!
Skookum, Skookum!
Washington!







WE SEND FORTH THE TYEE, hoping it may be an incentive to broader university life, and as a remembrance of happy college days which are passing all too swiftly for students now within the 'varsity walls."



What better words express the purpose of the Tyee than those of the editor of the first volume? Against that time when tired, perhaps, by the buffetings of the world, and longing for the sight once more of long-forgotten friends, one may turn again the leaves of the past and look into one's youth; that is the purpose of the Tyee.

When first you open these pages you will be pleased as a child with a toy, but forever banish from your mind any idea that what you prize in it now will be the same that you will experience in after years' retrospection.

That which pleases now will please no longer. But what can compare with the feverish gaze with which you scan each group, picking out here and there the friends of your college days; those with whom you swore eternal friendship; those with whom you discussed your successes and failures?

Picture again the time when with arms around each others' shoulders you sat on the bleachers, watching the football practice and speculating as to who would make the team; and when that team was picked and matched against a rival college, you stood on those bleachers and rooted yourself hoarse; and then come back to us and say the college annual has no purpose.

And we of the class of 1905 consider ourselves honored that to us is given the privilege to chronicle the events of a year so marked by success in every way that it towers head and shoulders above any preceding year.

TYEE
1905

And yet, in depicting the victories which have come to the Washington within the past year, we are ever filled with misgivings that we may appear filled overmuch with the spirit of braggadoccio. But let it be understood that we are trying to be as modest as possible, and if the word "Championship" occurs often within these pages, do not lay the blame at our door, but rather at that of the spirit always possessed by those battling for the Purple and Gold. It is not our purpose in these opening words to review the different phases of Washington life and point out in just what branches we have progressed, but rather to present them in their present form and allow the reader to judge for himself.

That our literary department is larger than is common to most annuals is explained by the fact that Washington possesses no literary publication, and we deem the stories herein contained to be altogether too good to allow one of them being left out.

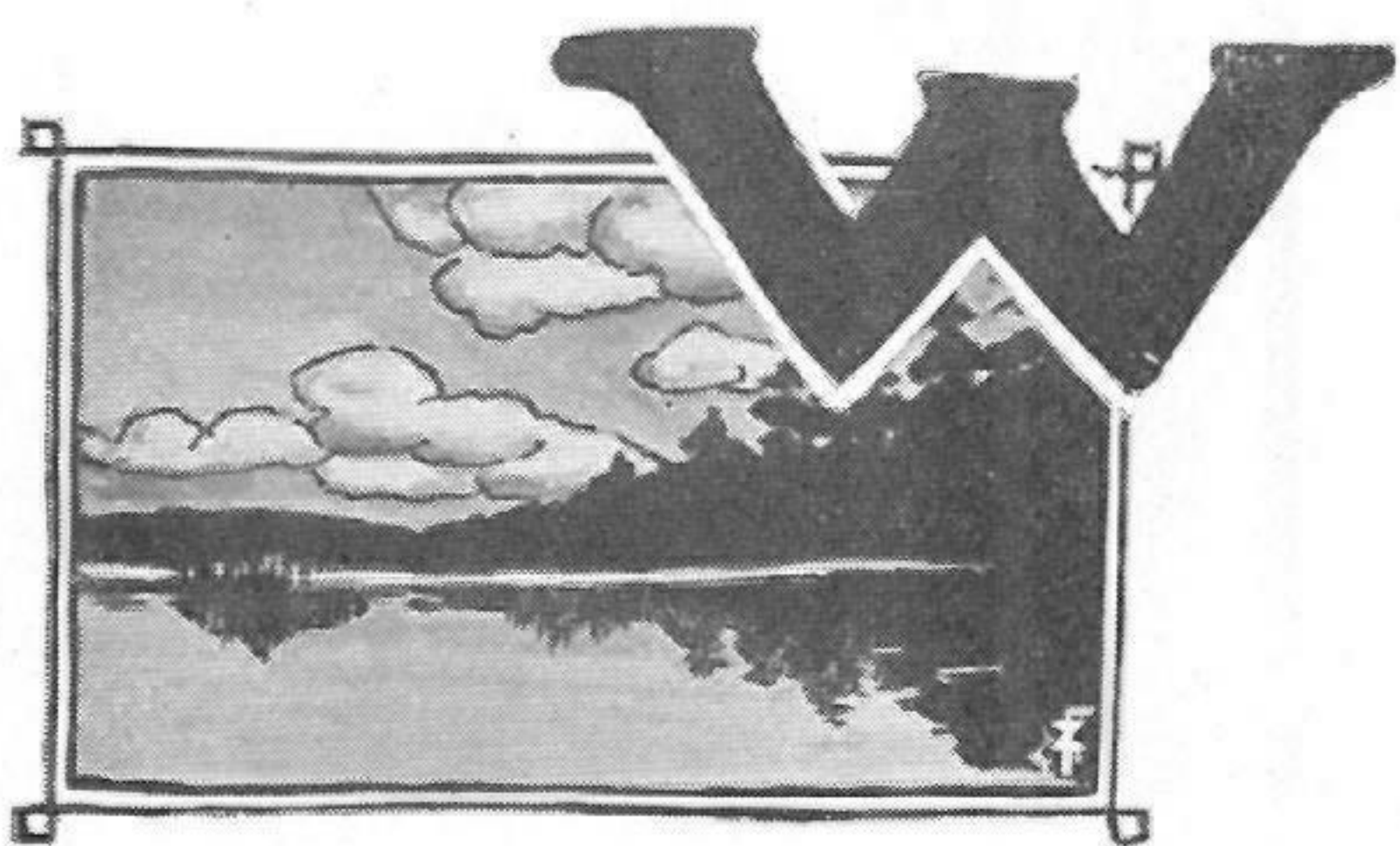
We do not point with especial pride to any particular department of the Tyee, but have tried to perfect them all, and if Vol. V. is a success it is not for us to say so. Should you consider it a failure, come around and let us know. We would be pleased (?).

As to the "Grinds" which we have administered, we have this to say: College life is made up of three classes—those who published the Tyee last year and wielded the hammer; those who publish it this year and repeat the hammer; and those who are coming in their turn with a bigger hammer. The only people open to commiseration are the members of the faculty, and they don't need it.

In conclusion, we wish to thank all those who have helped in the publication of Vol. V. of the Tyee.

THE EDITORS.

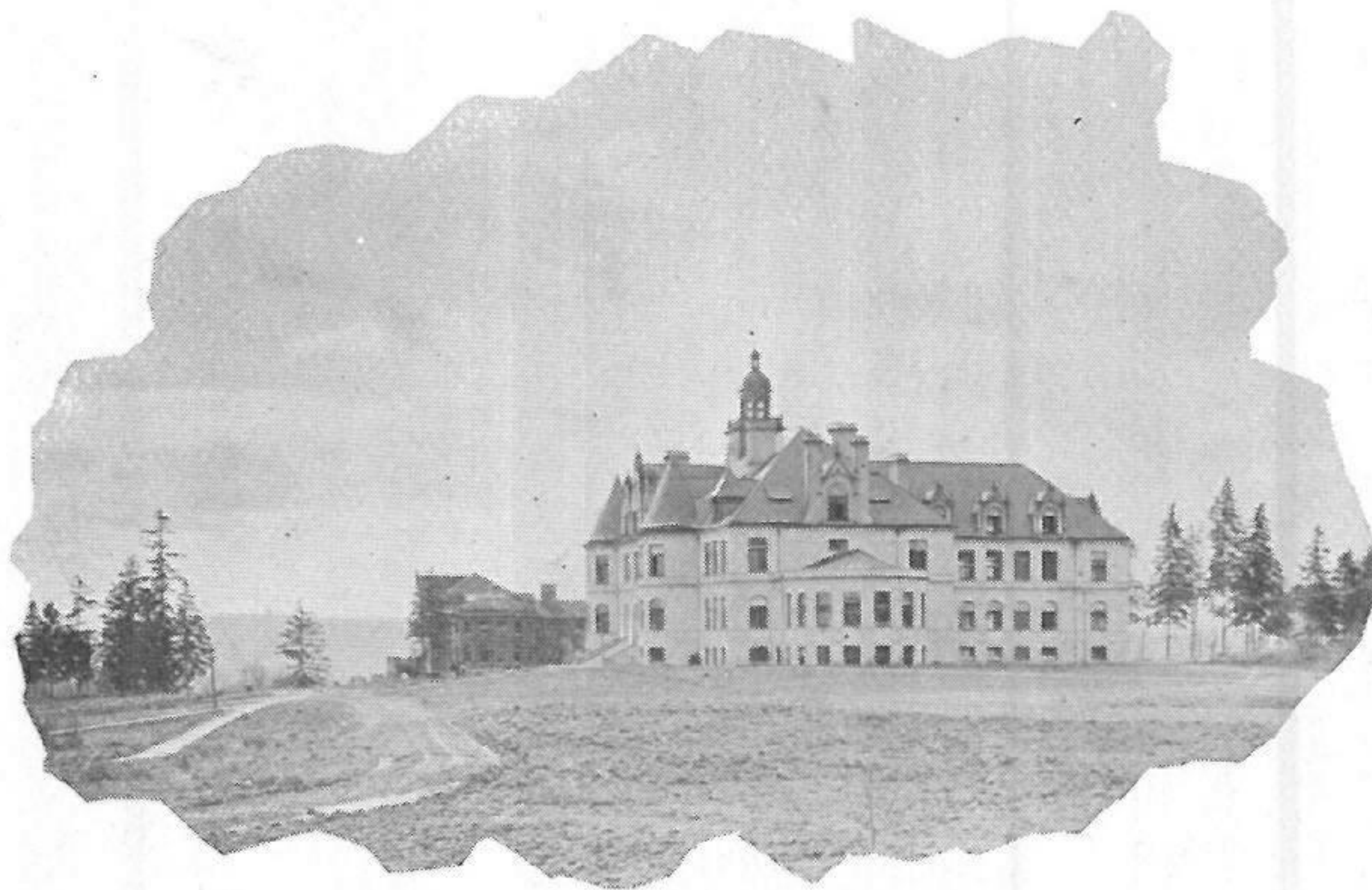
The University of Washington.



ASHINGTON was born in 1854, when Isaac I. Stevens in the Territorial Legislature recommended to Congress that land be appropriated for a university. Upon the condition that a suitable site of ten acres be

donated by the citizens, the university was located at Seattle. This site was selected by A. A. Denny and the largest portion of it donated by him from his farm. C. C. Terry and Edward Lander gave the remainder of the ten acres.

In 1862 the main building, a frame structure, the most imposing educational edifice in the Northwest at the time, was completed, followed shortly by two dormitories. With the exception of the President's cottage, these were the only buildings belonging to the University when college first opened in 1862.



The University of Washington has had no wealthy patrons; indeed, even the Territorial Government paid out no money for its maintenance until 1879. Another thing which hampered the University was its location near Seattle. This may appear strange, but it is easily explained. The aggressive spirit both of the City of Seattle and of the University of Washington caused the rivals of Seattle to consider the State University an institution of the city, and caused them to act accordingly. However, it is now coming to be realized that a State University is not of a city, nor of a county, but of a state, and should be supported as such.

TYEE

1905



In 1893, the old quarters becoming too small, the present beautiful site was secured, and in 1895 the administration building was erected and was closely followed by the two dormitories and gymnasium. In 1901 the Science Hall was constructed, and shortly after the power house.

The buildings, with the exception of the gymnasium, lie in an oval, the long axis running northeast. The administration building occupies the north side; the Science Hall the west end; the power house the south end; and the two dormitories the east end. The gymnasium lies more to the north of the oval, and separated from it by the athletic field. Directly behind the administration building are fully equipped assay shops.



In the administration building is a well-selected library, which is constantly being added to. The chemical laboratories are constantly approaching the best on the Coast. The mechanical and electrical engineering courses have numerous facilities, both at the college and in the city, which is but thirty minutes' car ride from the campus. The proximity of the mines and smelters is advantageous to mining students.

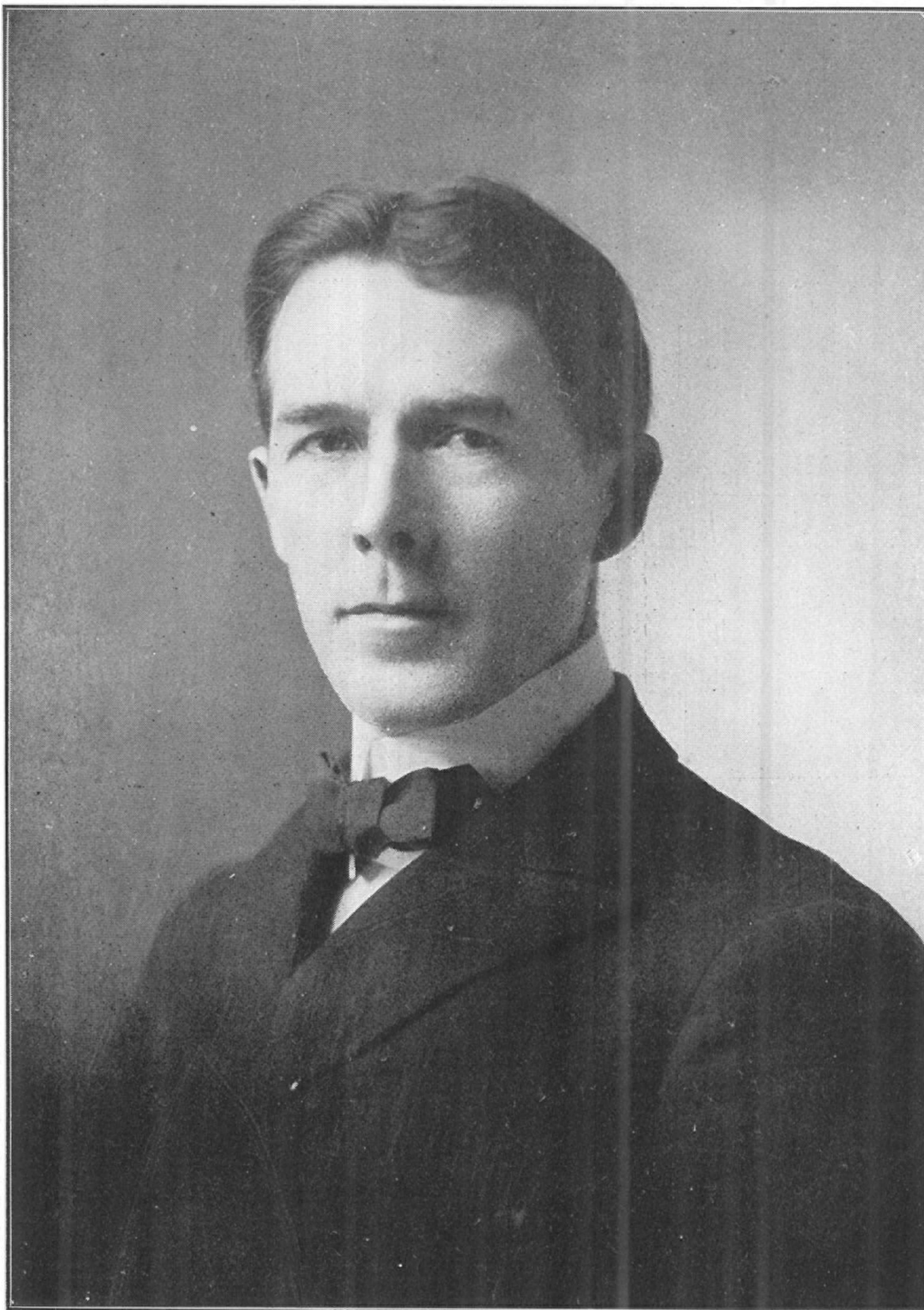
The growth of the University has been nothing less than phenomenal, and at the present rate will soon overtake the larger institutions of California.

BOARD *of* REGENTS

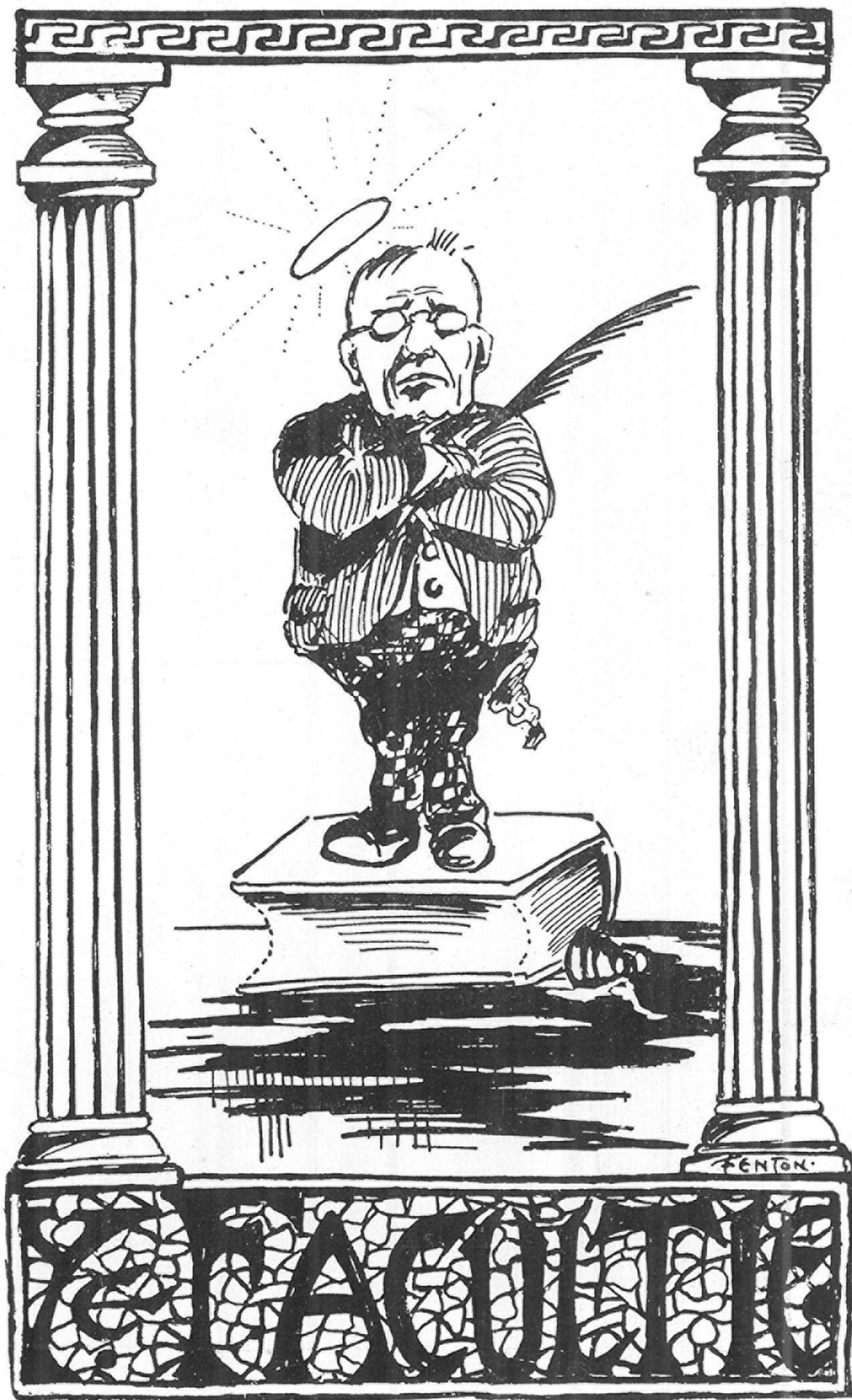


HON. JAMES Z. MOORE, President		<i>Spokane, 1904</i>
HON. ALDEN J. BLETHEN	- - - -	<i>Seattle, 1908</i>
HON. GEO. H. KING	- - - -	<i>Seattle, 1903</i>
HON. RICHARD WINSOR	- - - -	<i>Seattle, 1905</i>
HON. JOHN H. POWELL	- - - -	<i>Seattle, 1905</i>
HON. WILLIAM E. SCHRICKER	- -	<i>La Conner, 1908</i>
HON. F. A. HAZELTON	- - - -	<i>South Bend, 1910</i>

WILLIAM MARKHAM, Secretary of the Board.



PRESIDENT THOMAS FRANKLIN KANE



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Professor of Chemistry.

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Professor of Physical Culture.

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Professor of Pedagogy.

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Professor of Mining and Metallurgy.

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Professor of Greek.

FREDERICK A. OSBORN, PH. D.,
Professor of Physics.

TYEE
1905

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Assistant Professor of Mathematics.

RUDOLF E. HEINE, B. S.,
Assistant Professor of Electrical Engineering.

OTILIE G. BOETZKES, A. M.,
Assistant Professor of Modern Languages.

HERBERT D. CARRINGTON, PH. D.,
Professor of German.

CHARLES H. GORDON, PH. D.,
Acting Professor of Geology.

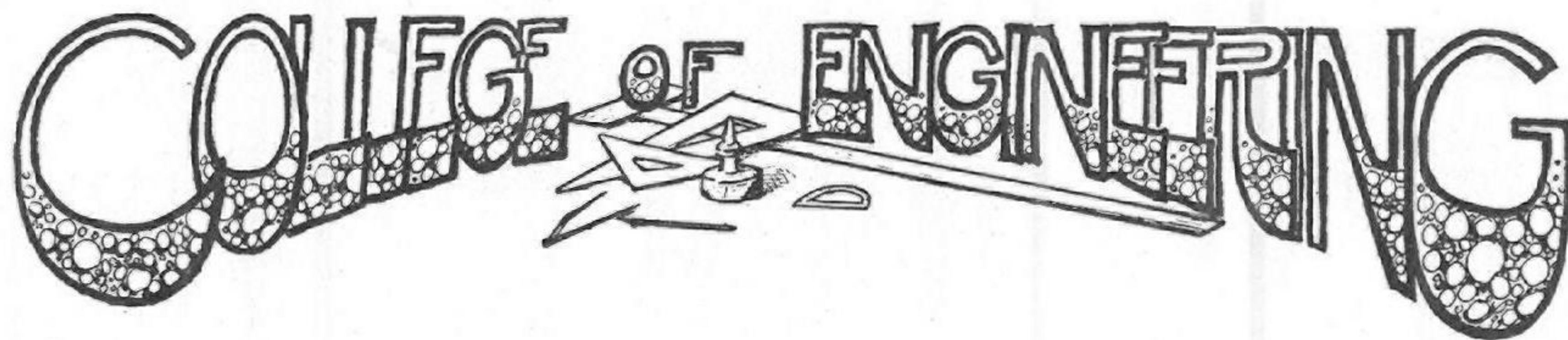
GEORGE H. ALDEN,
Assistant Professor of History.

THEODORE C. FRYE, PH. D.,
Professor of Botany.

W. LEE LEWIS,
Assistant Professor of Chemistry.

THOMAS K. SIDEY,
Assistant Professor of Latin and Greek.

COLLEGE OF ENGINEERING



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CHARLES H. GORDON, PH. D.,
Acting Professor of Geology.

JOHN C. THORPE,
Assistant Professor of Mechanical Engineering.

N. ADELBERT BROWN,
Instructor in Civil Engineering.

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President.

MILNOR ROBERTS, A. B., DEAN,
Professor of Mining Engineering and Metallurgy.

J. ALLEN SMITH, PH. D.,
Professor of Political and Social Science.

ARTHUR RANUM, A. B.,
Professor of Mathematics.

ALMON H. FULLER, C. E.,
Professor of Civil Engineering.

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Acting Professor of Geology.

HON. FRED RICE ROWELL,
Lecturer on Mining Law.

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Professor of Physical Culture.

TREVOR C. D. KINCAID, A. M.,
Professor of Zoology.

W. LEE LEWIS, A. B.,
Assistant Professor of Chemistry.

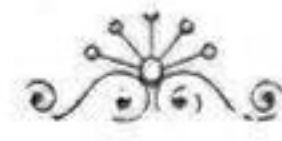
CHARLES W. JOHNSON, PH. D.,
Assistant Professor of Pharmacy.

THEODORE C. FRYE, PH. D.,
Professor of Botany.

THOMAS K. SIDEY, PH. D.,
Assistant Professor of Latin and Greek.

PAUL HOPKINS, A. M.,
Assistant in Chemistry.

Instructors and Assistants



HENRY L. BRAKEL, A. B.,

Instructor in Physics.

JEAN WOLD, A. B.,

Instructor in Physical Culture and Director of Gymnasium for Women.

CHARLA A. H. BLODGETT, A. B.,

Assistant in Spanish.

JOHN CHARLES RATHBUN, A. B.,

Assistant in Physics.

ROBERT MAX GARRETT, A. M.,

Assistant in English.

PAUL HOPKINS, A. M.,

Assistant in Chemistry.

SAMUEL H. RICHARDSON,

Assistant in Geology.

ALBERT H. MEHNER,

Assistant in Zoology.

ELMER C. GREEN,

Assistant in Political Science.

ANNA E. COREY,

Assistant in Botany.

CLAUDE A. LINK,

Assistant in Chemistry.

HON. FRED RICE ROWELL, A. B.,

Lecturer on Mining Law.

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Secretary to the Board of Regents.

HERBERT T. CONDON,
Registrar and Secretary to the Faculty.

WILLIAM B. HAMPSON,
University Engineer.

JOHN W. BALL,
Superintendent of Grounds.

ANNIE HOWARD,
Preceptress.

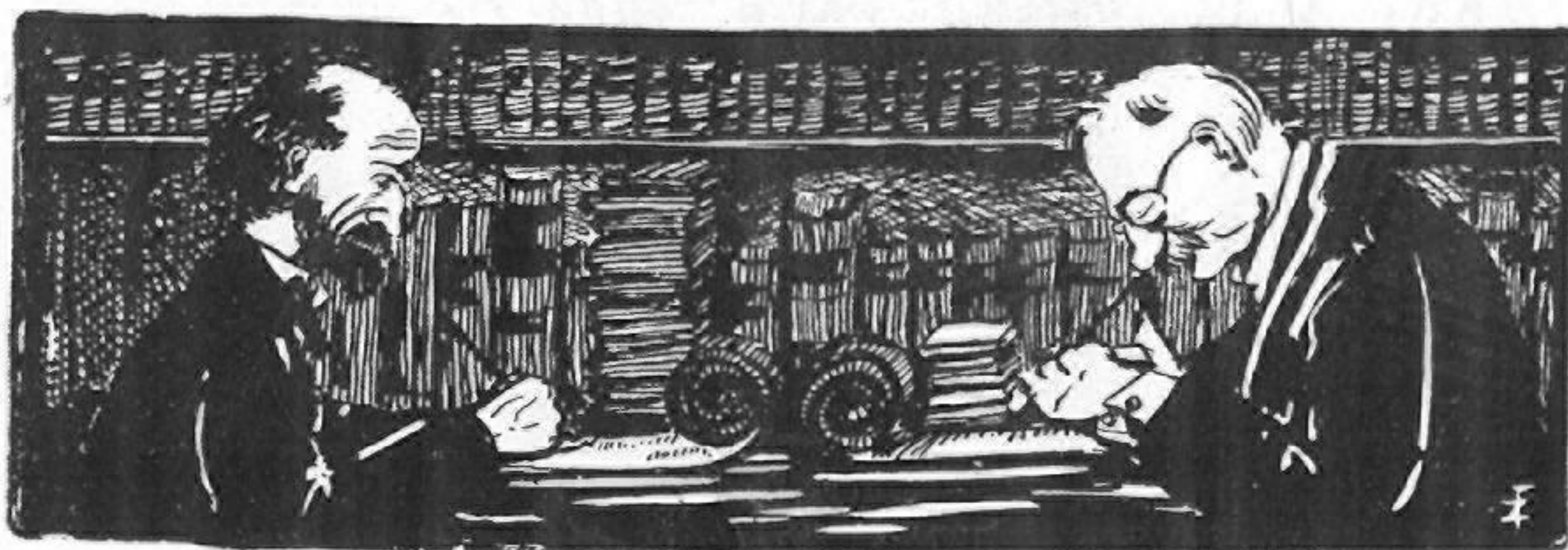
E. PEARL McDONNELL, A. B.,
Cataloguer in the Library.

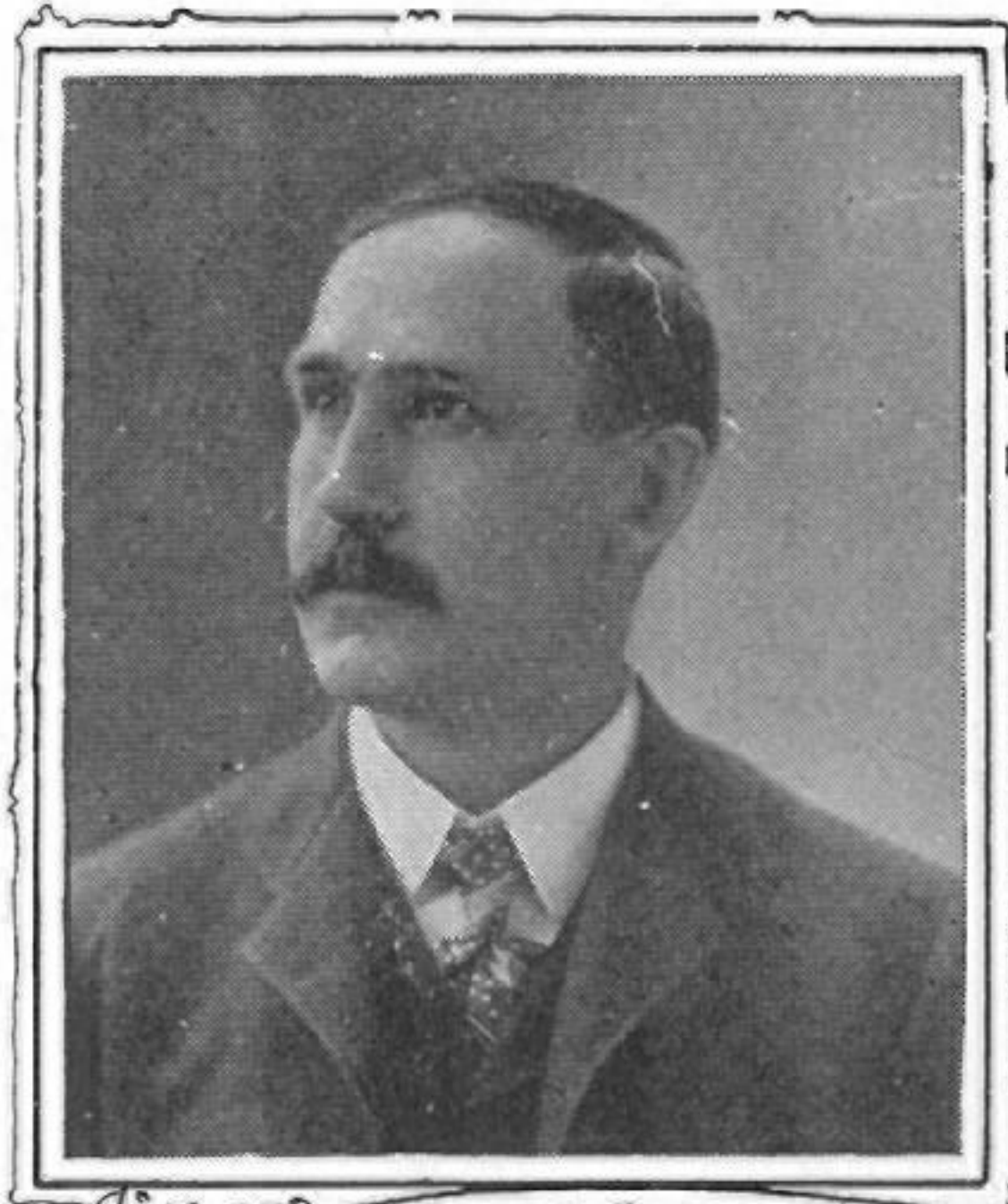
WALTER McLEAN,
Secretary to the President.

W. A. FOGLESONG,
Assistant in the Library.

DAVID ASBURY McDANIELS,
Superintendent of Buildings.

J. S. KRAPE,
University Carpenter.

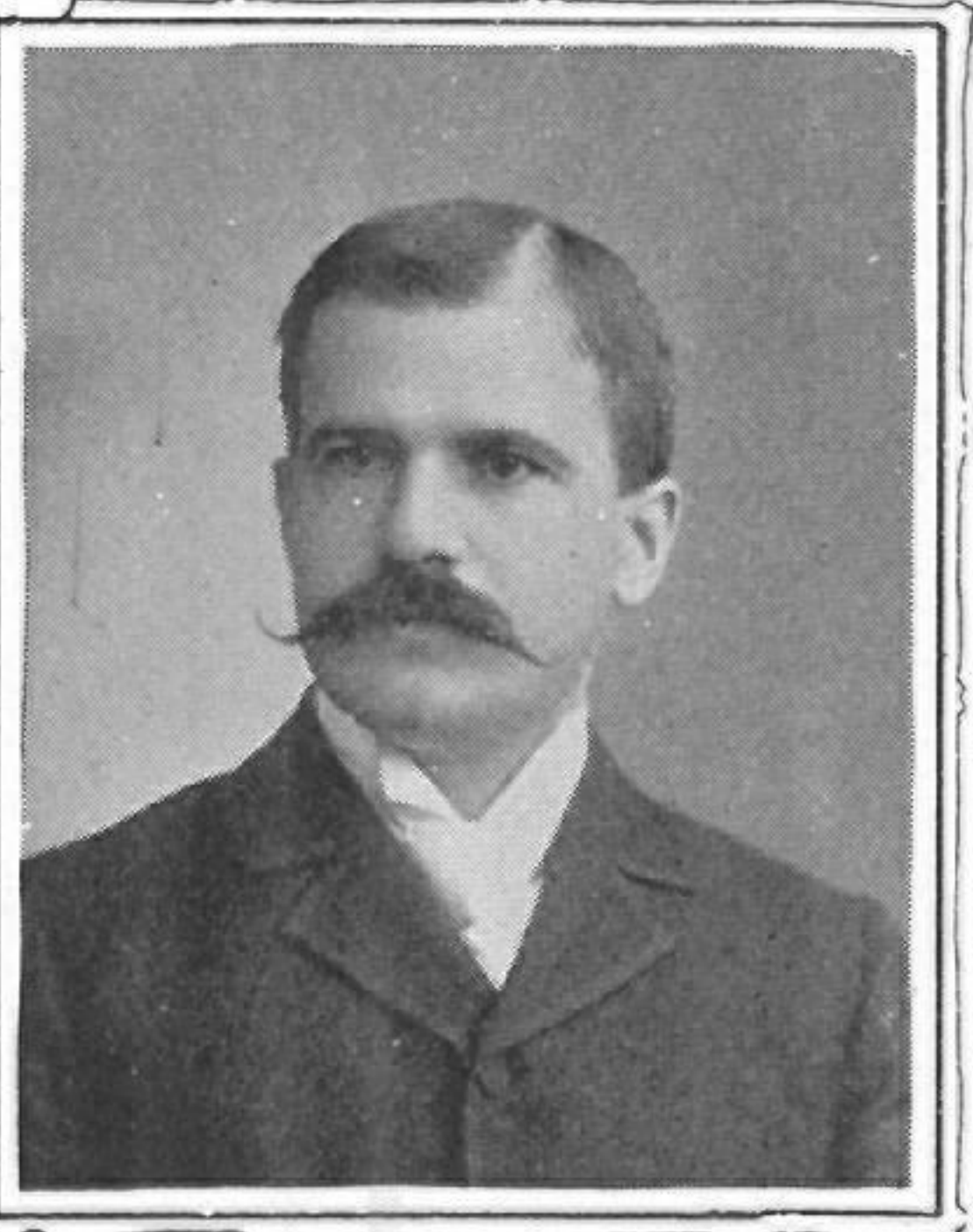




CHAS. H. GORDON



THEODORE C. FRYE



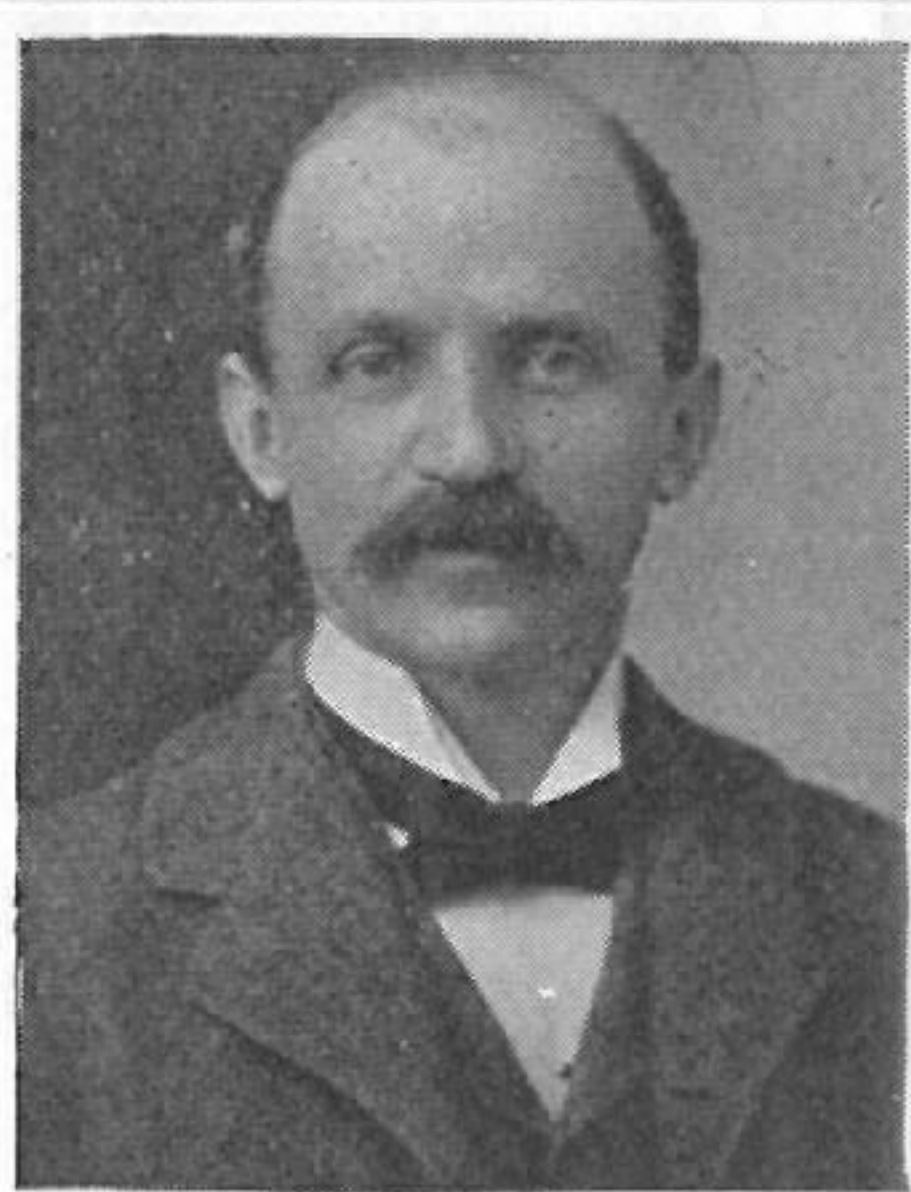
PIERRE JOS. FREIN



HENRY C. DAVIS



HENRY KNIGHT



HERBERT D. CARRINGTON



N. ADELBERT BROWN

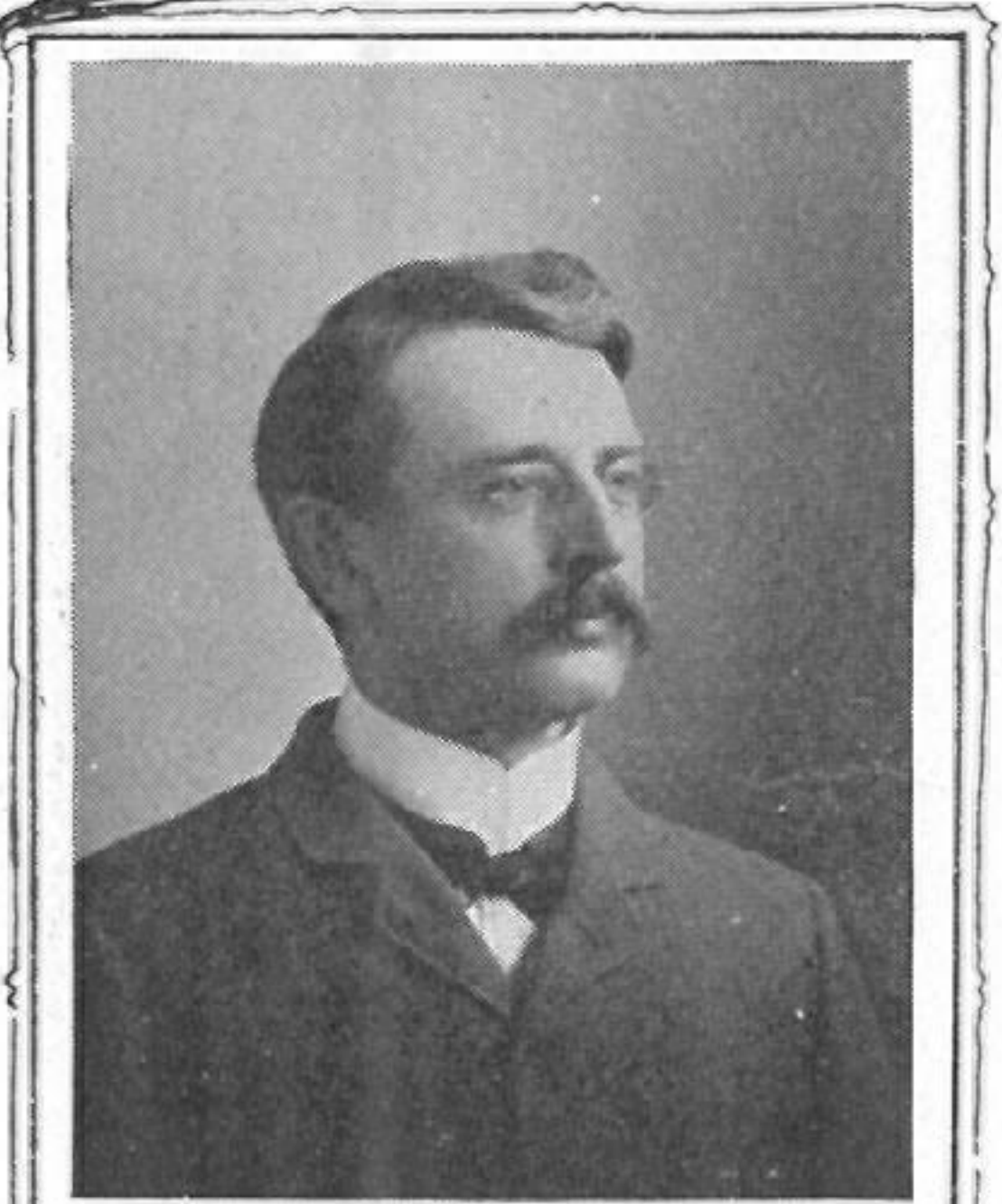


JOHN C. THORPE

BENSON-MORRIS CO.
ENG.



THOS. K. SIDNEY



GEO. H. ALDEN

New Members of the Faculty



PIERRE JOSEPH FRIEN, Ph. D., Professor of French.

A. B., Williams College, 1892; Instructor in Modern Languages, 1892-93, Holbrook Military School (New York); 1893-95, Oahu College (Honolulu); Student in Europe and Johns Hopkins University, 1895-99; Fellow in French, Johns Hopkins University, 1898-99; Ph. D., Johns Hopkins University, 1899; Instructor and Assistant Professor in Romanic Languages, Stanford University, 1899-1903.

THEODORE CHRISTIAN FRYE, Ph. D., Professor of Botany.

B. S., University of Illinois, 1894; Principal of the High School, Montecello, Ill., 1894-96; Superintendent of City Schools, Batavia, Ill., 1897-1900; Graduate Student, University of Chicago, 1896-97, 1900-02; Fellow in Botany, 1901-02; Ph. D., 1902; Professor of Biology, Morning-side College, Iowa, 1902-03.

HERBERT D. CARRINGTON, Ph. D., Professor of German.

Ph. B., Yale Scientific School, 1884; 1884-85, study in Europe; 1885-89, private study and public school work; Assistant in German, Yale Scientific School, 1889-92; Student in Germany, 1892-97; Ph. D., University of Heidelberg, 1897; Instructor in German, Yale Scientific School, 1897-1900; Instructor in German, University of Michigan, 1900-03.

GEORGE H. ALDEN, Ph. D., Assistant Professor of History.

A. B., Harvard University, 1893; Fellow in History (with Prof. Von Holst), University of Chicago, 1893-95; Graduate Student (with Prof. Turner), University of Wisconsin, 1895-96; Ph. D., 1896; Acting Assistant Professor of Mediaeval History, University of Illinois, 1896-97; Professor of History, Cornell College, Iowa, 1897-98; Professor of History, Carlton College, Minn., 1898-1903.

T Y E E

1905

THOMAS KAY SIDEY, Ph. D., Assistant Professor of Latin and Greek.

A. B., Victoria University (now Toronto), 1891; Graduate Specialist in Classics and English, Ontario College of Pedagogy, 1891; Classical Master Iroquois High School, 1892; Teacher of English and Classics, Ottawa Collegiate Institute, 1892-94; Classical Master Whitby Collegiate Institute, 1894-1896; Graduate Student, University of Chicago, 1896; Fellow in Latin, 1897-99; Ph. D., 1900; Associate Professor of Latin, Cornell College, Iowa, 1899-02; Professor of Latin and German, Central Normal College, Danville, Indiana, 1902-03.

JOHN C. THORPE, M. E., Assistant Professor of Mechanical Engineering.

B. S., in Mechanical Engineering, University of Illinois, 1900; Instructor in Mechanical Engineering, University of Michigan, 1901-03; M. E., University of Michigan, 1903; Practical Work, Railroad Mechanical Engineering, 1899-1903.

CHARLES H. GORDON, Ph. D., Acting Professor of Geology.

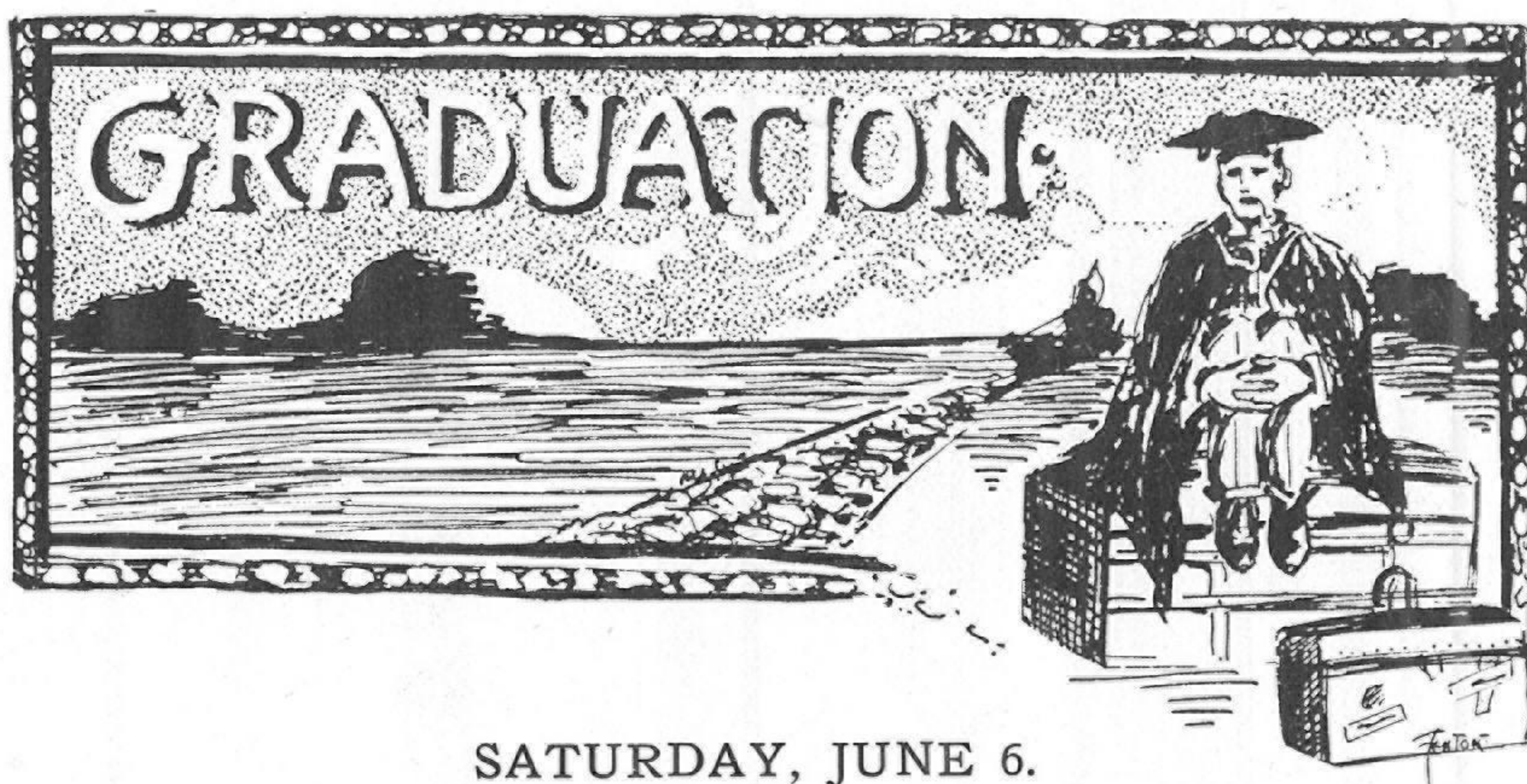
B. S., Albion College, 1888; Principal Keokuk Public Schools, 1888-90; Instructor in Natural History, Northwestern University, 1890-93; Graduate Student, University of Chicago, 1892-95; Fellow in Geology, 1893-95; Ph. D., 1895; Superintendent City Schools, Beloit, Wis., 1895-97; Special Student, University of Heidelberg, 1897-98; University of Chicago, 1898-99; Superintendent of City Schools, Lincoln, Neb., 1899-1903; Instructor in Geology, University of Nebraska, 1902-03.

N. ADELBERT BROWN, C. E., Instructor in Civil Engineering.

1900, Graduate State Normal School, Brockport, New York; 1903, C. E., Cornell University; Summers of 1901-02-03, associated in Engineering Work with Le Grand Brown, M. Am. Soc. C. E., Rochester, New York.

HENRY C. DAVIS, A. B., Instructor in Rhetoric and Oratory.

1898, A. B., South Carolina College; 1898-1901, public school work; 1901-03, Principal High School, Columbia City, South Carolina, and Instructor in Rhetoric.



SATURDAY, JUNE 6.

Reception to Seniors and Alumni, - - - - Dr. and Mrs. Kane

SUNDAY, JUNE 7.

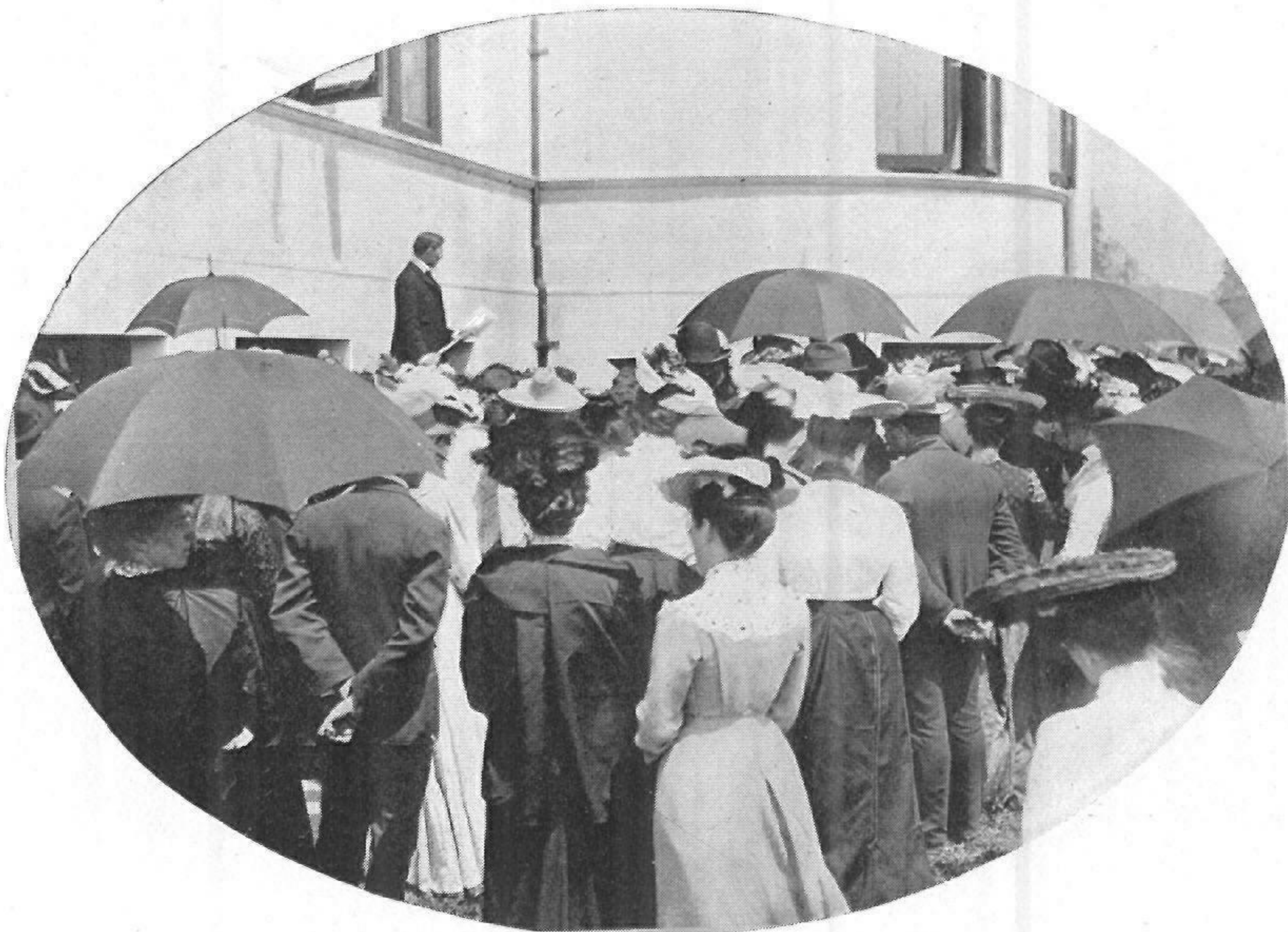
Baccalaureate Sermon, - - - - Rev. Geo. R. Wallace
Pastor of the First Congregational Church, Spokane.

Denny Hall, 10:30 A. M.

Address Before the Christian Associations, - Rev. A. H. Barnhisel
Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Tacoma.

Denny Hall, 8:00 P. M.





MONDAY, JUNE 8.

Addresses Before the Graduating Class of the Law School,
 Congressman Wesley F. Jones, North Yakima;
 Professor John T. Condon, Dean of the Law School;
 Mar M. Wardall, of the Graduating Class.

Denny Hall, 8:00 P. M.

TUESDAY, JUNE 9.

CLASS DAY EXERCISES.

Denny Hall and University Campus, 9:30 A. M.

Music,	- - - - -	U. of W. Orchestra
Opening Address,	- - - - -	Roland N. Oliver
History,	- - - - -	Adelle Morgan
Music,	- - - - -	Orchestra
Poem,	- - - - -	Margaret Beatty
Prophecy,	- - - - -	Sarah Irene Hunt
Music,	- - - - -	Orchestra
Oration,	- - - - -	Donald McDonald
Music,	- - - - -	Orchestra
Closing Address,	- - - - -	Alfred Millican



CAMPUS.

Setting Class Tablet, - - - - - Alfred Giles
 Day Oration, - - - - - Howard Hanson
 Planting of Tree.
 Presentation of Spade, - - - - - Roland N. Oliver

EVENING.

PROMENADE CONCERT.

"Informal."

8:00 P. M. Salute to College Years—Four Guns.

8:45 P. M. Illumination of Campus.

OPENING OF CLASS BOOTHS.

'Varsity Band.

9:45 P. M. Bon-Fire Festivities.



WEDNESDAY, JUNE 10.

THE ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT ADDRESS.

Professor William Pattee, Dean of the Law School of the University of Minnesota.

CONFERRING OF DIPLOMAS.

Denny Hall, 10:00 A. M.

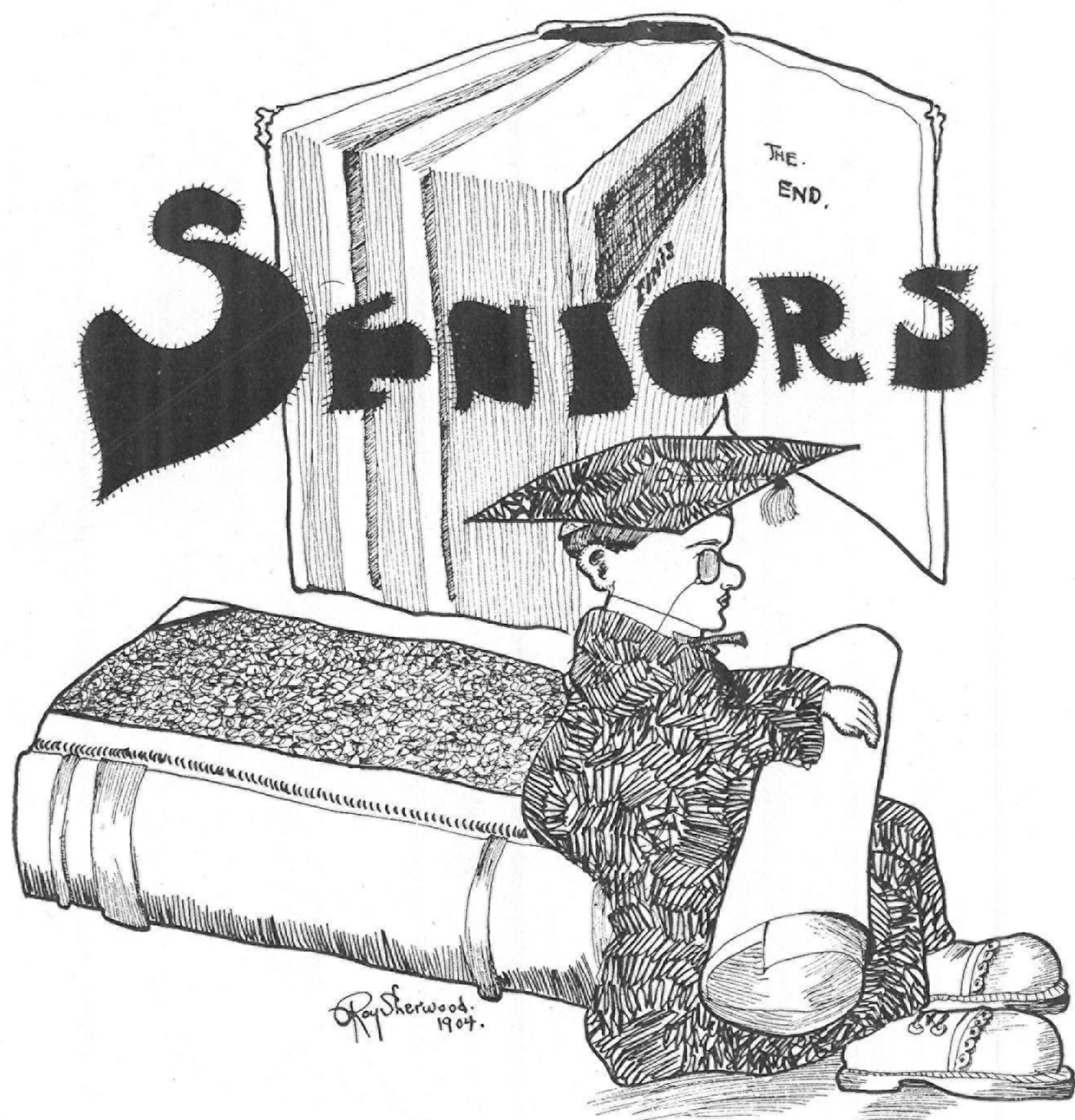
ALUMNI DINNER.

Armory Hall, 1:00 P. M.





TYEE
1905



Senior History



N years long past our sturdy pioneers conceived the University of Washington for the purpose of educating and making of our youth better citizens; for the purpose of producing leaders—men and women capable of carrying the commonwealth to the destiny manifestly intended by the Creator.

But, alas! there is before us apparent failure. In June, 1904, there passes through the doors of this institution into oblivion and innocuous desuetude a motley assortment of bigoted, egotistical nincompoops. Little need is there to add that we refer to the Class of 1904. But for the benefit of those who may be desirous of learning something further of this lone failure on the part of the University to turn out a creditable product, we will further elucidate.

First, the institution failed because it had nothing upon which to work. Learned professors might expound; experienced instructors might attempt to lead them through the devious paths of

experiment; the feet of certain members might even be invited to press the carpet in the presence of the August One. But all was fruitless. Possessing no mental capacity whatever, if we except the capacity for self-esteem, all attempt to erect thereon a useful and enduring mental structure has failed, as must ever be the case with all things which buck nature.

We have said that the Class of 1904 had never possessed any ability. Let us modify this statement. In the beginning there were a few of talent who found themselves in this uncouth horde. Part of this minority, rather than be contaminated by such associates, left college. The remainder, exhibiting much greater wisdom, dropped back to associate with that truly typical body of college men and women—the Class of 1905.

To be specific, let us enumerate a few instances of '04 folly. To make money by humbugging the public is their highest aspiration. Thus, last year they hired a cheap little hall down in the city and gave their Junior Prom. The treasurer crowded the would-be dancers into the tiny room with all the dexterity of a Seattle Electric Company conductor. Then, above the squeak of the lone fiddle and the tearing of the ladies' filigree, there arose the cries of angry men searching for the Juniors. They, in their infinite wisdom, had departed, leaving the mob to wreak its vengeance on the innocent patronesses and harmless faculty members.

Not content with confining their follies and the consequent effects to themselves, they have gone so far as to pollute the fair name of the institution.

Last spring they used the name of the University as an advertising card for their Junior Farce. A goodly crowd came expecting to witness some respectable entertainment, such as had given the

TYEE
1905 University its reputation. In its place they saw—let us draw the curtain. Suffice it to say that vaudeville of a far superior type may be witnessed in the city for the sum of one dime. Thus it naturally came about that the people of the city, duped by 1904, have withdrawn their patronage from the University, thereby causing the abandonment of the Lecture Course.

In their senior year the Class of 1904 entered upon a period of second childhood. Not being able to comprehend the problems of the University as a whole, this body of parasites began a characteristic series of petty quarrels among themselves. No one knows what they were quarreling over. We gather, however, that each member of the said conglomeration wished to be chairman of every class committee.

Enough! Let them pass on; and like the deformed tree which they planted last spring 'midst ludicrous solemnity, carry with them into oblivion the blight of their name—1904.



SENIORS



BAPTIE, FLORENCE V.....A T Δ.....Gathgate
Secretary Y. W. C. A. Cabinet (4). Class Pin Committee (4).

BLODGETT, ELEANORK T T.....Seattle
Botany.

Athena Debating Club. Assistant in Botany (2), (3). Wave Staff (3), (4). Idaho Debating Team (3). Y. W. C. A. Cabinet (2), (3).

BULAND, MABELCastle Rock
English.

Athena Debating Club.

BROWN, MABELK T T.....Custer
Pedagogy.

Y. W. C. A. Cabinet (2). Secretary Y. W. C. A. (3).

BROWN, MILLIE MAEK T T.....Custer
Pedagogy.

Y. W. C. A. Cabinet.

CARPENTER, ROSS LEBBAENS.....Φ Γ Δ.....Seattle
Oratory.

Class President (1). Class Track Team (1). Vice-President Badger Debating Club (1). Book Store Committee (1). Treasurer Y. M. C. A. (1). Executive Committee (1), (2), (3). Debate and Oratory Committee (1), (2), (3). First Sergeant Cadets (2). President Badger Club (2). Winner State Oratorical Contest (3). Chairman Committee for Commencement Speakers (4).

COFFMAN, MARIONChehalis

T Y E E

1905

CROUCH, KATHERINE Δ Γ Seattle
English.

Senior Ball Committee (4).

COOK, JENNIE Seattle
English.

DUNBAR, GLENDOWER B Θ Π Seattle
Electrical Engineering.

Band (2), (3), (4). Cadet Sergeant Major (1). Cadet Adjutant (2). Class Treasurer (2). Class President (3), (4). President Society of C. E. (3). Chairman Junior Day Committee (3). Book Store Committee (3).

EVANS, ROBERT H. Blaine
Political Science.

President Stevens Debating Club (2). President Lewis Hall Association (3). Stanford Debating Team (3). Vice-President-Elect Associated Students (3). President A. S. U. W. (4). Debate and Oratory Committee (4). Idaho Debating Team (4).

FALLIS, LEWIS D. Centralia
Oratory.

Stevens Debating Club.

FOGLESONG, W. A. Centralia
Economics.

Corporal Cadets (2).

FORREST, B. CUTTING Walla Walla
Latin

Entered as Senior from Whitman College.

FRISBIE, LEROY W. Σ X Ellensburg
Electrical Engineering.

Class Baseball (1), (2), (3). Indoor Baseball (2). Treasurer Electrical Society (3). Chief Rooter (4). Manager Track Team (3).

GILES, GERTRUDE MARION Seattle
English.

Junior Farce (3). German Club (4). Cap and Gown Committee (4).

GREEN, ELMER C. B Θ Π Chehalis
Economics.

Stevens Debating Club. Oregon Debating Team (2). Member Executive Committee (3). Editor-in-Chief Junior Annual (3). Assistant in Economics (4). Wave Staff (4).

HASTINGS, FRED W.....Φ Δ Θ.....Seattle

Oratory.

Pacific Wave Staff (2). Vice-President Badger Debating Club
(3). Associate Editor Wave (3). Vice-President Class (3).
Tyee Staff (3).

TYEE

1905

HANCOCK, ELIZABETH B.....Δ Γ.....Grand Haven, Mich.

College Dramatic Club (1). Tyee Staff (3). Junior Prom.
Committee (3). Girls' Glee Club (3).

HEFFNER, BERTHA LEONE.....A T Δ.....Snohomish

Pedagogy.

Women's Basket Ball Team (1), (2). Treasurer Y. W. C. A.
(3). Capitola Delegate (3). President Y. W. C. A. (4).

JOHANSON, JOEL MARCUS.....B Θ Π.....Tacoma

Latin

Badger Debating Club. President (2). Tyee Staff (3). Man-
ager Book Store (4). Senior Ball Committee (4).

JOHNSON, AYLETT NEWTON.....B Θ Π.....Bellingham

Zoology.

Badger Debating Club. President (2), (4). Sergeant Cadets
(1). Glee Club (1). Interclub Debating Team (1). Second
Lieutenant Cadets (2). Manager Book Store (3). Chairman
Junior Prom. Committee (3). Tyee Staff (3). Manager of
Wave (4).

LANTZ, CLINTONΣ XCentralia

Electrical Engineering.

Class Baseball (1), (2), (3). College Football Team (2).
'Varsity Football Team (3), (4). Secretary E. E. Society (3).
'Varsity Crew (3), (4).

LUDDEN, JESSIE LAURA.....Γ Φ B.....Spokane

English.

Glee Club (1). Junior Prom. Committee (3). Manager Girls'
Glee Club (3). Secretary of Associated Students (4).

LAWSON, NORMAN P.....South Dakota

Economics.

Badger Debating Club. Entered as Junior from University of
South Dakota. Class Treasurer (4). Manager of Wave, ap-
pointed (4).

MANN, VIOLAA T Δ.....Everett

Spanish.

Secretary Class (4). Senior Play Committee (4).

TYEE
1905

MEHNER, ALBERT H.....Bremerton

Stevens Debating Club. Tyee Staff (3).

MILES, W. L.....Seattle

Metallurgy.

Class Indoor Baseball (2).

McINTOSH, VERA ETHELYN.....A T Δ.....Seattle

Latin

Class Basket Ball Team (1). Senior Pin Committee (4). Sergeant-at-Arms Senior Class (4).

NAKAMURA, YOSHITAROJapan

Economics.

Badger Debating Club.

O'MEARA, MARY G.....Seattle

Pedagogy.

President Athena Debating Club (4). Assistant in Pedagogy (4).

PARKER, I. CURTIS.....B Θ Π.....Seattle

Physics.

Sergeant Cadets (1), (2). Class Baseball (1). Cadet Adjutant (2). Cadet Captain (2). Captain Class Rowing Crew (2). Junior Prom. Committee (3). Manager Rowing Crew (3). Chairman Senior Ball Committee (4).

PARMALEE, BERT.....Σ N.....Minnesota

History.

Entered from University of Minnesota. Vice-President Y. M. C. A. (3). General Secretary Y. M. C. A. (4). Delegate Pacific Grove Conference (4).

PEARSON, ROBERT G.....Φ Γ Δ.....Starbuck

History.

Class Track Team (1), (2). Varsity Track Team (1), (2), (3), (4). Captain Track Team (4). Athletic Committee (3).

PIELOW, MYRA STEVENSA T Δ.....Seattle

Latin

Basket Ball Team (1), (4). Manager Woman's Athletics (2), (3), (4). Farce Committee (3). Vice-President Class (4). Senior Play Committee (4).

RANDALL, GEORGE C.....Φ Σ E.....Seattle

Oratory.

Badger Debating Club. Captain Indoor Baseball Team (2). Vice-President XVI. Tennis Club (3). President Badger Debating Club (3). Vice-President Associated Students (4). Manager Track Team (4).

RICHARDSON, SAM H., Jr.....Σ N.....Seattle

Mining Engineering.

Class President (2). Class Indoor Baseball Team (2). Sergeant Cadents (2). Vice-President and Treasurer of Mining Engineers' Association (2). Assistant in Geology (3), (4). Manager Tyee (3). President Society of Engineers (3).

TYEE

1905

SPEIDELL, WILLIAM C.....Σ X.....Seattle

Chemistry.

Dragon's Eye Society. 'Varsity Football (2), (3), (4). 'Varsity Baseball (2), (3), (4). Class Track Team (2). Captain 'Varsity Football Team (4). Executive Committee (4). Athletic Committee (3). Senior Ball Committee (4). Manager Baseball (4). Chairman 'Varsity Minstrel Committee (4).

SHONDY, LOYALΦ Γ Δ.....Ellensburg

History.

Badger Debating Club. Class Football (2). Class Basket Ball (2), (3), (4). Rowing Committee (1). Class Baseball (2), (3). College Football (2). Captain Second Eleven (3). Assistant Manager Wave (3). Tyee Staff (3). 'Varsity Basket Ball (4). Junior Prom. Committee (4). Assistant Football Manager (4). 'Varsity Ball Committee (4).

SMITH, PHENE L.....A T Δ.....Lowell

Latin

Class Basket Ball (1). Girls' Glee Club (3), (4). Corresponding Secretary Y. W. C. A. (3). Treasurer Y. W. C. A. (4).

SHERICK, FLORENCE L.....Seattle

English.

Girls' Glee Club (3), (4). Cap and Gown Committee (4). German Club (4).

SLATTERY, JOHN RUSKINK Σ.....Bellingham

Economics.

Dragon's Eye Society. Secretary Badger Debating Club (2). Vice-President Badgers (2). Tyee Staff (3). Associate Editor of Pacific Wave (3). Idaho Debating Team (3). Book Store Committee (3). President Badger Debating Club (3). Editor-in-Chief Pacific Wave (4). Chairman Debate and Oratory Committee (4). Football Manager-Elect (4).

TYEE SMITH, ETHAN J.....Cheney
Pedagogy.
 1905 Entered as Junior from Cheney Normal.

TAYLOR, F. V.....K Σ.....Olympia
Oratory.

Badger Debating Club. Class Baseball (2). 'Varsity Band (3). Vice-President Rooters' Club (3). Vice-President Badger Debating Club (3). Vice-President XVI. Tennis Club (4). Inter-Club Debate (4).

TAYLOR, M. W.....Φ Σ E.....Seattle
History.

Inter-Club Debating Team (2). President of Stevens Debating Club (3). Y. M. C. A. Cabinet (4).

TEATS, ROSCOETacoma
Metallurgy.

Captain Class Baseball Team (1), (2). Second Eleven (1). 'Varsity Baseball (1), (2), (3), (4). Class Basket Ball, (1), (2). Class Indoor Baseball (2). Captain 'Varsity Baseball (3).

TERPENNING, ROYK Σ.....Olympia
Philosophy.

Badger Debating Club. Vice-President (3). 'Varsity Band (2), (3), (4). President XVI. Tennis Club (2). Treasurer Class (3). Treasurer XVI. Tennis Club (4).

TUCKER, EDITH A.....K T T.....Seattle
Pedagogy.

Y. W. C. A. Cabinet (3), (4).

TUCKER, LENA L.....K T T.....Seattle
German.

Girls' Basket Ball Team (2). Captain Girls' Basket Ball Team (3). Tyee Staff (3). Secretary Emblem Committee (3). Executive Committee (4). Class Day Committee (4).

VAN KURAN, KARL E.....Φ Γ Δ.....Seattle

Electrical Engineering.

Dragon's Eye Society. Captain Freshmen Crew (1). Sophomore Crew (2). Class Football Team (2). Captain College Eleven (2). Sub on 'Varsity Eleven (3), (4). Captain 'Varsity Crew (3), (4). Junior Farce (3).

WALLER, J. FRANK.....Σ X.....Seattle

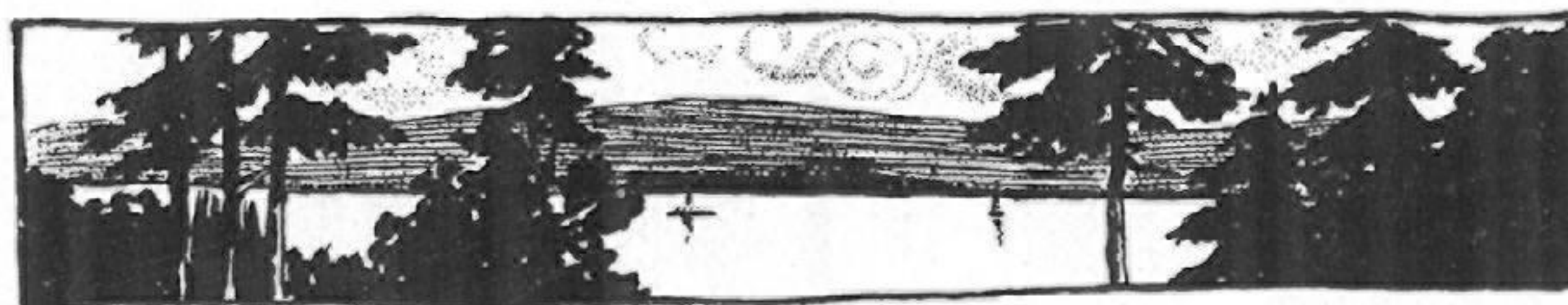
Mining Engineering.

Class Basket Ball Team (1), (2), (3). Class Baseball (1), (3). Class Indoor Baseball (2). 'Varsity Basket Ball (2), (3), (4). Manager Basket Ball (3). Treasurer XVI. Tennis Club (3). President XVI. Tennis Club (4). Tyee Staff (3). Secretary Society of Engineers (3).

WALD, ROSA E. A.....Γ Φ Β.....Seattle

English.

Class Secretary (2). Secretary A. S. U. W. (3). Chairman Junior Farce Committee (3). Tyee Staff (3). Senior Ball Committee (4).



Senior Class.



President.....GLENDOWER DUNBAR.
Vice-President.....MYRA S. PIELOW.
Secretary.....VIOLA MANN.
Treasurer.....NORMAN P. LAWSON.
Sergeant-at-Arms.....VERA McINTOSH.



COLORS:

Red and Black.

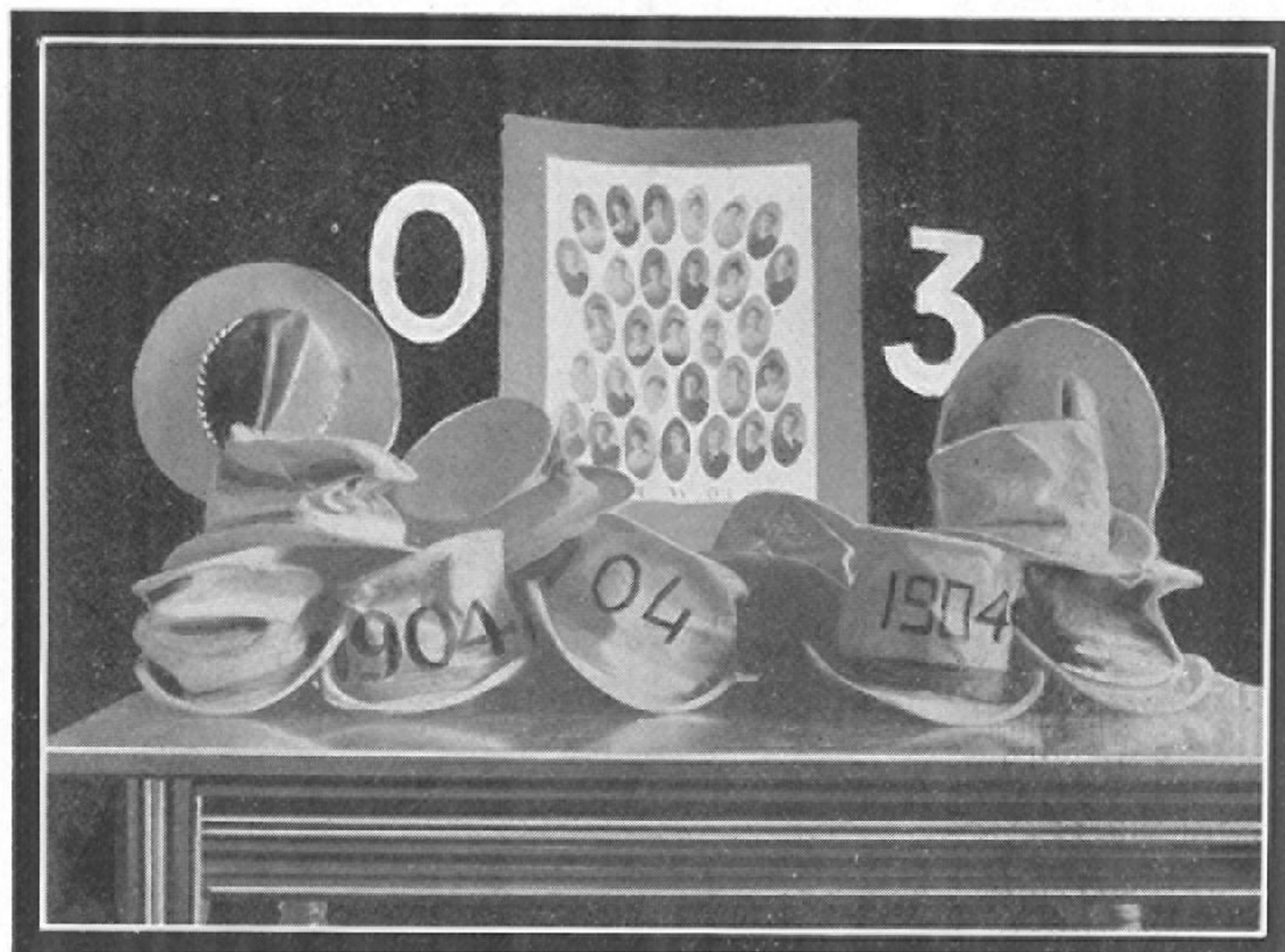
YELL:

Wahoo! Wahoo!

Rip! Zip! Roar!

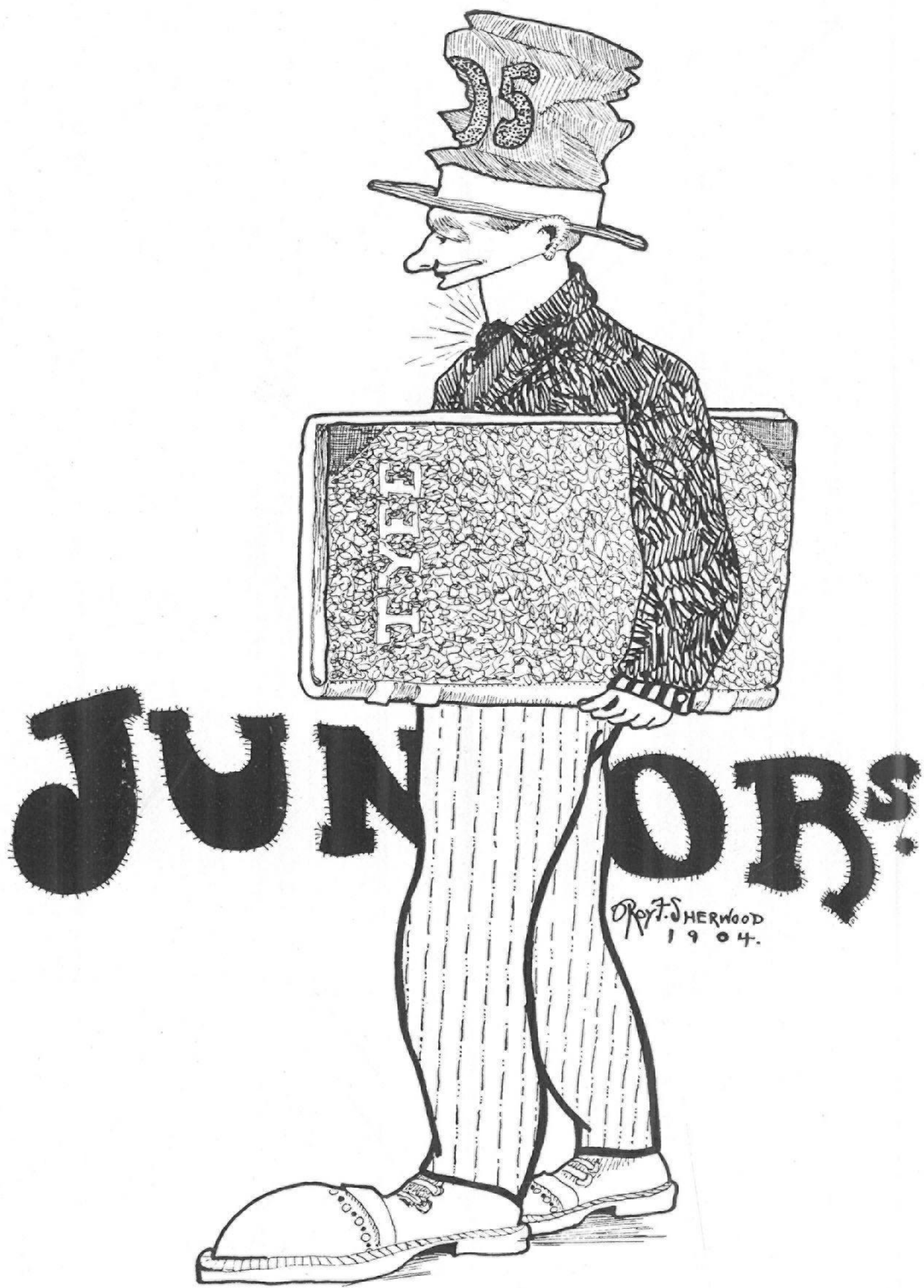
U. of W.

Naughty-Four!



"We are the People's" Plugs captured by 1903.
Strange to say 1904 made no reference to this in
the "TYEE" last year.





Junior Class History



HERE was once a child, and he strolled about a good deal, and thought of a number of things. He had a sister who was a child too, and his constant companion.

They wondered at the beauty of the flowers; they wondered at the height and blueness of the sky; they wondered at the depth of the water; they wondered at the power and goodness of God, who made the lovely world.

They used to say to one another: Supposing all of the little children upon the earth were to die, would the flowers, and the waters, and the sky be sorry, They believed they would be very sorry. For, they said, the buds are the children of the flowers, and the little playful streams that gambol down the hillsides are the children of the waters, and the smallest specks playing at hide and seek in the sky all night must surely be the children of the stars; and they all would be grieved to see their playmates, the children of men, no more.

There was one clear, shining star that used to come out in the sky before the rest, near the church spire, above the graves. It was larger and more beautiful, they thought, than all the others, and every night they watched for it, standing hand in hand at a window. Whoever saw it first cried out: 'I see the star.' ”

T Y E E
1 9 0 5

When the story was ended, they sat silent for a few moments, thinking, for they knew it contained a deeper meaning than they could see.

"What does the story mean?" they finally asked. And She told them.

"The two children are called '06 and '07. Nought Six is the boy and Nought Seven is the girl, and they spend their time walking around hand in hand, wondering at everything.

"The name of the star is Nought Five. As you know, children, there was once a race of people who believed that every word must be translated into a number and every number into a word before it could be perfectly understood.

"That is true to-day, in that the word star may be translated into the number '05 or '05 into star.

"Once '05 was a child like '06 and '07, but it was not an ordinary child like them.

"When people looked at this child's eyes they wondered at their beauty and said: 'It is the beautiful soul looking out.'

"Its hands were quicker than other children's and more skillful. The words that fell from its lips amazed those who heard.

"As the child grew older, the beauty and brilliancy of its eyes increased. It spoke with greater wisdom and truth. There was no one who could stand up and argue and win. They were either made ridiculous or crushed by the young sage.

"The brilliancy of the soul, of the genius, of the great mind, could not be suppressed. The child grew, too, in stature and combined masculine strength with feminine endurance and beauty.

T Y E E
1905 “Once '05 was to take part in a race with some older classes and '06. An agreement was made. When the race came off the older classes broke the agreement in a most treacherous manner and won the race.

“Then and there '05 showed its uprightness of character and resolved that there would never be such a blot on its record, and to this day a clean leaf can be shown.

“So it grew and waxed strong in body and spirit. But finally there came a time when its brilliancy of mind overshadowed all else, and the people cried out, ‘It is a star!’

“And every night '06 and '07 stand and watch the star, and they have even named its five brilliant points.

“‘The top point is its bright mind,’ said '07, as he watched it rise.

“‘And its next point is its physical achievements,’ cried '06.

“‘And the next is its social light.’

“‘And the next is the point of truth and honor.’

“‘And the last is its point of class spirit and loyalty.’

“So the children agreed that ‘The Star’ was the largest and most beautiful they ever expected to see.”



Junior Officers



President.....H. CLARE JACKSON
Vice-President.....KATHARINE EDWARDS
Secretary.....STATIRA BIGGS
Treasurer.....ROY ROGERS



COLOR.

Yale Blue.

YELL:

Hullabaloo, baloo, balive!

What's the matter with

Naughty-five?

Highty, tighty, we're alrighty,

Nineteen Hundred Five!



JAMES & BUSHNELL PHOTO

Juniors

BESSIE ANNISΔ Γ.....Spokane
English.

Junior Prom. Committee (3).

WILLIAM H. BRINKER....Φ Γ Δ...Seattle
English.

Dragon's Eye Society. Captain Class Baseball Team (1), (2), (3). College Football (1), (2). 'Varsity Baseball (1), (2), (3). Captain 'Varsity Baseball (3). Wave Staff (3). Associate Editor-in-Chief Tyee (3).

MARION BLETHENA K Γ.....Seattle
English.

C. O. C. (1). Girls' Glee Club (2). Wave Staff (2), (3). Tyee Staff (3). Farce Committee (3).

ETHEL BROWN.....A K Γ..Juneau, Alaska
German.

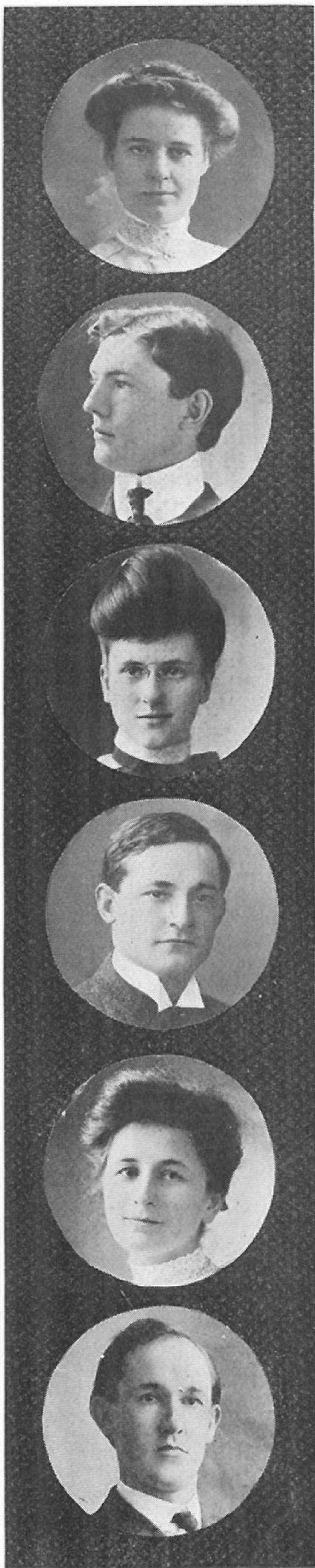
'Varsity Ball Committee (3). Girls' Rowing Crew (3). Girls' Glee Club (3).

STATIRA BIGGS Δ ΓBellingham
Philosophy.

Secretary Class (3). Tyee Staff (3).

HEBE BEYERBellingham
German.

Class Basket Ball Team (2). Girls' Glee Club (2). Tyee Staff (3).



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ANNA EDITH COREY.....Seattle

Botany.

Athena Debating Club. Assistant in Botany (2), (3).

WILLIAM F. DOUGLASS...B Θ II. Seattle

Economics.

Entered from U. of North Dakota. Dragon's Eye Society. Assistant Manager Wave (3). Tyee Staff (3). Chairman Junior Prom. Committee (3).

KATHERINE L. EDWARDS ΓΦΒ Everett

English.

C. O. C. (1). 'Varsity Basket Ball Team (1), (2). Class Basket Ball Team (2). Sophomore Frolic Committee (2). Class Vice-President (3). Captain Girls' 'Varsity Basket Ball (3). Tyee Staff (3). Junior Day Committee (3).

W. CURRY FRANKLIN.....ΣΝ. Vancouver

Mining Engineering.

Dragon's Eye Society. Class Track Team (2). Secretary Engineering Society (2). Mathematical Society (3). Manager Tyee (3).

BERTHA FREYDSeattle

German.

Athena Debating Club.

INGRAHM HUGHES.....Seattle

Economics.

Stevens Debating Club (1), (2), (3). Oregon Debating Team (2). Tyee Staff (3).



JAMES & BUSHNELL PHOTO

GRACE HUNTOON.....A K Γ..Bellingham
English.

Entered from Whatcom State Normal. Junior Prom. Committee (3). Tyee Staff (3). Junior Farce Cast (3).

ELLEN K. HILL.....A K Γ.....Seattle
Spanish.

C. O. C. 'Varsity Ball Committee (2). Sophomore Frolic Committtee (2). Class Basket Ball Team (1), (2). 'Varsity Basket Ball Team (1), (2). Girls' Glee Club (2), (3). Senior Day Committee (2). Tyee Staff (3). Orchestra (3).

KARL HUBERTΦ Δ Θ.....Seattle
Mining Engineering.

Badger Debating Club. Engineering Society (2). Mining Society (1), (2), (3).

ETHEL L. HUNT.....Bellingham
German.

Girls' Glee Club (3). German Club (3).

JENNIE IFFLAND.....Port Townsend
German.

Entered from Whatcom State Normal. German Club (3).

H. CLARE JACKSON..B Θ II..Bellingham
Geology.

President Badger Debating Club (2). Wave Staff (2). Chief Rooter (2). Stanford Debating Team (2). Class President (3). Tyee Staff (3). Idaho Debating Team (3). Member Debate and Oratory Committee (3). Member Executive Committee (3).



JAMES & BUSHELL PHOTO

LUCIUS A. JONES.....Bellingham

History.

Entered from Whatcom State Normal.

WILBUR D. KIRKMAN.Φ Δ Θ..Spokane

English.

Dragon's Eye Society. Corporal U. of W. Cadets (1). President Sophomore Class (2). Member 'Varsity Ball Committee (2). Wave Staff (2). Business Editor Wave (3). Junior Prom. Committee (3). Tyee Staff (3).

U. KUNIYASUSeattle

Electrical Engineering.

Engineering Society.

MAMIE MARLOWESpokane

English.

Y. W. C. A. (2). Cabinet Y. W. C. A. (3).

ROBERT E. McGLINN.Φ Δ Θ La Conner

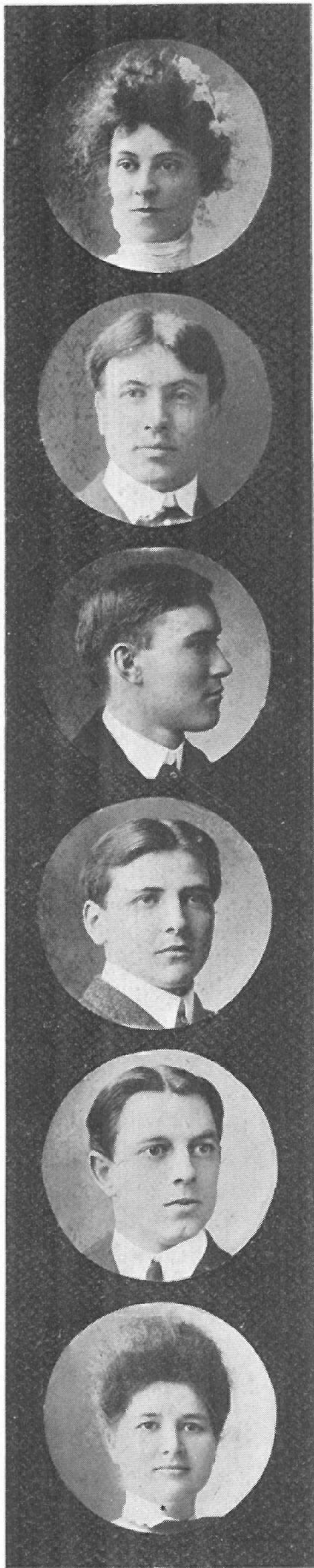
English.

Dragon's Eye Society. Badger Debating Club (2). Oregon Debating Team (2). Member Debate and Oratory Committee (3). Member Executive Committee (3). Business Editor Wave (3). Editor-in-Chief Junior Annual (3). Junior Farce Cast (3).

WALTER G. McLEAN.Φ Γ Δ-Georgetown

Economics.

Member Executive Committee (1). Glee Club (1), (2). Manager Musical Clubs (2). Class Treasurer (2). Class Track Team (2). Sophomore Frolic Committee (2). Junior Farce Cast (3).



JAMES & BUSHNELL PHOTO

LUCILE McINTYRESeattle

German.

Manager Girls' Double Quartette and Quintette of U. of W. (1).

DONALD F. McDONALD.....Ladysmith

Mining Engineering.

Entered from Royal Military School. President Mining Engineering Association (2). Assistant Manager Tyee (3).

G. C. OAKES

Entered from University of Arkansas.

College football Team (3).

PAUL PETERSONSeattle

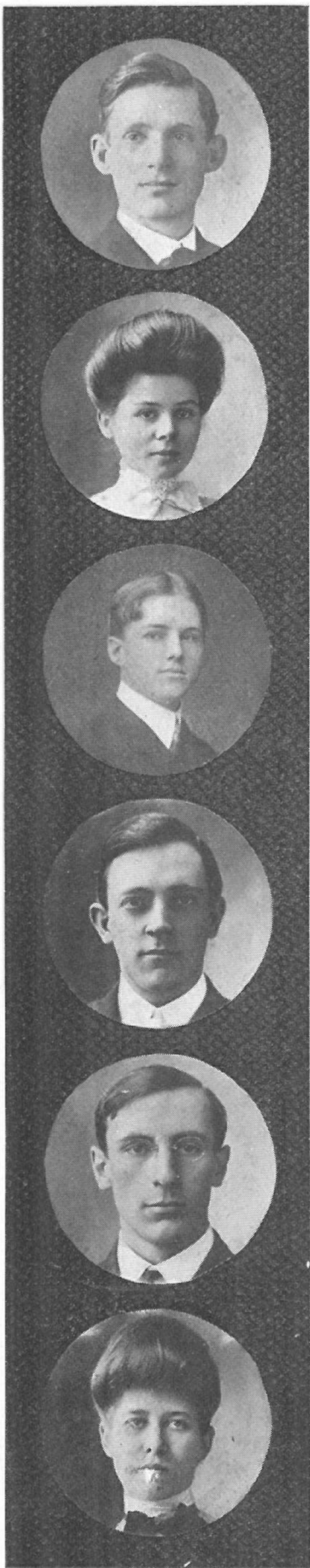
ROY C. ROGERS.....Σ X.....Bellingham

Badger Debating Club (2). Sergeant Cadets (2). Wave Staff (2). 'Varsity Baseball (2), (3). Junior Prom. (3). Treasurer Class (3).

CELIA SHELTONA K Γ.....Seattle

English.

C. O. C. (1). Farce Committee (3). Tyee Staff (3).



JAMES & BUSHNELL PHOTO

A. DWIGHT SMALLEYK Σ.....

Entered from University of Minnesota.

ELEANOR SCATCHARDSeattle

Latin.

Girls' Glee Club (2), (3). Tyee Staff (3).

HERBERT STROHMB Θ Π.....Tacoma

Economics.

Y. M. C. A. Cabinet (1), (2), (3). President

Y. M. C. A. (3). Assistant Treasurer A. S.

U. W. (2). Pacific Grove Delegate (2).

LESTER SWEETBlaine

Economics.

Badger Debating Club (1), (2), (3). Secre-

tary Badger (2). Oregon Debating Team (2).

Chemical Club (3).

DALBERT E. TWICHELL. ΦΔΘ Spokane

Economics.

Dragon's Eye Society. Class Track Team (1),

(2). Secretary Badgers (2). Yale Univer-

sity. Chairman Freshmen Glee Committee

(1). Sergeant Cadets (2). 'Varsity Track

Team (1), (2), (3). Athletic Committee (2).

'Varsity Glee Club (3). Tyee Staff (3).

LOUISE A. WETZEL.....Γ Φ B.....Spokane

English.

C. O. C. (1). Sophomore Basket Ball Team

(2). Class Secretary (2). Tyee Staff (3).



JAMES & BUSHELL PHOTO

HELEN M. WETZEL.....Γ Φ B.....Spokane
English.

Wave Staff (1). Capitola Delegate (2). President Y. W. C. A. (2). Executive Committee (2). Senior Day Committee (2). Tyee Staff (3). Member Junior Prom. Committee (3).

MARTHA QUEVLITacoma
German.

Entered from Portland College.

HENRY THEDINGAΦ Δ Θ.....Seattle
Electrical Engineering.

Class Baseball (1). Vice-President Engineering Society (2). Chairman Junior Day Committee (3). Assistant Manager Tyee (3).

JOHN ROGER COLEMANΣ N.....Chehalis
Geology.

Stevens Debating Club.

WILLIAM R. HILL.....Φ Γ Δ.....Seattle
Civil Engineering.

Dragon's Eye Society. Class Treasurer (1). Captain Class Basket Ball Team (1), (2), (3). 'Varsity Track Team (1). Class Indoor Baseball (2). Class Football (2). 'Varsity Football (2), (3). 'Varsity Basket Ball (2), (3).

FRED McELMONΣ X.....Bellingham
Civil Engineering.

Badger Debating Club. Class Football (2). 'Varsity Football (1), (2), (3). Captain 'Varsity Football (2). Captain-Elect 'Varsity Football Team (4). 'Varsity Basket Ball (2). 'Varsity Crew (2), (3).

K. C. McFARLANDSumner
Civil Engineering.

Engineering Society.

FRANK M. REASONER B @ II Bellingham

Mining Engineering.

Badger Debating Club. Glee Club (1), (3). Quartette (3). First Lieutenant Cadets (2). Engineering Society.

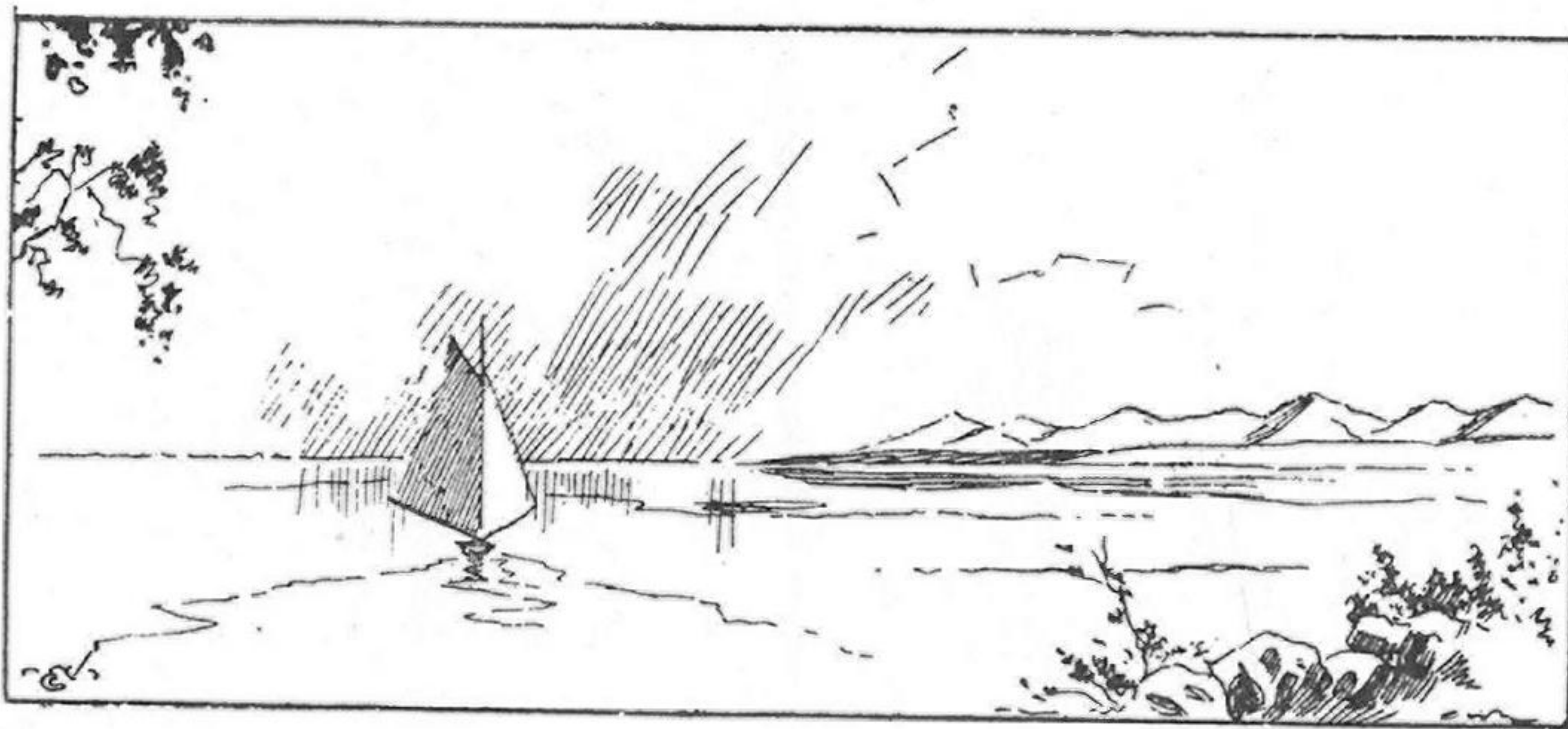
MAURICE D. SCROGGS B @ II

Oratory.

President Stevens Club (2). Oregon Debating Team (2). General Secretary Y. M. C. A. (2). Treasurer A. S. U. W. (2). Glee Club (2). Associate Editor Wave (2). Debate and Oratory Committee (3). University Orator (3). Member Junior Day Committee.

GEORGE SOHNS Σ N Seattle

Stanford University. Yale University. Mandolin Club (3).







Sophomore History



Have you ever been up against it and wished you hadn't done it? When the fantastical arrangement of your gray liquid congeals and gives off on reheating about ten cents worth of gaseous remorse, soars around the corner, gets mixed up with the weather bureau, and settles down into little angry, black spots all over your anatomy? Well, that's my photo.

A fellow with one of those sweet-to-listen-to smiles came up to me and laid one of his mealy chubbies face down on my H. S. and M. shoulders just above my manly chest and says: "Old fellow"—they say old fellow when they want something for nothing—"I want you to write the Sophomore history."

I generally wear an '06 lid, but when my cage got so that it looked like a Happy Hooligan tomato can, I cut out the crown, pulled the brim down over my eyes, and let the gentle, soft, purry drizzle sprinkle on the oval. It must have been summer weather, for the oval soaked up the water like a sponge and puffed over the hat brim like a muffin. I had to go over to Ballard and have the brim cut out with a circular saw.

I just couldn't say no after that, so I said yes. And now I am down for a history. That is where I wish I hadn't done it.

To write the history of '06 is like telling a story on Washington's birthday. It has to be the truth, which is sometimes painful. But, alas! unpleasant duties come to all of us, and here goes.

It was not one of those fuzzy, wuzzy downs that the tonsorial artist glances at, strops up a razor and lays it down, takes up the lather syringe, swipes over a layer of soap slush, and cleans off the facial expression with a coarse towel. But one of those oak thicket brands that has grown all summer and presents a shady appearance that Sigsworth had carefully mapped out on each side of his campus during the early part of his career as a Freshman. They were trifling to look at, but grew in importance as the wistful glances of his classmates became more pronounced. And the microscopic gleam in his eye off the beam of his brother's moat betrayed a rectangular pride that formed a halo around those will-of-the-wisps.

Everything went well for a while. At night, before he put them to bed, he used to stick his head out of the dorm window and let the gentle zephyrs lull them to sleep. On occasions the rest of us would gather round and recast our wistful glances at the bunch grass, but we never thought of touching them; they were so manly, so sacred. On these occasions '05 would also cast wistful glances at the timothy which made us proud and brave. One Monday morning some one slammed our whiskers right under the nose of our dear Prexy—I mean, bawled us out in front of our dear Prexy. This made us very much vexed. The idea of comparing our sideburns with Doc Byer's moustache and insinuating that we ought to

TYEE

1905

cut them off! Such an insult, and so many of us, too! Our candidate for the presidency, our leader, our Aguinaldo—Oh! What a grand sight!—rose up on the floor with his feet, and, pumping wind into his chest with his air gun, turned toward the cringing bunch across the aisle and emitted the scorching blast: "It's up to you, '05."

That night the Sophomores stole softly into the Dorm and when they were gone the Blue-Grass regions of Lewis Hall smelled like new-mown hay.

We were a little disappointed at this sudden shearing and were up in arms (mother's) against that little game bantam, the class of '05. You have seen a little bantam pick out the largest rooster in a farmyard and pluck enough tail pieces to make an ostrich boa? Well, that's '05. Every time we made elaborate plans for a grand coup, those little rascals would sneak up on the ramparts and spike all the cannon. Then lie around and nail us as we came out.

The morning after college opened we were dumbfounded to see on every telegraph pole, signboard and window pane from Eighth and Pike to the ladies' dorm those big green posters, "Aw Fresh!" Well, maybe we weren't sore. We had sentinels out all night, and how those snips posted up about three hundred life-size roasts on us without our knowing anything about it till next morning is what has kept us guessing.

It is true, that was the first time that posters were ever put up here, but we were outwitted, nevertheless. We held a big indignation meeting in Prof. Priest's room. There were so many of us

that we had to open up the double doors and stand out in the hall. The '04 agitators looked over the audience and painted grand pictures of Sophomores writhing in ropes, cold water splashes, flooded bath-room floors, and all that sort of thing, until we couldn't wait to get at them. We felt sorry for them as they met just below us in Prof. Meany's room, seated around one of the tables. We hated to take the trouble, but they were so obstreperous. They had made fools of us long enough. We just had to chastise them and show them who was boss around here, notwithstanding their "Aw Fresh!"—sassy things.

That night we built a big bonfire up by the tank and laid for them. For by all known laws of war and strategy the twenty-five Sophs had to come up and attack us on our own ground. How is that for real cute? We had our scouts out. Coil after coil of rope lay in wait for them. We lay in wait for them also. At last 12 o'clock came and no Sophs showed up—the cowards! Why, we could have tied them up without half trying. Finally we went to bed to dream over our easy victory and what a laugh we would have on the "foxy Sophs," as they were called. Our godfathers! The idea! The big bunches of conceit! Oh! how we hated them! They didn't dare come out when we were all ready for them! What a laugh we would have on them in the morning!—and we did. About two o'clock those pesky ants crawled out and tied up every one of us in the Dorm and marched us around to the different boarding houses and hauled out every Fresh in Brooklyn.

TYEE

1905

When the sun came up they tied a hawser around our necks and marched us over to the campus and took snap shots at us. Oh! but we treated them mean! We wriggled and squirmed and made awful faces at them. They had our hands tied, so we rolled over on our backs and stuck our feet up to our noses and wiggled our toes. Then we went down to the Dorm and sang for the girls while they ate breakfast. After breakfast the girls came out and untied us. This made us feel very happy. After this we felt so sorry for the Sophs that we decided not to do anything more to them. It was such a shame to pick on them all the time. There were so few of them that they couldn't do anything, anyway. But they got their bantam up again and got crowing around and picking out a wing feather here and there, so we decided to chastise them again.

We did not wish to take advantage of them in point of numbers, so we decided on some contest where the sides would be even, then by beating them we would show them up the more because they couldn't say that our class was bigger and that they were outnumbered. Accordingly, we challenged them to a tug of war, so many pounds of beef on each side of the rope. They couldn't kick at that, because they could furnish the pounds all right, and we had Sigsworth and Scherer, the crack dynanometer busters. Coy, don't you think?

They accepted the challenge all right. And what do you think they had the nerve to say? That if, in weighing our men, we found

we could not include both Sigsworth and Scherer, they would allow us an overweight of twenty-five pounds to square things up. The four men they had picked out weighed only 575 pounds, twenty-five pounds below the limit. Oh, the impudent things! I would just like to slap their wrists. Well, later on, when Vandy said: "Get on your marks! Get set!" and pulled the trigger of that cartridge destroyer of his, those Sophs just dropped right on their marks and laid there. Come to find out, they had been down in the "old mill" practicing that drop the night before. Sigsworth got mad and roared like a bull, but it was no use. The day was lost.

As Sophdom is the explosion of the pent up exuberance of enlightened Freshman ignorance, we decided to rest our trivial affair with '05 and have revenge on '07, when it should appear.

During the summer we made elaborate plans for a poster. We engaged Senior Schlitz, the man who made debate famous, to write it for us—he is such a funny fellow. "Fresh at the U"—how startling! It made the cold shivers run up and down my spinal column for an hour after I read it. Imagine the impression it would have on the Freshmen when they would see it. But the impression the "Fresh at the U" posted over it was more startling still. "Rah! Rah! Rah! '07!" I bet some '05 gave them the hunch. Oh, if I could only lay my hands on him!

We immediately followed the victory up by breaking into the Freshmen Glee and tearing down all the decorations. This afforded us great amusement. Because a lot of the town people not con-

TYEE

1905

nected with the University would be out and it would show them how foxy we were. Eight of us broke into the "Ad" building and, sneaking along, all of a sudden jumped on big Dan Pullen. He was over there alone, putting a few finishing touches on the decorations, just before the guests were to arrive. He was all dressed up for the party, and we didn't do a thing to him. We wiped up about two pounds of Johnson's powdered wax with him and then seven of us jumped on him and held him down while I tore down the decorations. My, but the people were mad. The idea of giving a party and no decorations! It looked like an imposition to us. So we tied Dan up in order to get out without being hurt, and went home. The idea of giving a party without any decorations was revolting to us. It offended our aesthetic natures, so we stayed home and saved our buck and a half apiece.

Speaking of magnanimity, though, '07 certainly has it. As soon as they heard that we would not be able to go to the dance on account of the offense they had given our finely polished natures by the lack of decorations, a committee waited on us and most profusely apologized for their lack of consideration for us. Said they hoped that we would honor them with our presence and for us to come down and it wouldn't cost us anything.. Well, of course, we could not very well refuse such an abject apology and consideration for us. So we accepted. It is not nice, you know, to go to a dance without first taking a bath. And as we hadn't intended going and it was getting late, we hurried down to the lake with them and

took a plunge. We felt very much refreshed and went up to the dance and gave our class yell from the stage in Denny Hall. '07 showed all kind of attention. It is seldom that people are so considerate.

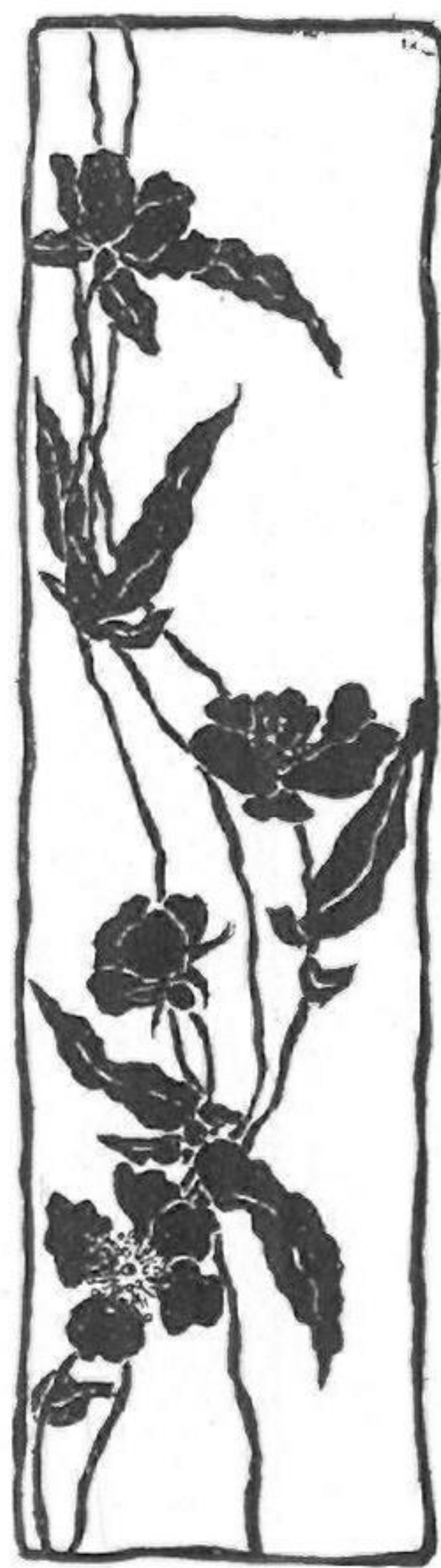
A few nights later we planned to return the courtesy so gracefully extended to us. But the Freshmen would not listen to it. Said it was all right. Were glad to be of use to us at any time. And as that was only an informal affair it didn't require any party call. But we felt indebted to them and insisted so that they, at last, accepted. We all went down to the lake again, and three of our boys amused the crowd by jumping off into the water.

The party was a great success. It appeared next afternoon in the Times, socially, first pagily and editorially. Of course we all swelled up to think our little affair received so much notice. The only thing that dampened our ardor was the fact that Miss Howard somehow heard we didn't have a chaperon along, and got the faculty together. Doc Byers, it appears, also saw it in the Times and declared right on the spot that such a wilful waste of water would not be tolerated. He didn't mind using water for cooking purposes, but for bathing, never! And if these underclass dances require so many baths afterward to overcome the effect of the dance, that the faculty would have to cut them out altogether or the baths would be charged for extra. The faculty decided in favor of the former prerogative, so the baths are closed for repairs until '08 are Freshmen.

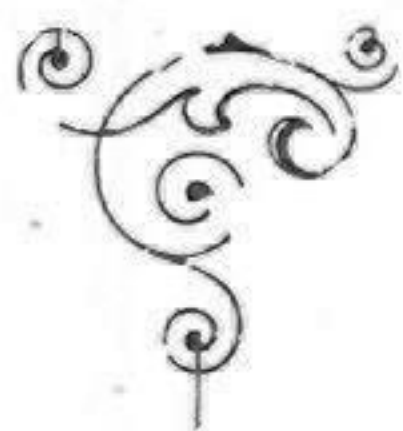
TYEE

1905

We have had things all our own way for two years, until the faculty butted in, and, as we are law abiding citizens, we bowed to their will and to no other. But wait until we are Juniors, then will come our turn. We won't have to mix up with any class scraps, but we will put out the annual and roast '05 and '07 to a crisp. It will be such fun. Because '05 graduates that year and they won't be able to get back at us, and '07 won't know enough to do it alone.



Sophomore Officers



President	- - - - -	LEWIS D. SCHERER.
Vice President	- - - - -	HAROLD M. BURKE.
Secretary	- - - - -	BERTHA POWERS.
Treasurer	- - - - -	RAY D. WALKER.



COLORS:

Red and Green.

YELL:

Wa! Wee! Waskey!

Wa! Wee! Wiskey!

Naughty-sixy,

Six!

FRESH AT THE U

Greeting to The Green

THE SOPHOMORE CLASS, on whose shoulders rests the responsibility of Washington's good name and to whose energy and patriotism has been intrusted the great and arduous task of ridding our Alma Mater of

Pests, leeches, Criminals, lobsters, Willie Boys, Tin Horns and all fresh things, do herein set forth the demands of tradition coupled with a few desultory instructions from the powers that be.

FIRST, a word regarding your presence here:
We realize it is a criminal offence to let such as you in to so rich a pasture; but since allowed to enter so great an institution against our wishes, we hereby demand observance of the following rules:

Dress

1. Derby hats shall not be worn by freshmen on the campus during school hours.
2. No freshman shall be permitted to appear in full dress at any University function.
3. No freshmen shall wear a beard of any style.

Smoking

1. Freshmen will under no circumstances be permitted to smoke pipes on the campus.

General Conduct

1. Freshmen shall not wear their hats in the hall of the Administration building or Science Hall.
2. Freshmen shall not loylog or lounge on the steps of the Administration building.

Other Conditions

1. Flawer button.
2. You will be let wherever it is deemed necessary.
3. In buying milk, beware of imitations. None is genuine without our signature. It is warranted for four years, will cure headachies and cures, and is fast for moolay hatches. It will last until gone. When opened keep in a cool place.
4. Beware of eagles and locusts: only during the twenty-four hours of the day.
5. Get hours: late at the house of parents after the deer and the hare after the water, in the Sophomore parlors, after the fresh green peas just off the farm.
6. If you are a dead one, register at the country. Get a locker on the ground floor and keep off the earth.

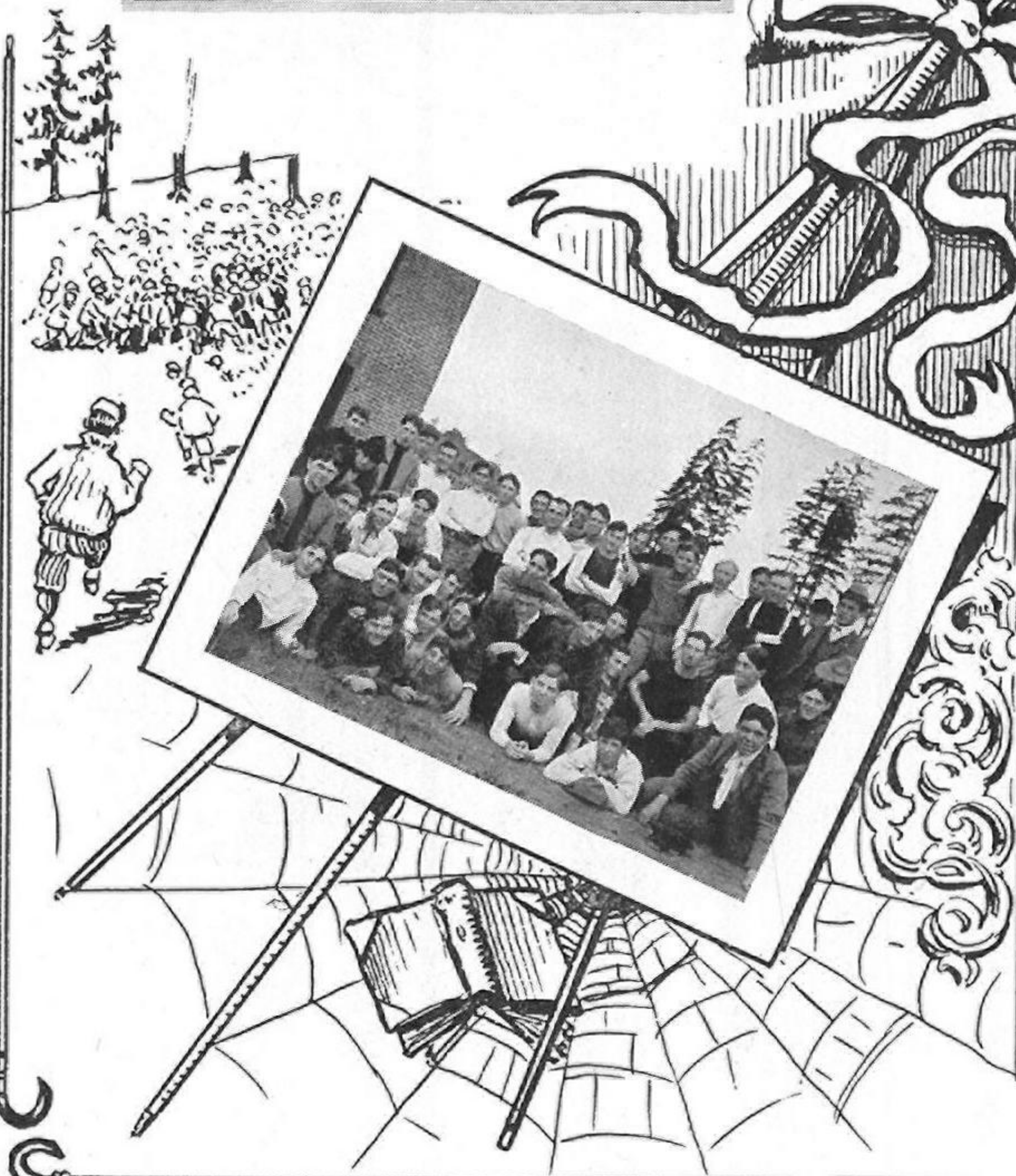
Your Guardian Angels,

The SOPHOMORES



RAH
RAH
RAH
'07

BENSON-MORRIS CO
Eng



SWIM SOPHS

After due deliberation we have come
To the conclusion that

"SOME OF THE SOPHMORES"

Are obnoxious and detrimental to the
welfare of this University.

After several tests it has been discovered that the waters of Lake Washington are a specific remedy for this ailment. The following are some of the symptoms of this most deplorable disease:

I "Monkeying with Freshmen Dances."

II "Bribing 'Cane Rush' Judges."

III "Butting in without Consent of the Freshmen"

The FRESHMEN

Never lacking in their Sympathy and Kindness, have taken upon themselves the task of administering the remedy in doses which will
MEET THE REQUIREMENTS of each individual case.

With our best wishes for your future happiness and welfare,

THE FRESHMEN





"MAN"

Freshman History



Now, there is in the traditions of the University of Washington an old saying: "Put not your trust in the classes of the odd numerals, for they are ever the punkest of the punk." So, in the fall of 1903 the new-fledged Juniors waited their '07 charges with keen anxiety. But, Lo! On registration day there came a mighty band; broad of shoulder, confident in bearing, fearless of eye; and all the faculty went out to meet them, and all the classes bowed down before them and said:

"Behold these great beings! Doubtless they are men of fame, wondrous wise and all-powerful. Let us approach and worship."

And it seemed good to them so to do.

But a Junior, naturally more subtle than the rest, came forth with soft and succulent smile and spake soothingly:

"Nay, these be of the new class of '07. For, observe, e'en now they butted into the locked portion of the entrance doors. They avoid the right stairs going up as they do the Women's Dorm., since many damsels lurk thereon. They know not the why, whence or wherefore of the Portage, neither grasp they the significance of the words "lallygagging" and "sourballed." They seek continuously to register at the Power House. Wherefore I know them to be Freshmen."

Then trembled the Sophomores in dire fear, and with horrid forebodings gazed upon their posterettes. In the end, however, some, bolder than the rest, braved the unknown and pasted up their foolish warnings. While yet the day was young, up gat the Sophs to view with fearful pride their handiwork. Alas! In black and menacing type, completely obliterating each infantile phrase, blazed a token of the new class's energy and spirit: "Rah! Rah! Rah! '07!"

T Y E E
' 9 0 5

Now were the Sophs aroused to action. In the dim night they sallied forth to take their enemy unaware. Next day were published their epitaphs, for '06, defeated and disgraced, was tied up hand and foot.

After this they went so "softly all their days" that they had almost to be carried to the cane rush. We of Nought Seven can afford to be generous, so we will not speak of the well-known conclusion of that fray. Suffice to say the Sophs remained in retirement full many moons, and we wear the canes on our caps.

Several weeks elapsed in peace and harmony. WE, conscientiously and with care, broke every known rule for the government of Freshmen. WE carried canes, wore derby hats, appeared in full dress when and where WE pleased, and not only smoked on the campus, but on the very Ad. steps, likewise lallygagging thereon with impunity, while the upper classmen, in wise silence, gazed heavenward. In OUR spare moments WE played football on the 'Varsity team, and have made OURSELVES famous in all other branches of athletics. OUR scholarship is unquestioned. Verily, WE have been the salvation of this University.

Meanwhile, our friends, the Sophs, had been collecting some of their scattered spirit. Deceived by OUR pacific behavior, they planned a desperate deed. Waiting until Denny Hall was com-

T Y E E pletely bedecked for the Freshman Glee, they gallantly rushed in,
'905 overpowerd the one guard, tore down a handful of pearl gray and red, and departed in haste.

While the College people were enjoying the swellest Glee ever given by Freshmen, while they danced careless and happy, WE were working swiftly, silently and well. Picking up here and there perpetrators of the deed, WE carried them to the lake, washed them singly and in pairs, washed them clean as they had ne'er been washed before, then led them to the ball room amidst all the assembled beauty, brilliancy, bravery, babbling, etcetera, etcetera, and-all-that-sort-of-thing-Gus, where they were exhibited as a warning.

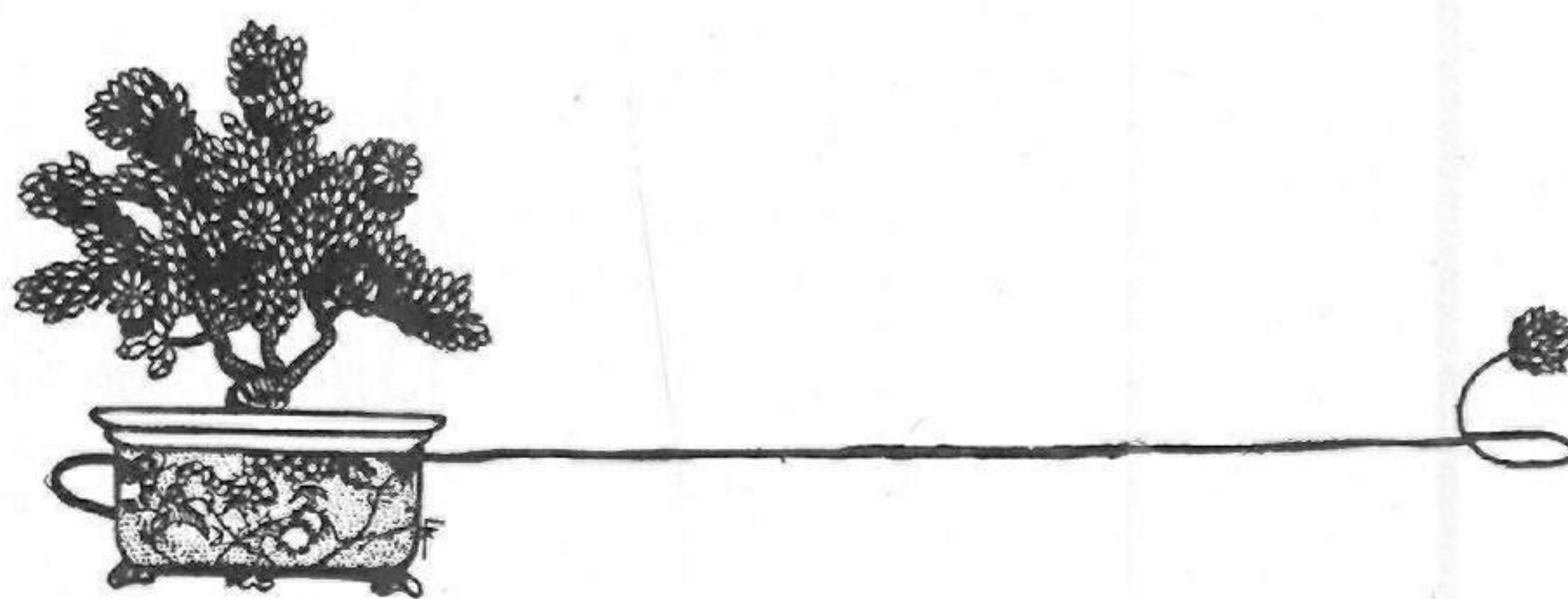
In the morning those overlooked were treated likewise. They burned for vengeance. War followed. The battle raged for days, and the papers made much and more of it, and recounted how the Sophs, to retaliate, ducked one small Freshman, and how in repay twenty of their number were ducked full sorely.

Then spake the Faculty. "Neither this year nor the next shall there be Frolics," and we acknowledged the decree as wise and forethoughtful.

Peace now reigns. The Sophs have had enough. They have lived to know US, and to know US is to

BEWARE !!!

A. M. S., '07.



Freshman Officers



President	- - - - -	TONY CALES.
Vice President	- - - - -	A. B. CUNNINGHAM.
Secretary	- - - - -	ROBERT DE LAND.
Treasurer	- - - - -	ELMER MORRISON.



COLORS:

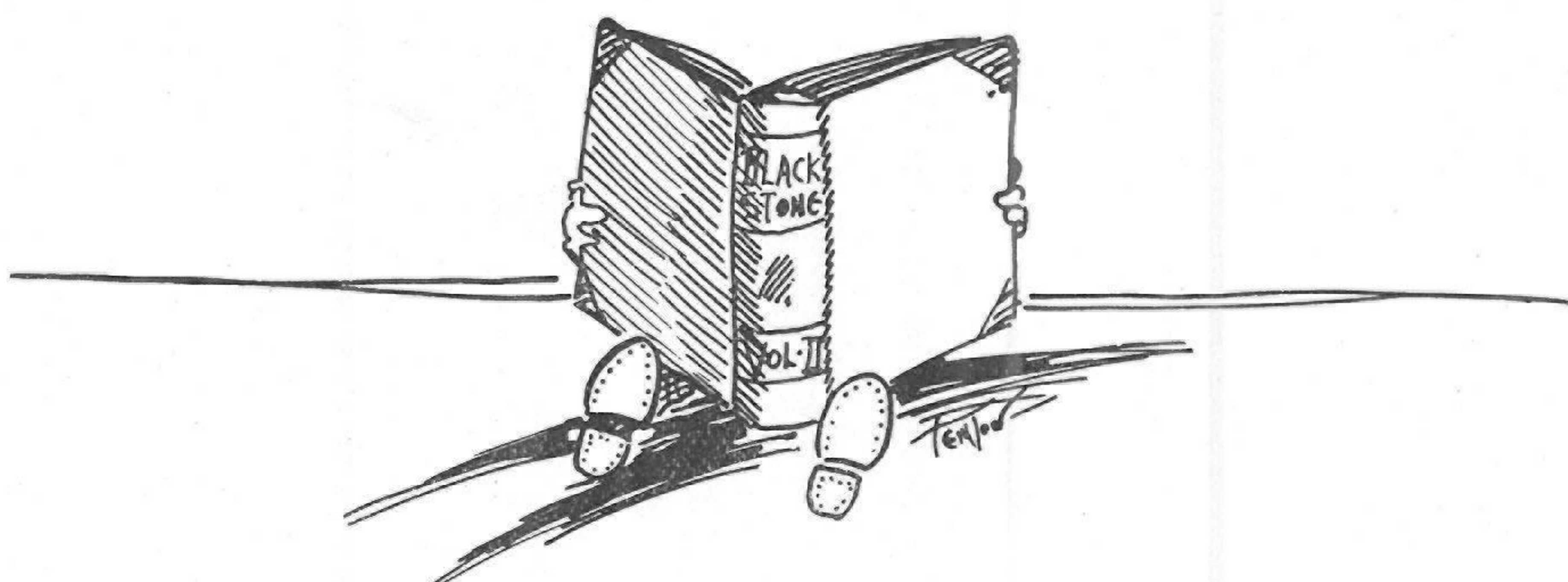
Crimson and Gray.

YELL:

Icta, bazoo, baza, bazeven,

U. of W.!

Naughty Seven.



Senior Law



Moot Court

OFFICERS.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

F. J. WALDRON, Chairman.

REEVES AYLMORE, Jr.

W. T. LAUBE.

W. T. JOHNSON, Clerk.

C. V. ROBERTS, Sheriff.

JUDGES.

JUDGE HOYT.

DEAN CONDON.

Senior Law



AYLMORE, REEVES.....

Class Secretary (2).

BONNER, H. A. M.....

Buffalo University.

COSGROVE, H. G..... ΣN

University of Washington, A. B.

GRIFFIN, J. H..... ΣN

GUERNSEY, S. D.....

HANSON, H. A..... $\Phi \Delta \Theta$

University of Washington, A. B. Executive Committee (2).

HAYS, P. C.....

Stanford University. Vice-President Class (2).

KUEN, H. J..... $B \Theta \Pi$

LAUBE, W. T..... $\Phi \Gamma \Delta$

University of Washington, A. B. Graduate Manager of Athletics (2).

McGEE, E. H.....

NESBITT, D M.....

TYEE PACKER, ROY.....

1905 PERRY, J. H..... B Θ Π

University of Virginia.

PHILLIPS, W. W..... Φ Δ Θ

Glee Club (2). 'Varsity Minstrels (2).

PIERCE, RALPH S..... Φ Γ Δ

University of California. Bookstore Manager (2). Intercol-
legiate Debating Team (1), (2).

ROBERTS, C. V.....

President Class (2).

STEVENS, E. B..... Σ N

'Varsity Ball Committee (2).

THORNTON, E. L..... Σ N

Class Treasurer (2).

WALDRON, F. J.....

President Law Association.

JOHNSON, W. T.....

Washington and Jefferson, A. B.

SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS.

President..... C. V. ROBERTS

Vice-President..... P. C. HAYS

Secretary REEVES AYLMOORE, Jr.

Treasurer..... E. L. THORNTON

JUNIOR LAW



OFFICERS

President.....DONALD A. McDONALD

Vice-President.....BENJAMIN HARDER

Secretary-Treasurer.....A. E. CROSS



JUNIOR MOOT COURT

Clerk.....LOREN D. GRINSTEAD

Sheriff.....DONALD A. McDONALD

JUDGES.

JUDGE HOYT.

DEAN CONDON.

JUNIOR LAW



- DONALD A. McDONALD.....Σ N.....
University of Washington A. B. Class President (1). Sheriff
Junior Moot Court (1). Executive Committee (1).
- B. E. HARDER.....Jaw Bone Club.....
E. O. State Normal. University of Oregon. Vice-President
Class (1).
- A. EMERSON CROSS.....
Secretary Law Association.
- LOREN D. GRINSTEAD.....Φ Δ Θ.....
Cheney State Normal. Wave Staff (1). Clerk Junior Moot
Court (1). Oregon Debating Team (1). 'Varsity Baseball
Team (1). Captain Junior Law Baseball (1).
- E. J. DOYLE.....Jaw Bone Club.....
Lewiston State Normal. Vice-President Law Association (1).
Vice-President Stevens Debating Club (1).
- W. D. GILLIS.....Jaw Bone Club.....
Knox College. Stevens Debating Club (1).
- O. G. MARSH.....Jaw Bone Club.....
Benton Harbor College. Philomath College. Stevens Debat-
ing Club (1).
- SAM R. SUMNER.....Δ K E.....Jaw Bone Club
Olivet College. University of Michigan. 'Varsity Minstrels (1).
- F. A. SMITH.....Jaw Bone Club.....
Stevens Debating Club (1).
- T. J. L. KENNEDY.....Jaw Bone Club.....
Whitworth College. Stevens Debating Club.
- E. C. THOMPSON.....
Pastor Cumberland Presbyterian Church.
- H. E. WARNER.....*Phi Kappa Psi*.....
Dartmouth College. Columbia University.
- T. B. CRANE.....Θ Δ X.....
University of California.
- CLINTON A. BRUNN.....
- C. A. KENT.....
Huntsville Normal.

A. E. GRAHAM.....	Stevens Debating Club.	TYEE
ALLAN TRUMBULL.....	Σ N	1905
B. O. LUM.....	Glee Club (1). Stevens Debating Club (1). Secretary Dormitory Club (1). 'Varsity Minstrels (1).	
RALPH R. ROWELL.....	Glee Club (1).	
A. T. CLARENDON.....	Freemont Normal.	
L. B. GUNN.....	Vashon College.	
WILLIAM E. LEE.....	Φ Δ Θ	
	A. B., University of Idaho.	
W. N. NEVINS.....	Stevens Debating Club.	
W. G. LANNING.....		
DAVID J. GRANT.....	Φ Γ Δ	
	Track Team (1), (2).	
EDWIN L. EWING.....	B Θ Π	
	University of Nebraska.	
L. B. ANDERSON.....	Stevens Debating Club (1). Y. M. C. A. Cabinet (1).	
W. T. CAMPBELL.....		
L. A. GLASS.....		
O. C. MATHES.....		
F. SANDERS.....	Ellensburg Normal.	
S. TANAKA.....		
G. L. THACKER.....		
R. E. THOMPSON.....	Φ Γ Δ	
O. T. WEBB.....	Whatcom State Normal.	



SENIOR PHARMACY



OFFICERS

President.....WILLIAM SCHOOLEY
Vice-President.....ALFRED STRAUSS
Secretary.....NETTIE G. BREWER
Treasurer.....ROY NELSON

NETTIE G. BREWER.....
MYRTLE HEGGY.....
CHARLES E. JOHNSON
SUMNER MITCHELL.....Φ B.....
 'Varsity Baseball (1).

E. E. PARRISH.....Φ B.....
FRANK WILT.....Σ N.....
 Class President (1). Captain Class Football (1), (2). 'Varsity
 Football Team (1). Sophomore Frolic Committee (2). Glee
 Club (2). President Pharmaceutical Association (2).

MILES U. LIESER.....Φ B.....
 Glee Club (2). Chemical Club (2).

HERBERT C. LIESER.....Φ B.....
 'Varsity Baseball (1), (2).

ALFRED A. STRAUSS.....
 'Varsity Football (1), (2). 'Varsity Baseball (1). Band (1),
 (2). Orchestra (1), (2). Manager Band and Orchestra (1),
 (2). Musical Committee (1), (2). Captain Class Baseball
 Team (1). 'Varsity Ball Committee (2).

ROY W. NELSON.....Φ B.....
 Chemical Club (2).

WILLIAM M. SCHOOLEY.....Φ B.....

Junior Pharmacy



ROSE CARTER..... Kerby, Oregon

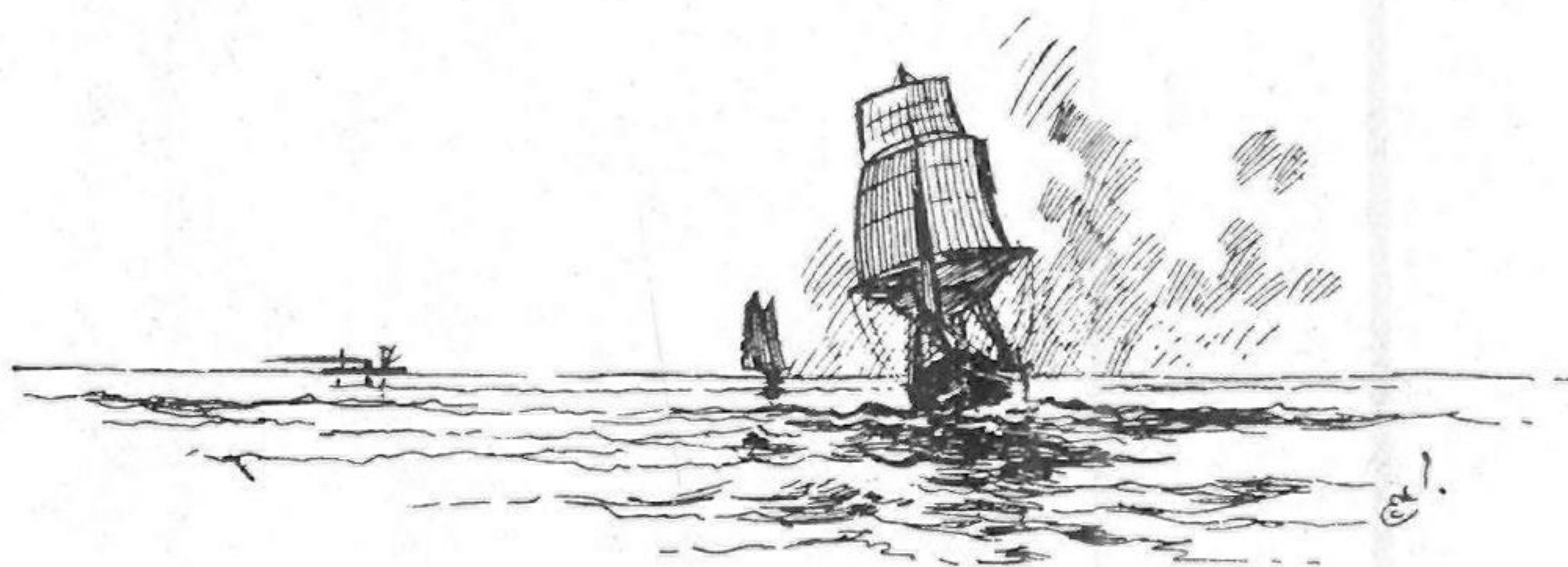
Kerby Normal. Treasurer of Pharmaceutical Society (1).

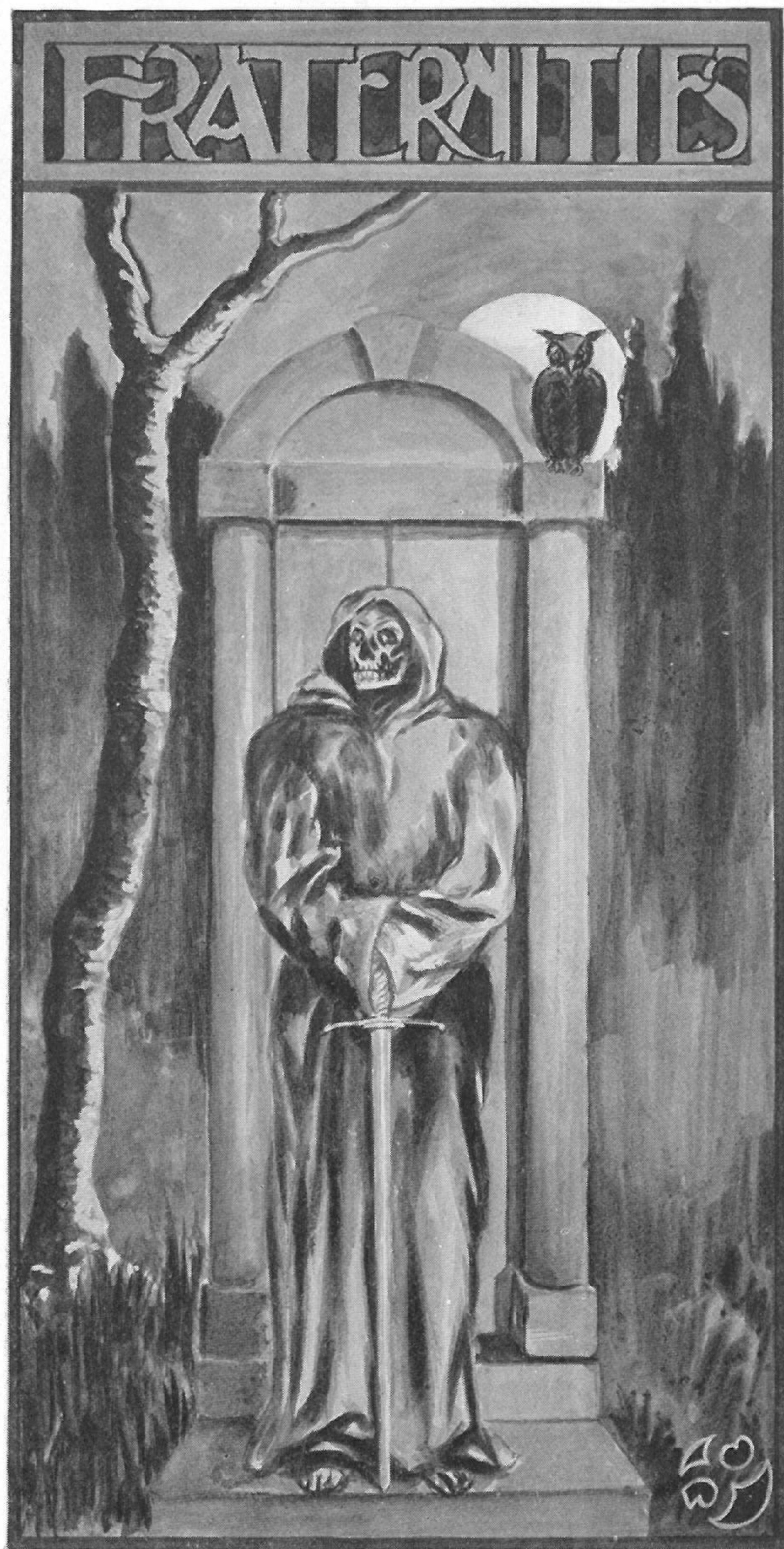
B. B. HANBLOOM..... ΣX Tacoma

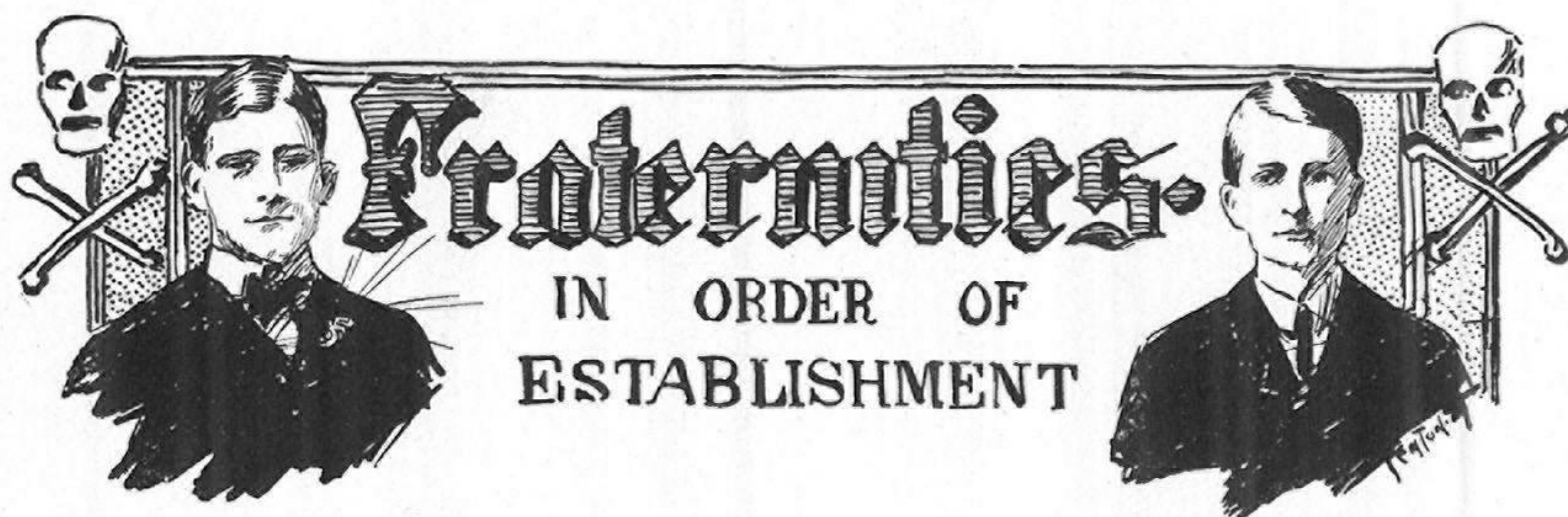
E. H. MORRISON..... $\Phi \Sigma E$ Bellingham

E. B. THOMPSON..... $B \Theta \Pi$ Seattle

Track Team (1).







Sigma Nu	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	1896
Phi Gamma Delta	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	1900
Phi Delta Theta	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	1900
Beta Theta Pi	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	1901
Sigma Chi	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	1903
Kappa Sigma	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	1903
Phi Beta (Local)	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	1902
Phi Sigma Epsilon (Local)	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	1903

Sigma Nu

Gamma Chi Chapter, Chartered May, 1896.

Fratres in Urbe.

G. L. ANDREWS,	H. D. BUCHANAN,
J. A. HYDE, Jr.,	C. A. FOWLER,
J. M. MORAN,	A. P. CALHOUN,
J. B. McMANUS,	SCOTT CALHOUN,
J. L. GOTTSTEIN,	C. N. REITZE,
H. M. WALTHER,	RAYMOND LLOYD,
ED. MORRIS,	R. W. ABRAMS,
L. O. VESER,	FRANK GRAY,
W. M. CAMPBELL,	F. J. McKEOWN,
F. E. WARMAN,	R. M. JOHNSON,
A. D. REMINGTON,	A. A. GARDNER,
H. C. OSTROM,	E. A. DUFFY,
O. R. MAIN,	R. E. WILLIAMS,
G. T. LIVINGSTONE,	R. M. MITCHELL,
F. R. CONWAY,	J. C. STOREY.
O. C. SPENCER,	

Fratres in Facultate.

EDMOND S. MEANY. ALFRED H. YODER. HARRY C. COFFMAN.

Fratres in Universitate.

1904

SAM H. RICHARDSON,	EDWIN B. STEVENS (Law),
EGBERT N. PARMELEE,	ERIC L. THORNTON (Law),
HOWARD G. COSGROVE (Law),	

1905

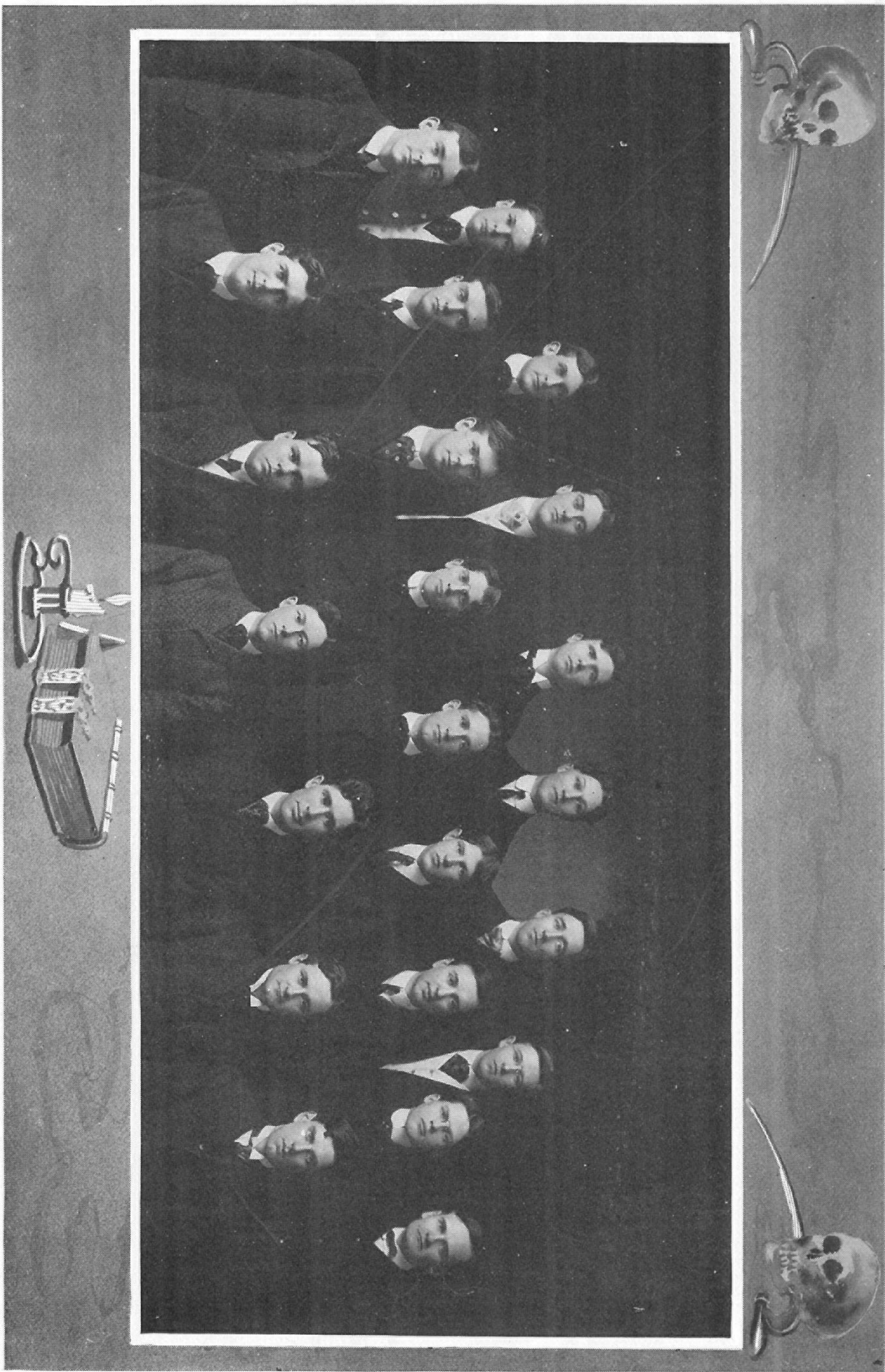
JOHN R. COLEMAN,	ALLAN M. TRUMBULL (Law),
W. CURRY FRANKLIN,	GEORGE W. SOHNS.
DONALD D. McDONALD (Law),	

1906

MANCHIE O. BENNETT,	CHARLES B. PARMELEE,
FRANK T. WILT,	JOSEPH H. GRIFFIN,
ARTHUR B. CARLE,	HERMAN M. FOWLER.
HARLEY A. DODSON,	

1907

NORMAN L. WIMMLER,	HENRY M. SNYDER,
STANLEY A. GRIFFITHS,	GLEN R. METSKER,
ROSCOE W. BELL,	ELLIOTT E. COSGROVE.
STETSON G. HARLAN,	REX M. LARRABEE.
GILBERT L. DUFFY,	



Sigma Nu

Founded at Virginia Military Institute, 1869.

Roll of Chapters.

Pi, Lehigh University.	Gamma Epsilon, Lafayette College.
Gamma Delta, Stevens Institute of Technology.	Beta, University of Virginia.
Gamma Theta, Cornell University.	Omicron, Bethel College.
Lambda, Washington and Lee.	Psi, University of North Carolina.
Sigma, Vanderbilt University.	Gamma Iota, State College of Kentucky.
Beta Tau, North Carolina Agricultural and Mechanical College.	Gamma Pi, University of West Virginia.
Mu, University of Georgia.	Theta, University of Alabama.
Iota, Howard College.	Kappa, North Georgia Agricultural College.
Eta, Mercer University.	Xi, Emory College.
Beta Theta, Alabama Polytechnic Institute.	Gamma Alpha, Georgia School of Technology.
Beta Beta, De Pauw University.	Epsilon, Bethany College.
Beta Zeta, Purdue University.	Beta Nu, Ohio State University.
Beta Iota, Mount Union College.	Beta Eta, University of Indiana.
Gamma Gamma, Albion College.	Beta Epsilon, Rose Polytechnic Institute.
Gamma Mu, University of Illinois.	Gamma Beta, Northwestern University.
Gamma Nu, University of Michigan.	Gamma Lambda, University of Wisconsin.
Beta Pi, University of Chicago.	Delta Theta, Lombard University.
Gamma Rho, Iowa State College.	Beta Mu, State University of Iowa.
Rho, Missouri State University.	Nu, Kansas State University.
Gammi Xi, Missouri State School of Mines.	Beta Xi, William Jewell College.
Phi, Louisiana State University.	Gamma Omicron, Washington University.
Gamma Eta, Colorado State School of Mines.	Epsilon, University of Texas.
Gamma Zeta, University of Oregon.	Beta Phi, Tulane University.
Beta Psi, University of California.	Gamma Kappa, University of Colorado.
Beta Sigma, University of Vermont.	Gamma Chi, University of Washington.
	Beta Chi, Stanford University.

Yell: Hi Rickety Whopty Do

What's the matter with Sigma Nu?

Hullabulloo Terragahoo

Ausgezeichnet Sigma Nu

Colors, Black, White and Gold.

Flower, White Rose.

Publication, The Delta.

Phi Gamma Delta

Sigma Tau Chapter, Chartered July 31, 1900.

Fratres in Urbe.

PIERRE P. FERRY,	CLIMIE E. HILL,
DR. F. M. JOHNSON,	T. HOWARD SHELLY,
E. A. WHITE,	ROSS E. CHESNUT,
SIDNEY WILLIAMS,	GEO. A. DE HASETH,
CARL REEVES,	BURTON C. HAINES,
FRED CHESNUT,	CALVIN S. HALL,
DICK HUNTOON,	LEVY BACKUS,
STIRLING HILL,	DR. GRANT CALHOUN,
HOWARD D. HORTON,	WALACE L. ATKINSON,
CHESTER THOMPSON,	MAX HARRISON,
W. P. McELWAIN,	EDGAR JAMES WRIGHT,
WALTER TIEDEMAN,	FRANK P. HUNTER,
DR. C. E. TUTHERIE,	CHAS. F. REEVES,
H. A. DAVISON,	D. A. PETLEY,
THOMAS W. LOUGH,	W. D. WARREN,
WM. NICHOLS,	FRANK P. GILES.

Fratres in Facultate.

JOHN T. CONDON.	CHAS. F. THORPE.
R. E. HEINE.	

Fratres in Universitate.

Law.

RALPH O. PIERCE,	WILLIAM TELL LAUBE,
DAVE J. GRANT,	NED THOMPSON.

Post Graduate.

HARRY BOTEZKES,	STIRLING HILL.
-----------------	----------------

1904

KARL E. VAN KURAN,	ROBERT G. PEARSON,
WILLIAM R. HILL,	L. ROSS CARPENTER.
LOYAL E. A. SHOUDY.	

1905

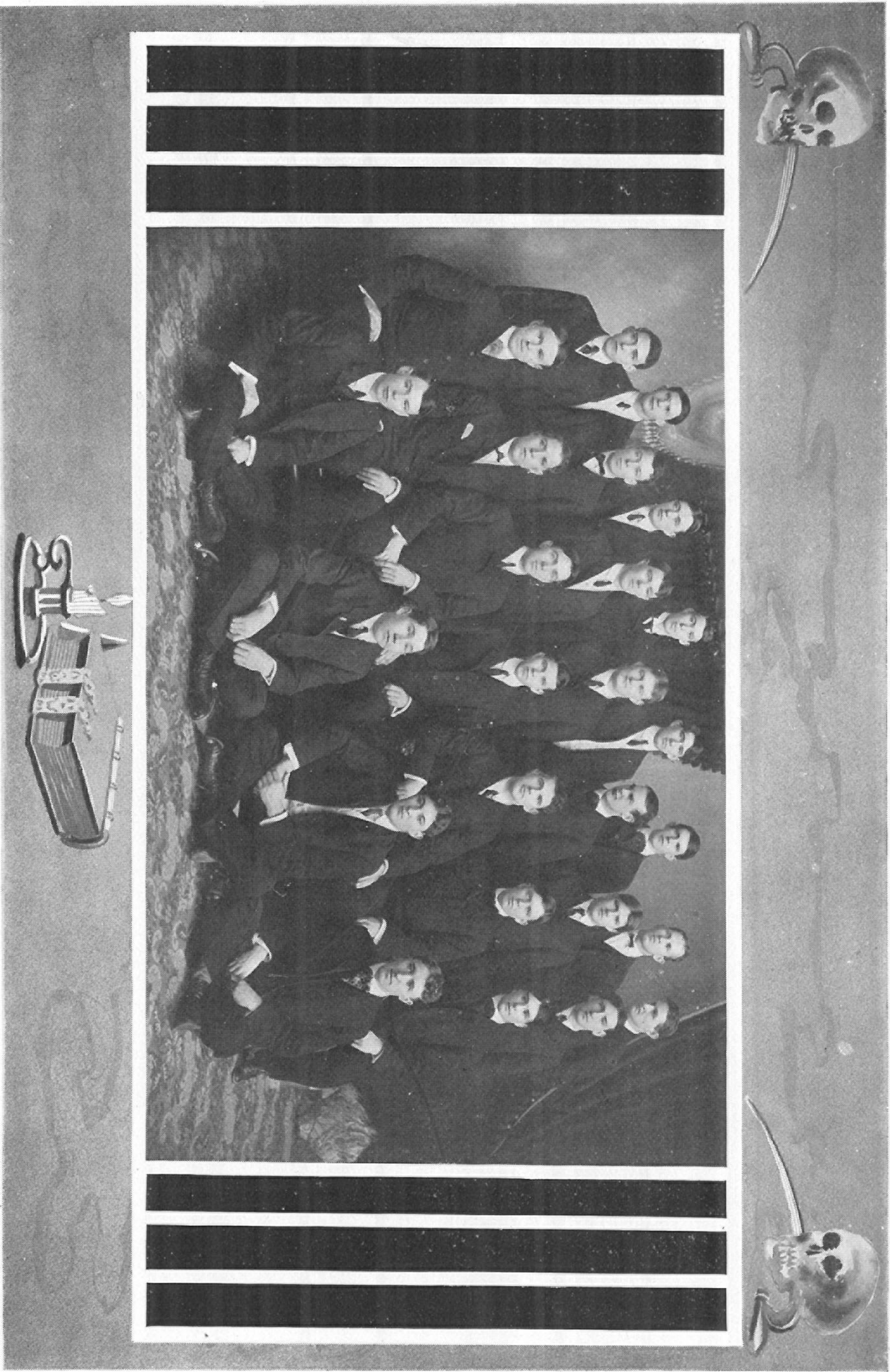
WALTER G. McLEAN.	WM. H. BRINKER, Jr.
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1906

CORAL WHITE,	MAURICE TIBBALS,
FRED LAUBE,	JOHN P. KING,
EDW. L. STENGER,	FRED E. LAUBE,
RUSSEL J. WAYLAND,	ARTHUR P. DENTON,
WILLIAM A. SLUSHER,	CLARENCE M. COLE.
ALBERT P. DICKINSON,	

1907

PERCY J. PERRY,	ABRAM COURTRIGHT.
DANIEL D. PULLEN,	THOMAS McDONALD.
JOE PEARSON,	



Phi Gamma Delta

Founded at Washington and Jefferson College, 1848.

Roll of Chapters.

Omega Mu, University of Maine.	Xi Deuteron, Adelbert College.
Iota Mu, Mass. Institute of Technology.	Lambda Deuteron, Dennison University.
Pi Iota, Worcester Polytechnic Institute.	Sigma, Wittenberg College.
Phi Rho, Brown University.	Omicron, Ohio State University.
Delta Nu, Dartmouth College.	Theta, Ohio Wesleyan University.
Alpha Chi, Amherst College.	Alpha Phi, University of Michigan.
Tau Alpha, Trinity College.	Zeta, Indiana University.
Nu Deuteron, Yale.	Lambda, De Pauw.
Upsilon, College of the City of New York.	Tau, Hanover College.
Omega, Columbia.	Psi, Wabash College.
Nu Epsilon, New York University.	Lambda Iota, Purdue University.
Theta Psi, Colgate University.	Kappa Tau, University of Tennessee.
Kappa Nu, Cornell.	Nu, Bethel College.
Chi, Union College.	Theta, University of Alabama.
Sigma Nu, Syracuse University.	Tau Deuteron, University of Texas.
Beta, University of Pennsylvania.	Alpha Deuteron, Illinois Wesleyan University.
Sigma Deuteron, Lafayette College.	
Beta Chi, Lehigh University.	Gamma Delta, Knox University.
Beta Mu, Johns Hopkins University.	Chi Iota, University of Illinois.
Delta, Bucknell.	Mu, University of Wisconsin.
Xi, Gettysburg University.	Mu Sigma, University of Minnesota.
Gamma Phi, Pennsylvania State College.	Chi Upsilon, University of Chicago.
Omicron, University of Virginia.	Zeta Phi, William Jewell University.
Beta Deuteron, Roanoke College.	Chi Mu, University of Missouri.
Delta Deuteron, Hampden Sidney College.	Pi Deuteron, University of Kansas.
Zeta Deuteron, Washington and Lee.	Lambda Nu, University of Nebraska.
Rho Chi, Richmond College.	Delta Xi, University of California.
Alpha, Washington and Jefferson College.	Sigma Tau, University of Washington.
Pi, Allegheny College.	Lambda Sigma, Stanford University.
Pi Delta, Wooster College.	

*Yell: Rah! Rah! Phi Gam,
Rah! Rah! Del a.
Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah!
Phi Gamma Delta.*

Color, Royal Purple.

Flower, Heliotrope.

Publication, The Phi Gamma Delta.

Phi Delta Theta

Washington Alpha Chapter, Chartered 1900.

Fratres in Urbe.

ROY P. BALLARD,	R. M. KINNEAR,
GEO. E. DE STEIGNER,	J. ROY KINNEAR,
CHARLES H. CLARKE,	RENO W. THATCHER,
W. W. BLAINE,	H. H. LEWIS,
E. G. RAGNON,	LOUIS R. WRIGHT,
DUNCAN MCGREGOR,	EARL C. POOLER,
FRED J. CEIS,	ARTHUR M. PROSCH,
CLAY ALLEN,	FRANK E. CASE,
J. W. CROOKS,	WALTER M. FRENCH,
D. B. TREFETHEN,	JAY C. ALLEN,
SHIRLEY M. TREEN,	F. E. BRIGHTMAN,
THOMAS S. SCOTT,	GEO. R. TENNANT,
E. A. GARRETSON,	ALBERT C. HASTINGS.

Fratres in Facultate.

ARTHUR R. PRIEST.

Fratres in Universitate.

Graduate.

ALBERT C. HASTINGS.

1904

FREDERICK W. HASTINGS.

1905

DAVID H. DALBY,	KARL HUBERT,
WILBUR D. KIRKMAN,	ROBERT E. McGLINN,
HENRY H. THEDINGA,	DALBERT E. TWITCHELL.

1906

LEE J. BRAWLEY,	P. BASCOM CARLISLE,
CLAUDE A. LINK,	GARDNER W. MILLETT,
GEORGE F. PURDY,	GEORGE SIELER.

1907

FRANK M. ALLYN,	J. WEBSTER HOOVER,
WILLIAM M. GREEN,	JOHN H. TRIPPLE,
HARRY P. KENNEDY,	WALTER C. WAGNER.
GEORGE G. BRACKETT,	

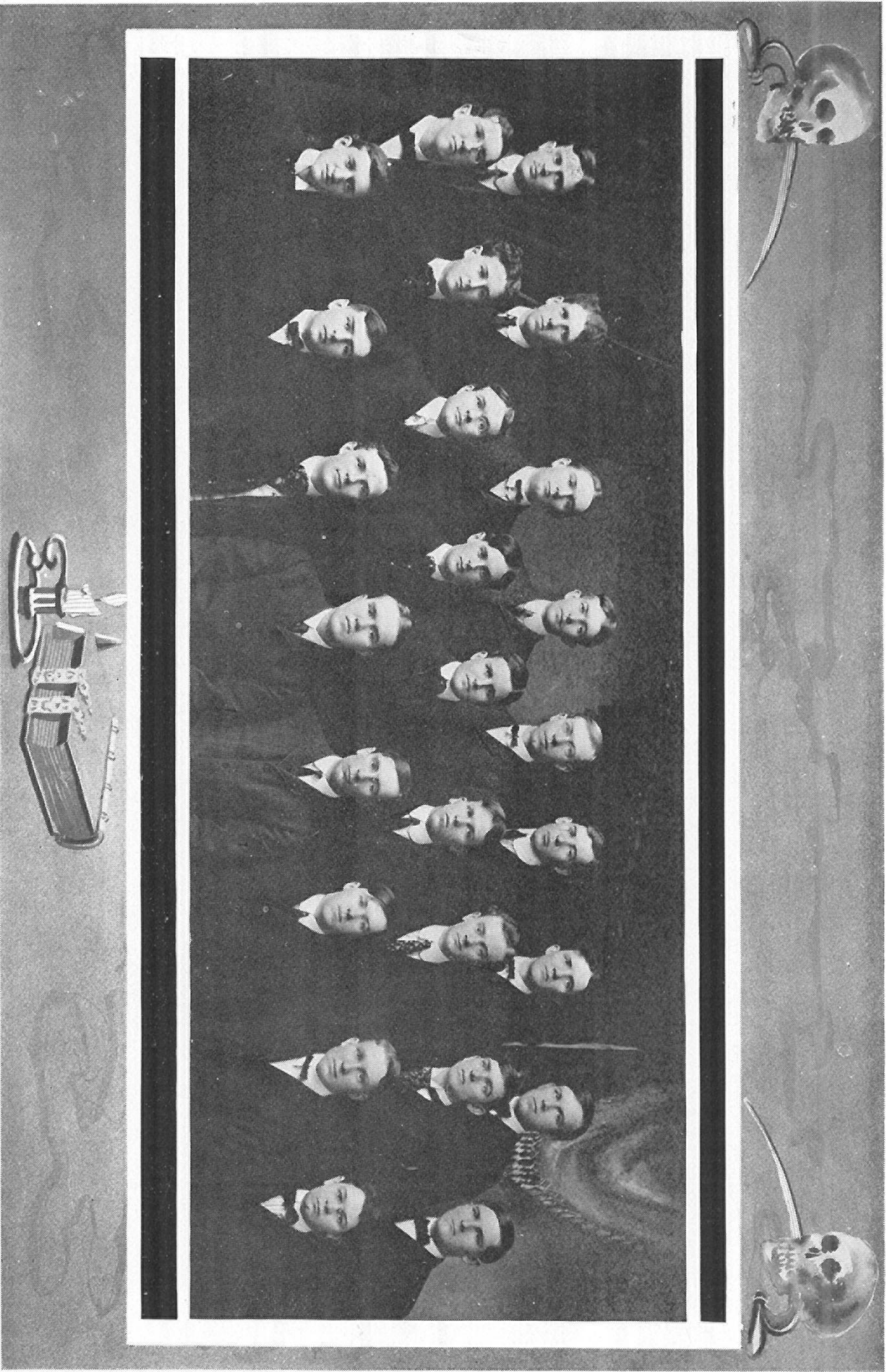
Law.

1904

HOWARD A. HANSON,	WILLIAM W. PHILLIPS.
-------------------	----------------------

1905

LOREN D. GRINSTEAD,	WILLIAM E. LEE.
---------------------	-----------------



Phi Delta Theta

Founded at Miami University, 1848.

Roll of Chapters.

Quebec Alpha, McGill University.
Maine Alpha, Colby College.
New Hampshire Alpha, Dartmouth College.
Vermont Alpha, University of Vermont.
Massachusetts Alpha, Williams College.
Massachusetts Beta, Amherst College.
Rhode Island Alpha, Brown University.
New York Alpha, Cornell University.
New York Beta, Union University.
New York Delta, Columbia University.
New York Epsilon, Syracuse University.
Pennsylvania Alpha, Lafayette College.
Pennsylvania Beta, Pennsylvania College.
Pennsylvania Gamma, Washington and Jefferson College.
Pennsylvania Delta, Allegheny College.
Pennsylvania Epsilon, Dickinson College.
Pennsylvania Zeta, University of Pennsylvania.
Pennsylvania Eta, Lehigh College.
Virginia Beta, University of Virginia.
Virginia Gamma, Randolph-Macon College.
Virginia Zeta, Washington and Lee University.
North Carolina Beta, University of North Carolina.
Kentucky Alpha-Delta, Central University.
Kentucky Epsilon, Kentucky State College.
Tennessee Alpha, Vanderbilt University.
Tennessee Beta, University of the South.
Georgia Alpha, University of Georgia.
Georgia Beta, Emory College.
Georgia Gamma, Mercer University.
Georgia Delta, Georgia School of Technology.
Alabama Alpha, University of Alabama.
Alabama Beta, Alabama Polytechnic Institute.
Ohio Alpha, Miami University.
Ohio Beta, Ohio Wesleyan University.
Ohio Gamma, Ohio University.
Ohio Zeta, Ohio State University.
Ohio Eta, Case School of Applied Science.
Ohio Theta, University of Cincinnati.
Michigan Alpha, University of Michigan.
Indiana Alpha, Indiana University.
Indiana Beta, Wabash College.
Indiana Gamma, Butler College.
Indiana Delta, Franklin College.
Indiana Epsilon, Hanover College.
Indiana Zeta, De Pauw University.
Indiana Theta, Purdue University.
Illinois Alpha, Northwestern University.
Illinois Beta, University of Chicago.
Illinois Delta, Knox College.
Illinois Zeta, Lombard.
Illinois Eta, University of Illinois.
Wisconsin Alpha, University of Wisconsin.
Minnesota Alpha, University of Minnesota.
Iowa Alpha, Iowa Wesleyan University.
Iowa Beta, University of Iowa.
Missouri Alpha, University of Missouri.
Missouri Beta, Westminster College.
Missouri Gamma, Washington University.
Kansas Alpha, University of Kansas.
Nebraska Alpha, University of Nebraska.
Colorado Alpha, University of Colorado.
Mississippi Alpha, University of Mississippi.
Louisiana Alpha, Tulane University of Louisiana.
Texas Beta, University of Texas.
Texas Gamma, Southwestern University.
California Alpha, University of California.
California Beta, Leland Stanford University.
Washington Alpha, University of Washington.

Yell: Rah! Rah! Rah!

Phi-Kei-a

Phi Delta Theta

Rah! Rah! Rah!

Colors, Azure and Argent.

Flower, White Carnation.

Publication, The Scroll.

Beta Theta Pi

Beta Omega Chapter, Chartered December, 1901.

Fratres in Urbe.

WM. B. ALLISON,	GEO. D. MONTGOMERY,
G. WALCOTT AMES,	J. R. MASON,
W. G. BARNES,	G. O. NETTLETON,
N. B. BECK,	R. M. PALMER,
W. W. BECK,	E. T. POPE,
REV. DAVID BLYTHE,	J. F. PRATT,
L. B. BUNNELL,	W. R. SMITH,
MARC BUNNELL,	REV. W. A. SPALDING,
E. W. BROWNELL,	H. B. SPALDING,
R. J. CHASE,	H. WIRT STEELE,
A. B. COE,	B. O. SWEENEY,
C. M. COE,	S. W. TAGGART,
F. W. COLGROVE,	R. H. THOMPSON,
J. M. EPLER,	E. E. TODD,
J. G. GIVENS,	E. P. TREMPER,
REV. H. D. GLASS,	H. S. TREMPER,
J. L. GOW,	G. T. VANDERVEER,
D. V. HALVERSTADT,	HAL WHITWORTH,
GLEN HENDRICKS,	G. R. WILKERSON,
W. R. HILL,	REV. GALEN WOOD,
C. R. J. JONES,	O. V. WILLSON,
REV. L. L. KNEELAND,	T. H. PATTERSON,
M. D. LANDON,	HOMER REYNOLDS,
PERCY LITTLEFIELD,	H. K. HEFFLEMAY.

Fratres in Facultate.

J. ALLEN SMITH.

Fratres in Universitate.

1904

AYLETT NEWTON JOHNSON,	JOEL MARCUS JOHANSEN,
GLENDOWER DUNBAR,	JOHN HOLLIDAY PERRY,
ISAAC CURTIS PARKER,	HARRY JOSEPH KUEN,
ELMER COLE GREEN,	E. B. MARSH.

1905

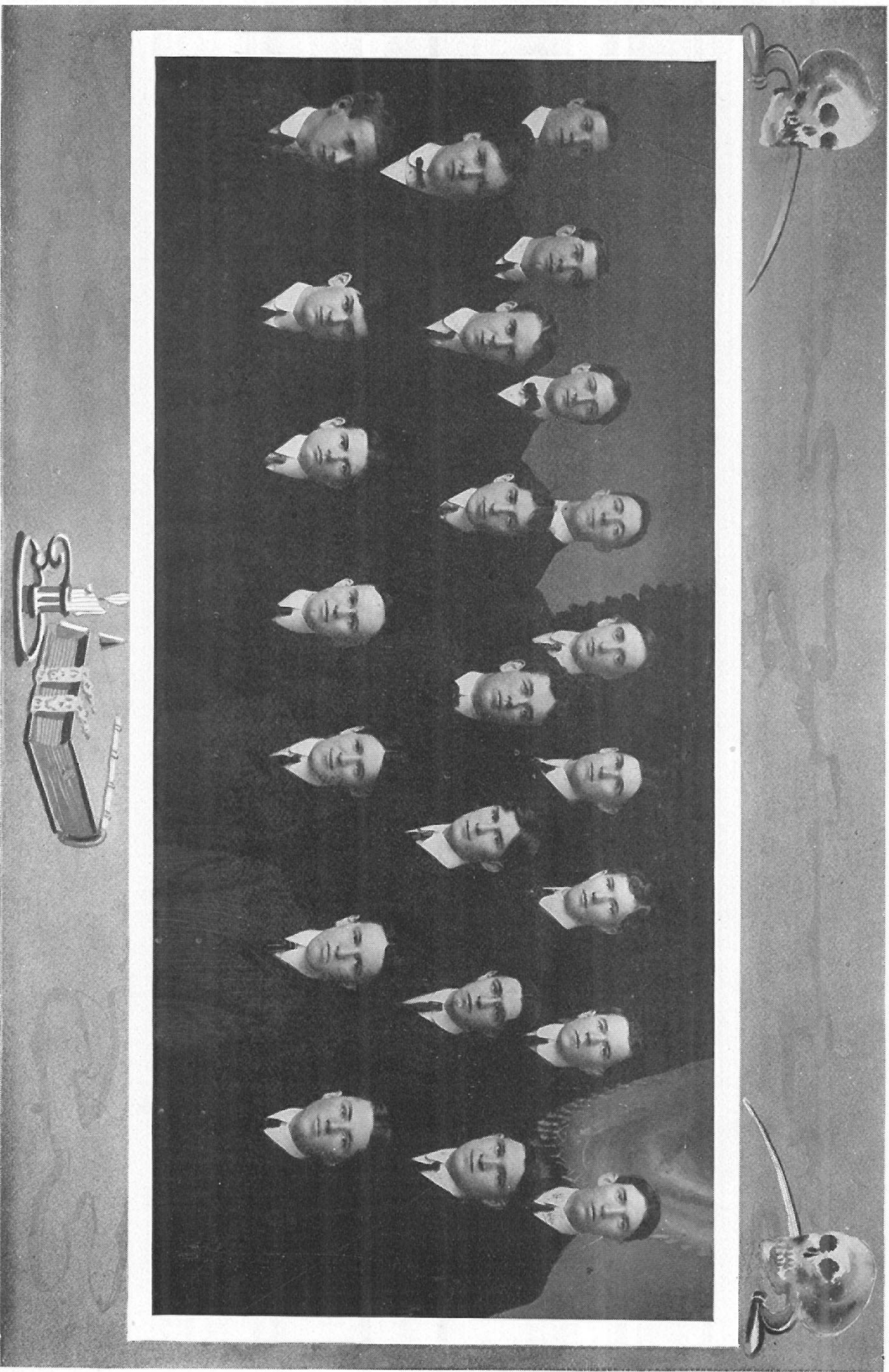
WILLIAM FREDERICK DOUGLAS,	MAURICE DWIGHT SCROGGS,
HENRY CLARE JACKSON,	JOHN HERBERT STROHM,
FRANK MERRILL REASONER,	EDWIN CHARLES EWING.

1906

HAROLD MOORE BURKE,	ARTHUR J. STEAD,
CHARLES WILBUR HALL,	RAYMOND D. WALKER.

1907

PERCY DEARLE,	EDWARD BLY THOMPSON,
ENOCH WILLIAM BAGSHAW,	DAVID ARTHUR STAEGAR,
JOHN RUSSEL PALMER, Jr.,	ABRAHAM ARNOLD TREMPER,
AGUSTUS HENRY PACKARD,	ARTHUR THOMPSON KARR.



Beta Theta Pi

Founded at Miami, 1839.

Roll of Chapters.

Beta Iota, Amherst College.
Chi, Beloit College.
Psi, Bethany College.
Upsilon, Boston University.
Beta Sigma, Bowdoin College.
Kappa, Brown University.
Omega, University of California.
Epsilon, Central University.
Beta Tau, University of Colorado.
Lambda Rho, University of Chicago.
Beta Nu, University of Cincinnati.
Beta Theta, Colgate University.
Alpha Alpha, Columbia University.
Beta Delta, Cornell University.
Alpha Omega, Dartmouth College.
Phi Alpha, Davidson College.
Alpha Eta, Dennison University.
Alpha Zeta, Denver University.
Delta, De Pauw.
Alpha Sigma, Dickinson College.
Zeta, Hampden-Sidney College.
Iota, Hanover College.
Sigma Rho, University of Illinois.
Pi, Indiana University.
Alpha Beta, University of Iowa.
Alpha Epsilon, Iowa Wesleyan.
Alpha Chi, Johns Hopkins University.
Alpha Nu, University of Kansas.
Beta Alpha, Kenyon College.
Alpha Xi, Knox College.
Beta Chi, Lehigh University.
Beta Eta, University of Maine.
Alpha, Miami University.

Lambda, University of Michigan.
Beta Pi, University of Minnesota.
Zeta Phi, University of Missouri.
Alpha Tau, University of Nebraska.
Eta Beta, University of North Carolina.
Rho, Northwestern University.
Beta Kappa, Ohio University.
Theta Delta, Ohio State University.
Theta, Ohio Wesleyan University.
Phi, University of Pennsylvania.
Alpha Upsilon, Pennsylvania State College.
Beta Mu, Purdue University.
Beta Gamma, Rutgers College.
Beta Zeta, St. Lawrence University.
Lambda Sigma, Stanford University.
Sigma, Stevens Institute of Technology.
Beta Upsilon, Syracuse University.
Beta Omicron, University of Texas.
Nu, Union University.
Beta Lambda, Vanderbilt University.
Omicron, University of Virginia.
Tau, Wabash College.
Gamma, Washington and Jefferson College.
Beta Omega, Washington State University.
Alpha Iota, Washington University.
Mu Epsilon, Wesleyan University.
Beta, Western Reserve University.
Beta Psi, West Virginia University.
Alpha Delta, Westminster College.
Alpha Gamma, Wittenberg College.
Alpha Pi, University of Wisconsin.
Alpha Lambda, Wooster University.
Phi Chi, Yale University.

Yell: Phi! Kai! Phi!

Phi! Kai! Phi!

Wooglin! Wooglin!

Beta Theta Pi!

Colors, Pink and Blue.

Flower, Rose.

Publication, Beta Theta Pi.

Sigma Chi

Upsilon Upsilon Chapter, Chartered 1903.

Fratres in Urbe.

W. T. SCOTT,	W. C. DAVIS,
MORTON E. STEVENS,	HAMILTON STILLSON,
RALPH E. SAXTON,	DANIEL C. KENNEDY,
D. C. POLLOCK,	E. H. GUIE,
T. M. ANDREW, Jr.,	WM. C. SAXTON,
M. A. CLEVELAND,	H. G. PEREGRINE,
A. E. HERNSTEIN,	R. K. BOOTH,
P. D. OVERFIELD,	F. D. STRATTON,
ARTHUR BABBITT,	HENRY VAN HOEVENBERG,
FRANK S. LAMBERTON,	R. H. CLARY,
V. S. ANDERSON,	H. K. TERRY,
E. S. YEATON,	E. C. WILLIS.
F. B. WALKER,	

Fratres in Universitate.

Post Graduate.
CHAS. F. SIGRIST.

1904

CLINTON D. LANTZ,	WM. C. SPEIDEL,
LEROY W. FRISBEE,	J. FRANK WALLER,

1905

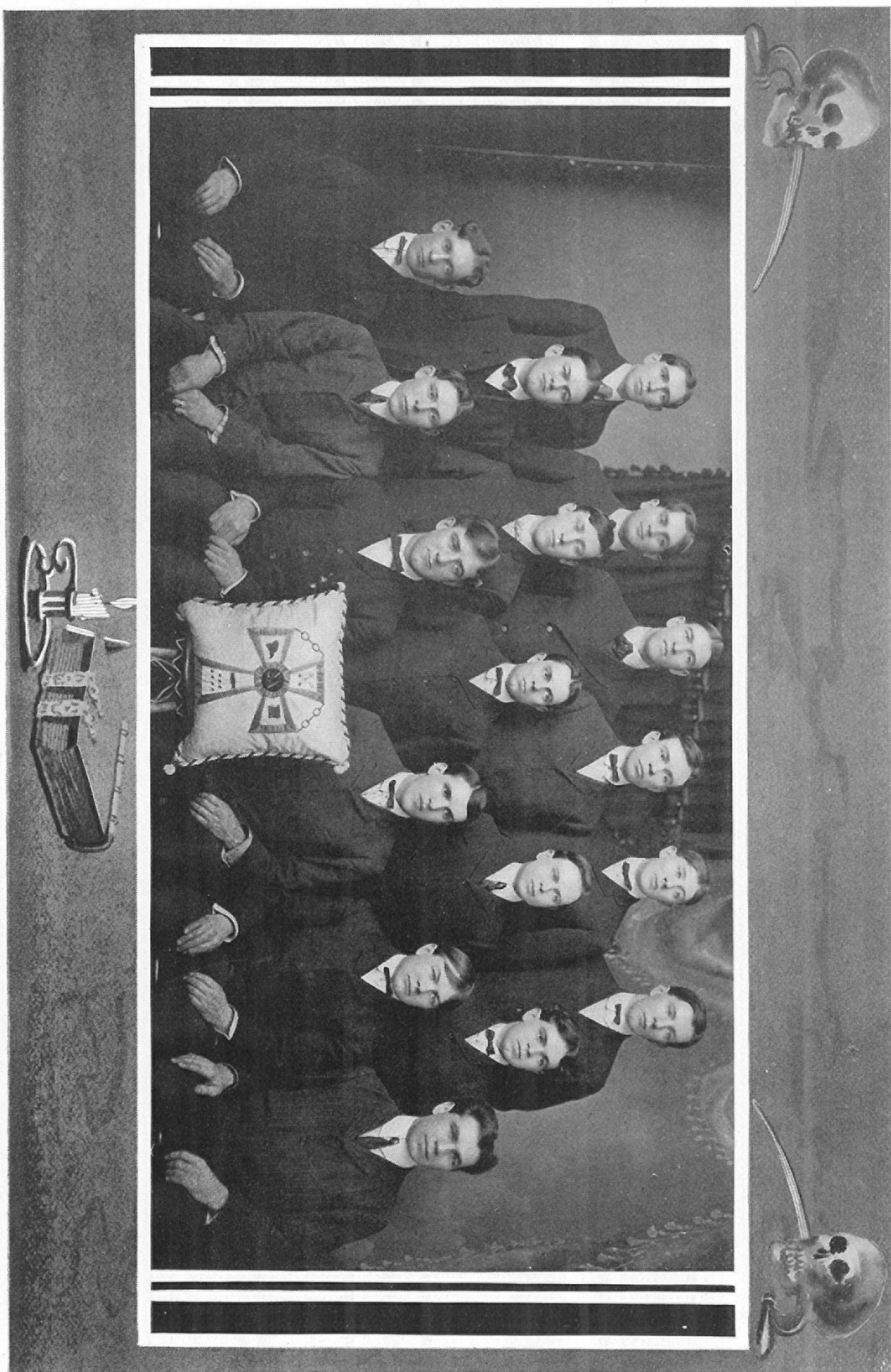
FRED McELMON,	ROY C. ROGERS,
R. J. GLOSTER,	

1906

EDWARD D. ALEXANDER,	ARTHUR L. CHRISTOPHER,
CARL S. ZOOK,	A. M. ORMOND.

1907

TONY F. CALES,	HERBERT GASTON,
BERT B. HANBLOOM,	ROY C. LICHTY.
HERBERT A. SHAW,	



Sigma Chi

Founded at Miami, 1855.

Roll of Chapters.

Alpha, Maine University.	Alpha Lambda, University of Wisconsin.
Beta, University of Worcester.	Alpha Nu, University of Texas.
Gamma, Ohio Wesleyan University.	Alpha Xi, University of Kansas.
Epsilon, Columbian University.	Alpha Omicron, Tulane University.
Zeta, Washington and Lee University.	Alpha Pi, Albion College.
Eta, University of Mississippi.	Alpha Rho, Lehigh University.
Theta, Pennsylvania College.	Alpha Sigma, University of Minnesota.
Kappa, Bucknell University.	Alpha Upsilon, University of South Carolina.
Lambda, Indiana University.	Alpha Phi, Cornell University.
Mu, Dennison University.	Alpha Chi, Pennsylvania State College.
Xi, De Pauw University.	Alpha Psi, Vanderbilt University.
Omicron, Dickinson College.	Alpha Omega, Stanford University.
Rho, Butler College.	Delta Delta, Purdue University.
Phi, Lafayette College.	Zeta Zeta, Central University.
Chi, Hanover College.	Zeta Psi, University of Cincinnati.
Psi, University of Virginia.	Eta Eta, Dartmouth College.
Omega, Northwestern University.	Theta Theta, University of Michigan.
Alpha Alpha, Hobart College.	Kappa Kappa, University of Illinois.
Alpha Beta, University of California.	Lambda Lambda, Kentucky State College.
Alpha Gamma, Ohio State University.	Mu Mu, University of West Virginia.
Alpha Epsilon, University of Nebraska.	Nu Nu, Columbia University.
Alpha Zeta, Beloit College.	Xi Xi, University of Missouri.
Alpha Eta, State University of Iowa.	Omicron Omicron, University of Chicago.
Alpha Theta, Massachusetts Institute of Technology.	Rho Rho, University of Maine.
Alpha Iota, Illinois Wesleyan University.	Tau Tau, Washington University.
	Phi Phi, University of Pennsylvania.

Yell: Who! Who! Who am I?

I am a Loyal Sigma Chi

Hoopla! Hoopla! Hoopla! hi!

Sigma Chi!

Colors, Blue and Gold.

Flower, White Rose.

Publication, Sigma Chi Quarterly.

Kappa Sigma

Beta Psi Chapter, Chartered 1903.

Fratres in Urbe.

JUDGE ALLAN R. BELL,	F. J. CARVER,
WILLIAM ADAIR,	DR. J. M. PRAYTHER,
A. K. WHEELER,	W. T. WINDERS.

Fratres in Facultate.

W. LEE LEWIS.

Fratres in Universitate.

1904

JOHN RUSKIN SLATTERY, ART. ROY TERPENING.
FRANK VEDDER TAYLOR,

1905

A. DWIGHT SMALLEY, O. G. MARSH.

1906

RALPH M. VAN DORN, LIVINGSTON WERNEKE.

1907

CHRISTOPHER GILSON, CHAUNCEY WERNEKE,
J. W. ARCHIE BOLLONG, ROSCOE E. BERG.



Kappa Sigma

Founded at University of Virginia, 1867.

Roll of Chapters.

Psi, University of Maine.	Lambda, University of Tennessee.
Alpha Rho, Bowdoin College.	Phi, Southwestern Presbyterian University.
Beta Kappa, New Hampshire College.	Omega, University of the South.
Alpha Lambda, University of Vermont.	Alpha Theta, Southwestern Baptist University.
Beta Alpha, Brown University.	Beta Nu, Kentucky State College.
Alpha Kappa, Cornell University.	Alpha Upsilon, Millsaps College.
Pi, Swarthmore College.	Gamma, Louisiana State University.
Alpha Delta, Pennsylvania State College.	Epsilon, Centenary College.
Alpha Epsilon, University of Pennsylvania.	Sigma, Tulane University.
Alpha Phi, Bucknell University.	Iota, Southwestern University.
Beta Delta, Washington and Jefferson College.	Tau, University of Texas.
Beta Iota, Lehigh University.	Xi, University of Arkansas.
Beta Pi, Dickinson College.	Alpha Omega, William Jewell College.
Alpha Alpha, University of Maryland.	Beta Gamma, Missouri State University.
Alpha Eta, Columbian University.	Beta Sigma, Washington University.
Zeta, University of Virginia.	Beta Chi, Missouri School of Mines.
Eta, Randolph-Macon College.	Alpha Psi, University of Nebraska.
Nu, William and Mary College.	Beta Tau, Baker University.
Upsilon, Hampden-Sidney College.	Beta Omicron, University of Denver.
Beta Beta, Richmond College.	Alpha Sigma, Ohio State University.
Delta, Davidson College.	Beta Phi, Case School of Applied Science.
Eta Prime, Trinity College.	Chi, Purdue University.
Alpha Mu, University of North Carolina.	Alpha Pi, Wabash College.
Beta Upsilon, North Carolina A. and M. College.	Beta Theta, University of Indiana.
Alpha Nu, Wofford College.	Alpha Gamma, University of Illinois.
Alpha Beta, Mercer University.	Alpha Chi, Lake Forrest University.
Alpha Tau, Georgia School of Technology.	Alpha Zeta, University of Michigan.
Beta Lambda, University of Georgia.	Beta Epsilon, University of Wisconsin.
Beta, University of Alabama.	Beta Mu, University of Minnesota.
Beta Eta, Alabama Polytechnic Institute.	Beta Rho, University of Iowa.
Theta, Cumberland University.	Beta Zeta, Leland Stanford Jr. University.
Kappa, Vanderbilt University.	Beta Xi, University of California.
	Beta Psi, University of Washington.

Yell: Rah! Rah! Rah!

Crescent and Star!

Vivela! Vivela!

Kappa Sigma!

Colors, Crimson, White and Emerald.

Flower, —

Publication, The Caduceus.

Phi Beta

Alpha Chapter, Established 1901, Chartered 1902.

Color, Black.

Fratres in Urbe.

THOS. W. LOUGH,
B. M. WEED,
W. B. POWERS,
MARTIN LACEY,
W. G. CAMERON,

ALEX. FOWLER,
H. A. SANFORD,
ROY MASON,
CHARLES GRAY.

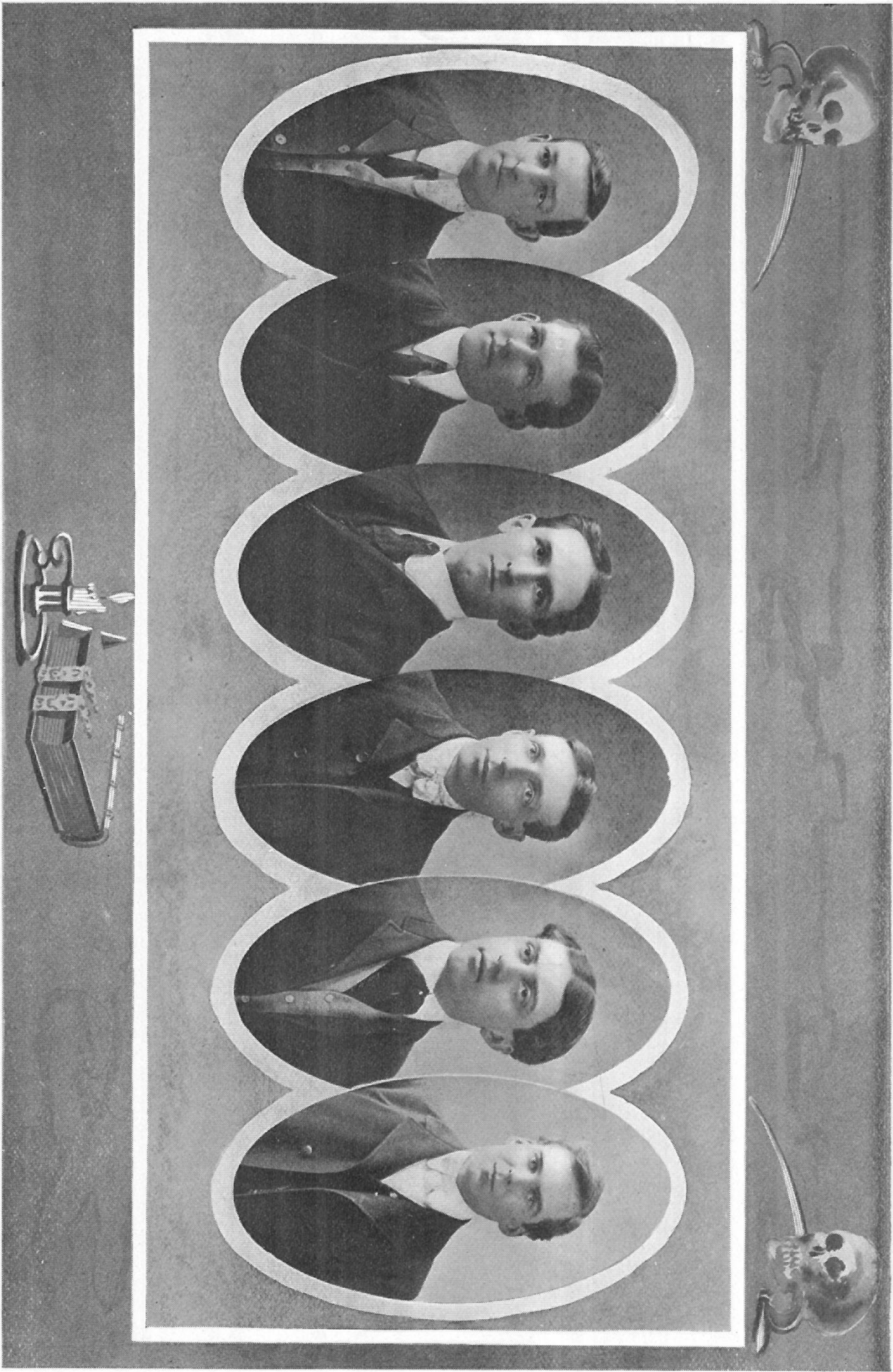
Fratres in Universitate.

SUMNER MITCHELL,
WM. M. SCHOOLEY,
E. E. PARRISH,

HERBERT C. LIESER,
MILES N. LIESER,
ROY W. NELSON.

Beta Chapter.

W. A. C., PULLMAN, WASH., 1902.



Phi Sigma Epsilon

(Local.)

Established December 14, 1903.

Color, White.

1904

MARVIN W. TAYLOR.

GEORGE C. RANDALL.

1906

JAMES B. MITCHELL.

1907

FLOYD A. HATFIELD,

ROBERT W. DE LAND,

CLAUDE A. MILLER,

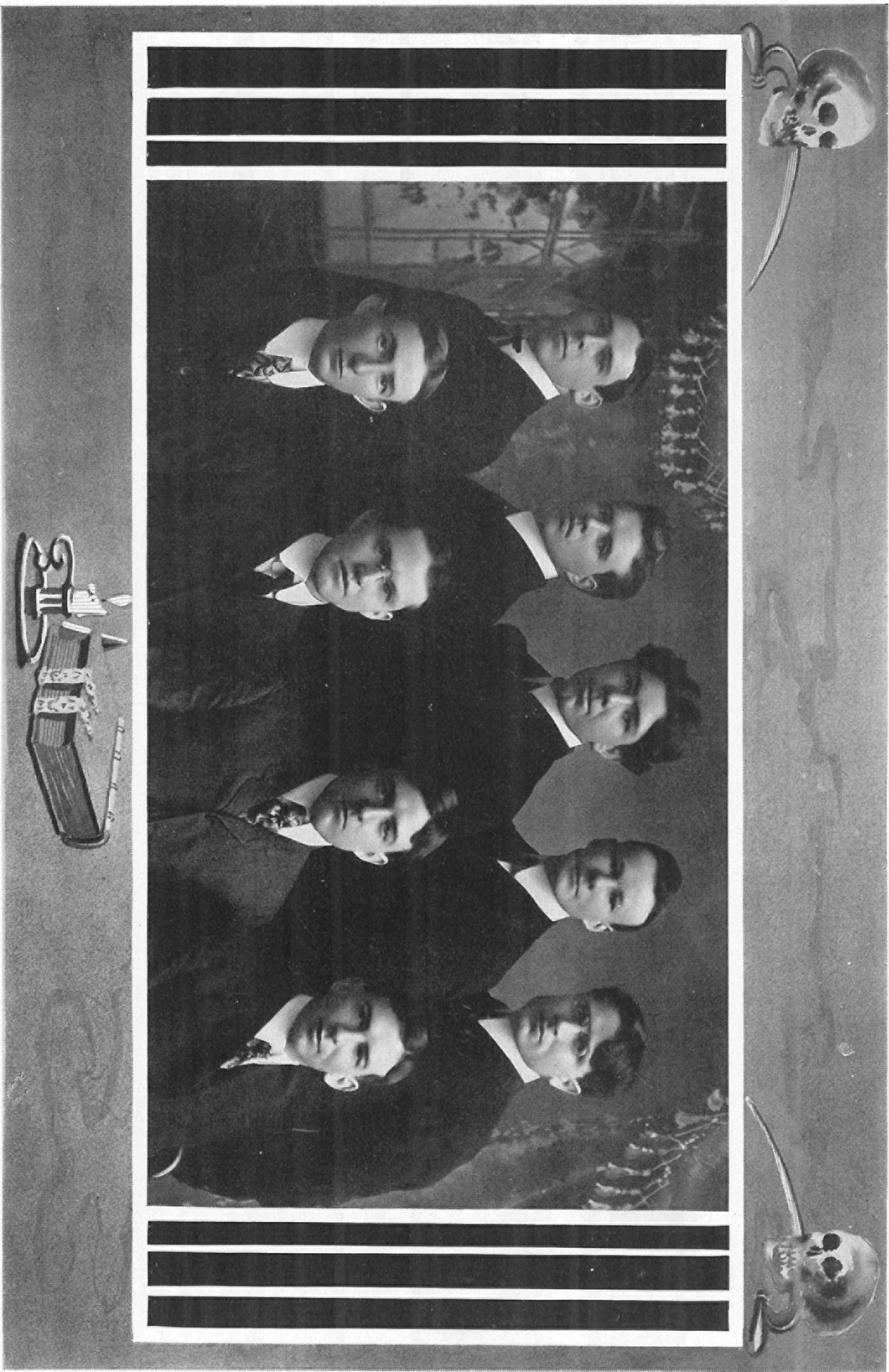
BRENT A. LINDSAY,

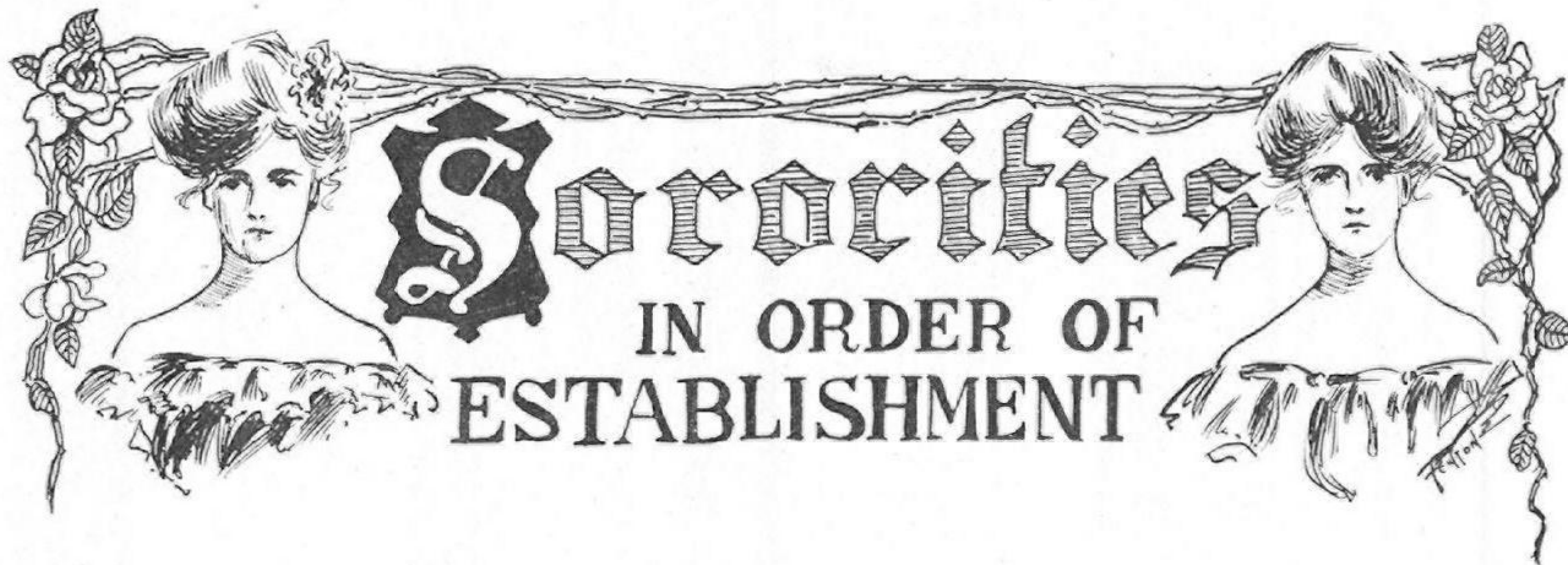
FRED W. SANDERS,

LEWELLYN G. RAILSBACK,

ELMER H. MORRISON,

JOHN W. WHIDDEN.





Delta Gamma	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	1903
Gamma Phi Beta	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	1903
Alpha Kappa Gamma (Local)	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	1900
K. T. T. (Local)	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	1901
Alpha Tau Delta (Local)	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	1902

Delta Gamma

Beta Chapter, Chartered 1903.

Sorores in Urbe.

MRS. WINFIELD R. SMITH,
MRS. ARTHUR RAGAN PRIEST,
ELIZABETH T. McDONNELL,
EMMA PEARL McDONNELL.

SARA CAROLINE REEVES,
LILLIAN RAY MILLER,
GRACE EVARTS GREEN.
MRS. MARTHA BROCKWAY GALE.

Sorores in Universitate.

1904.

ELIZABETH BECKWITH HANCOCK.

KATHERINE CROUCH.

1905

BESSIE ANNIS.

STATIRA BIGGS.

1906.

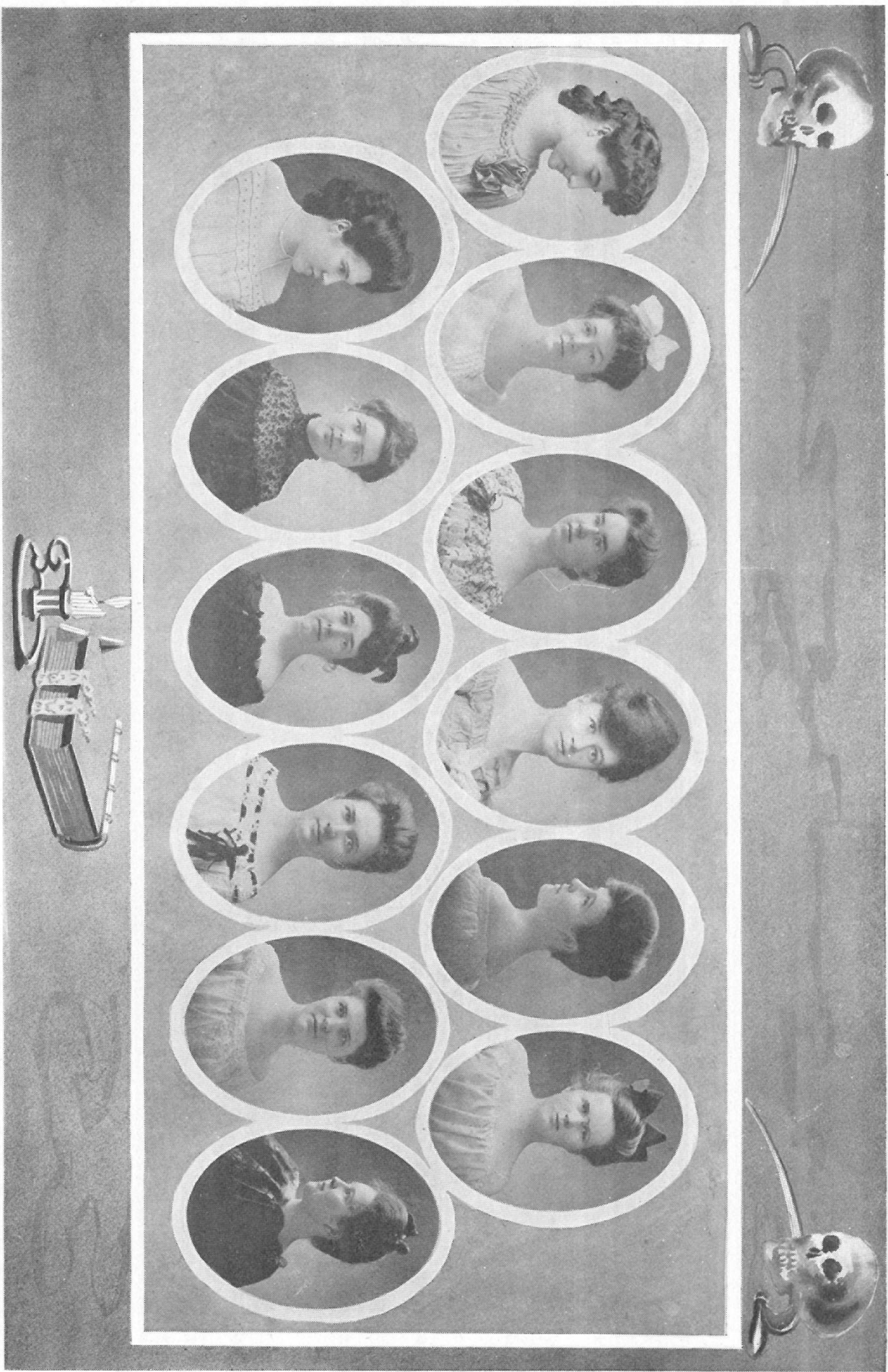
MABEL GRIFFITHS RUSHTON,
HELEN KATE VAUPELL.

MARY DAVIS BELL,
CHARLOTTE MAY BURGESS.

1907

MARJORIE SQUIRE,
ELSIE THEODORIA CHILD,
IRMA HAWTHORN.

HARRIETTE McCARTHY,
KATHERINE KING PENDLETON,



Delta Gamma

Founded at University of Mississippi, 1872

Roll of Chapters.

Alpha, Mt. Union College.
Zeta, Albion College.
Theta, University of Indiana.
Lambda, University of Minnesota.
Rho, Syracuse University.
Tau, University of Iowa.
Phi, University of Colorado.
Psi, Baltimore Women's College.
Beta, University of Washington.
Eta, Buchtel College.
Kappa, University of Nebraska.
Xi, University of Michigan.
Sigma, Northwestern University.
Upsilon, Stanford University.
Chi, Cornell University.
Omega, University of Wisconsin.

Colors, Blue, Pink and Bronze.

Publication, The Anchora.

Gamma Phi Beta

Lambda Chapter, Chartered 1903.

Sorores in Urbe.

MRS. ARTHUR S. HAGGETT,	MRS. LUCY SCOTT,
ZOE KINCAID,	BLANCHE WINSOR,
EDITH PROSCH,	META BECKER.
ALICE TAGGART,	

Sorores in Facultate.

CHARLA BLODGETT.

Sorores in Universitate.

1904.

ROSA E. A. WALD.	JESSIE LAURA LUDDEN.
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1905.

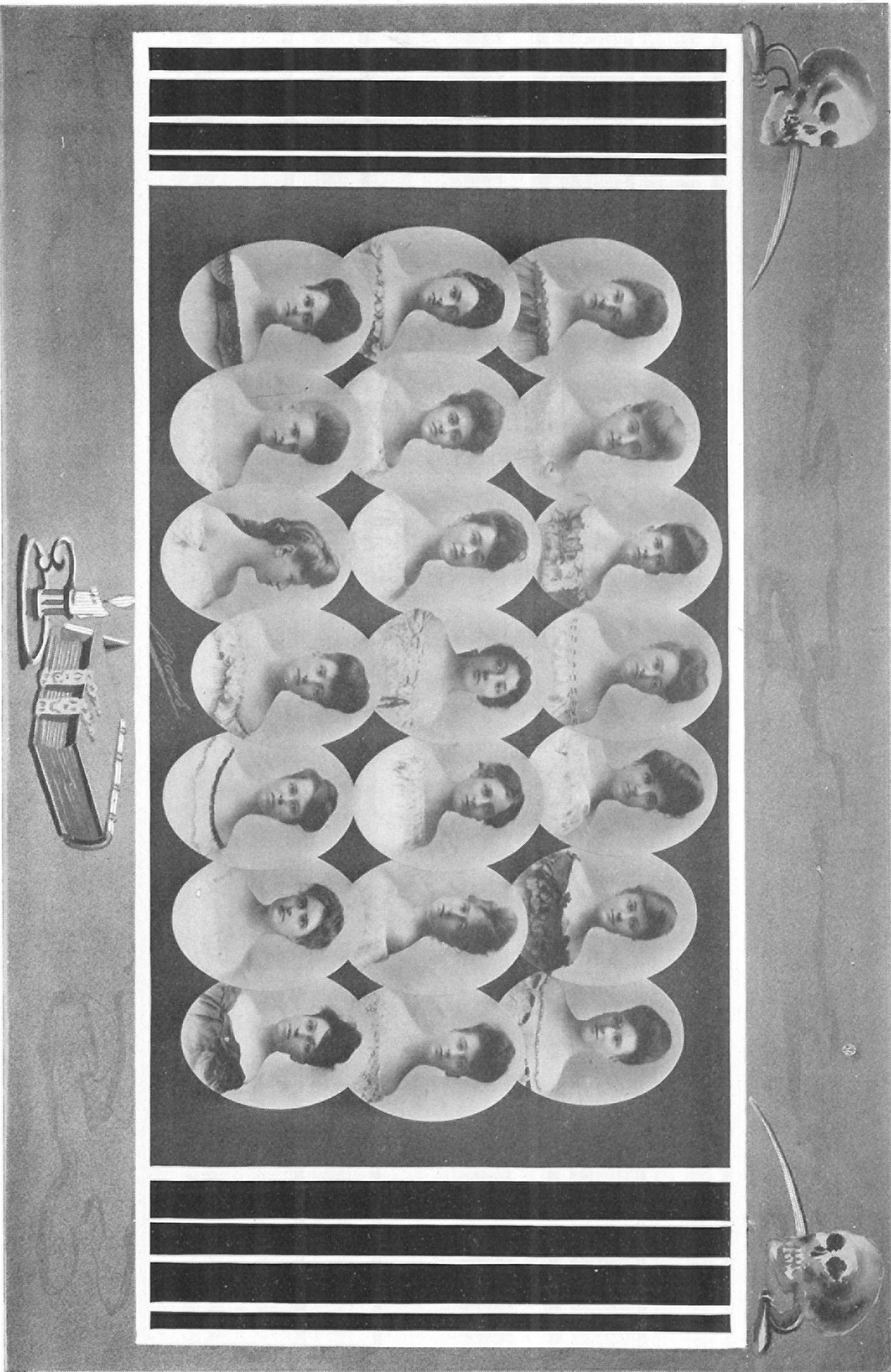
KATHERINE LIVINGSTONE EDWARDS, HELEN M. WETZEL,
LOUISE ADELLA WETZEL.

1906

LILLIAN KATHERINE EISENBEIS,	CLAUDIA MOWREY,
MARGARET BARR BROWN,	BERTHA POWERS.

1907

AMY DELORA WHEELER,	JESSIE MOSGROVE,
CLARA BESS KAUFMAN,	LAILA KNAPP,
PANSY OLNEY,	FLORENCE FINCH,
HELEN R. RUSSELL.	MYRNE COSGROVE,
FLORENCE COFFMAN,	JENNIE HAUSEMAN,
ETHELYN COFFMAN,	MYRA SMITH.



Gamma Phi Beta

Founded at Syracuse University, 1874.

Roll of Chapters.

Alpha, Syracuse University.

Gamma, University of Wisconsin.

Epsilon, Northwestern University.

Iota, Barnard College.

Lambda, University of Washington.

Beta, University of Michigan.

Delta, Boston University.

Zeta, Baltimore Women's College.

Kappa, University of Minnesota.

Colors, Buff and Brown.

Flower, Pink Carnation.

Alpha Kappa Gamma

(Local.)

Established February 7, 1900.

Color, Red.

Sorores in Urbe.

MAY THOMPSON.

ELSA WALSH,

LOUISE NICHOLS.

AIMIE FARNSWORTH.

Sorores in Universitate.

1904.

EDITH BURGESS.

1905

MARION BLETHEN,

ELLEN K. HILL.

ETHEL BROWN,

CELIA SHELTON.

GRACE HUNTOON.

1906

OTTIE ARMSTRONG,

JESSAMINE GARRETT,

EDNA GUILLIXON,

MAUDE McMICKEN.

HAZEL BRAGDON,

MAUD CRAHAN,

ZILPHA FENTON.

MARION ROBINSON.

1907.

MAYME LUCAS,

DAGMAR GEORGESON,

FANCHON BORIES,

LA VELLE MOORHOUSE,

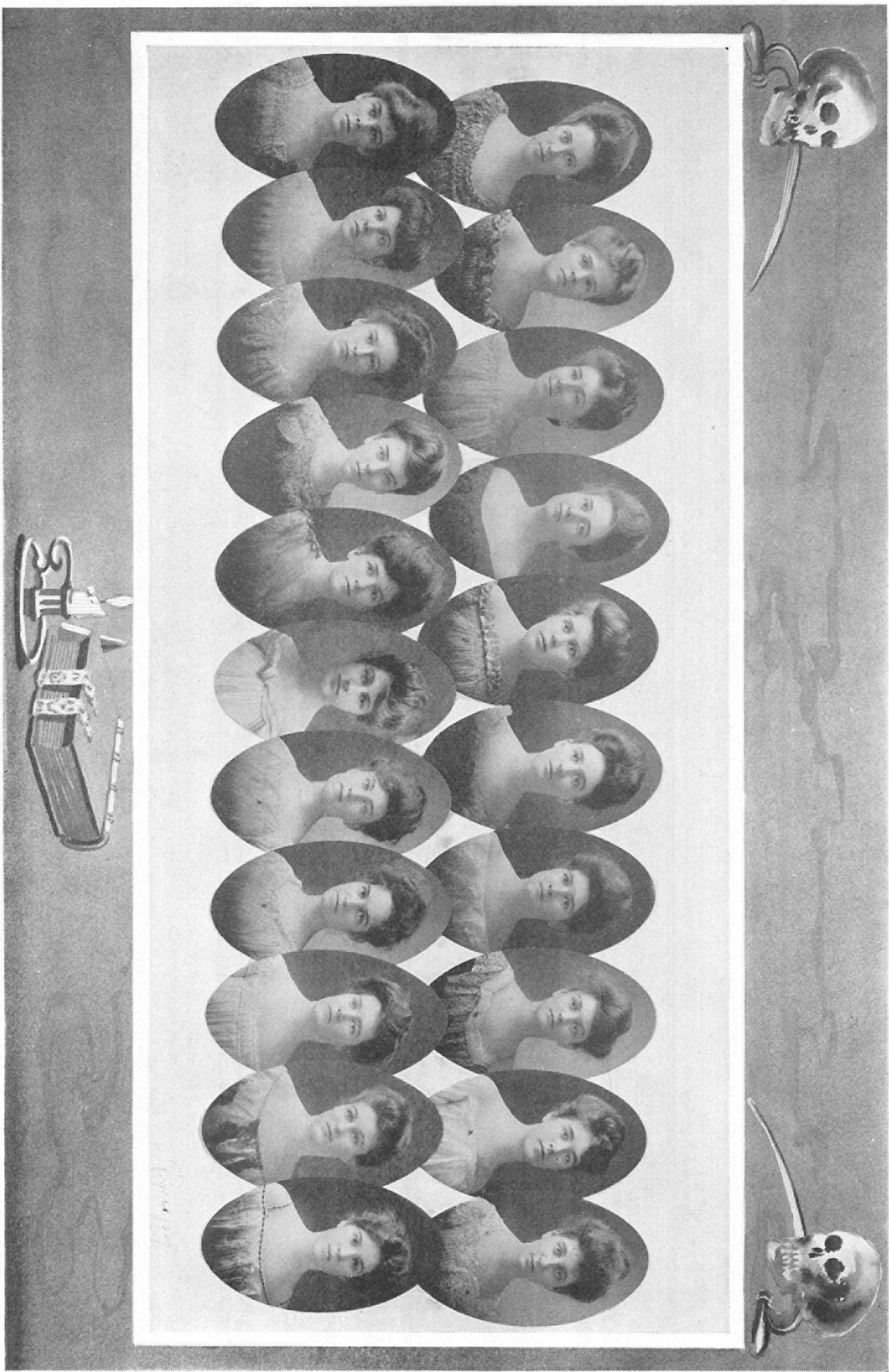
ELSA CHURCHILL,

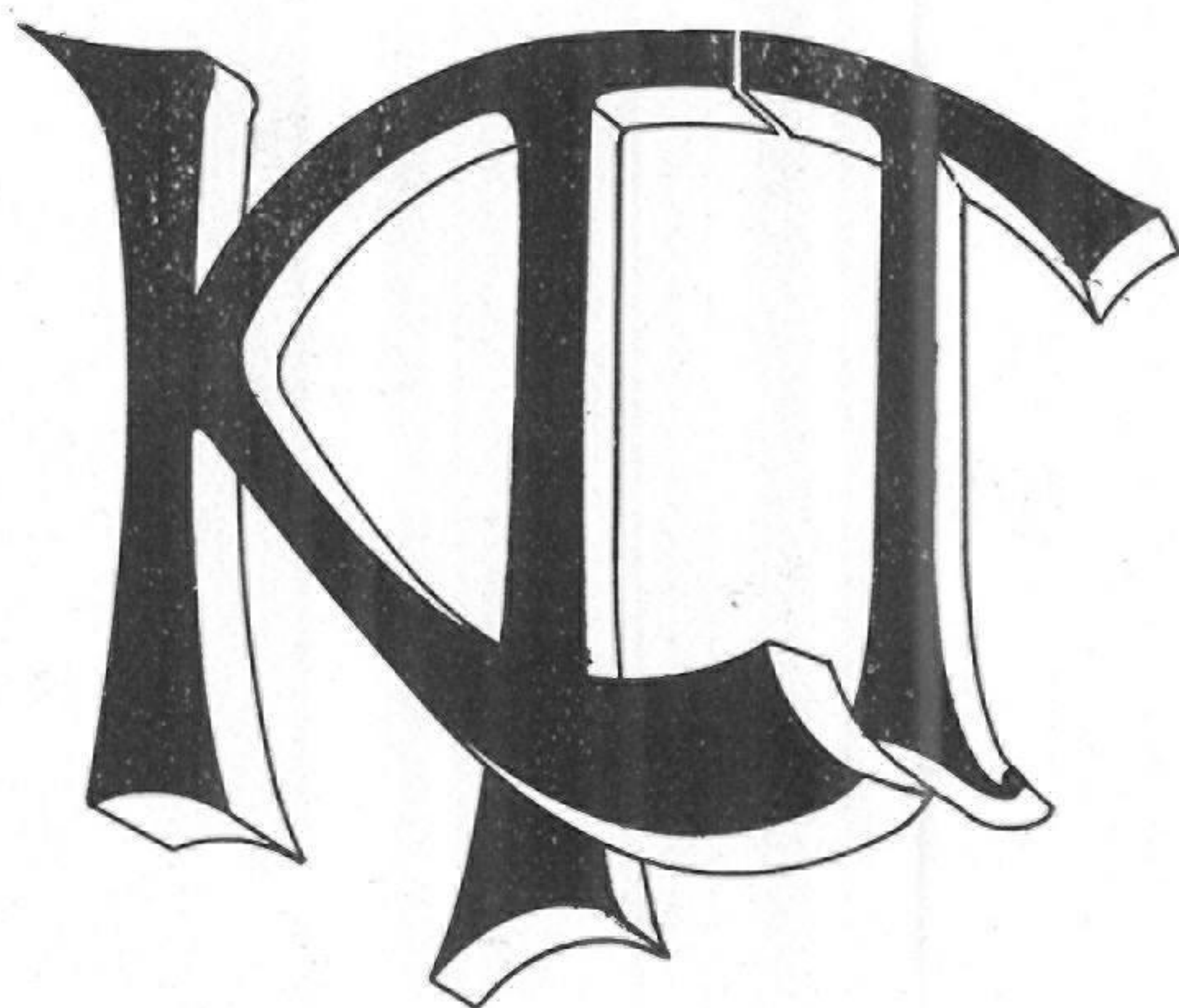
EMILY PIERCE.

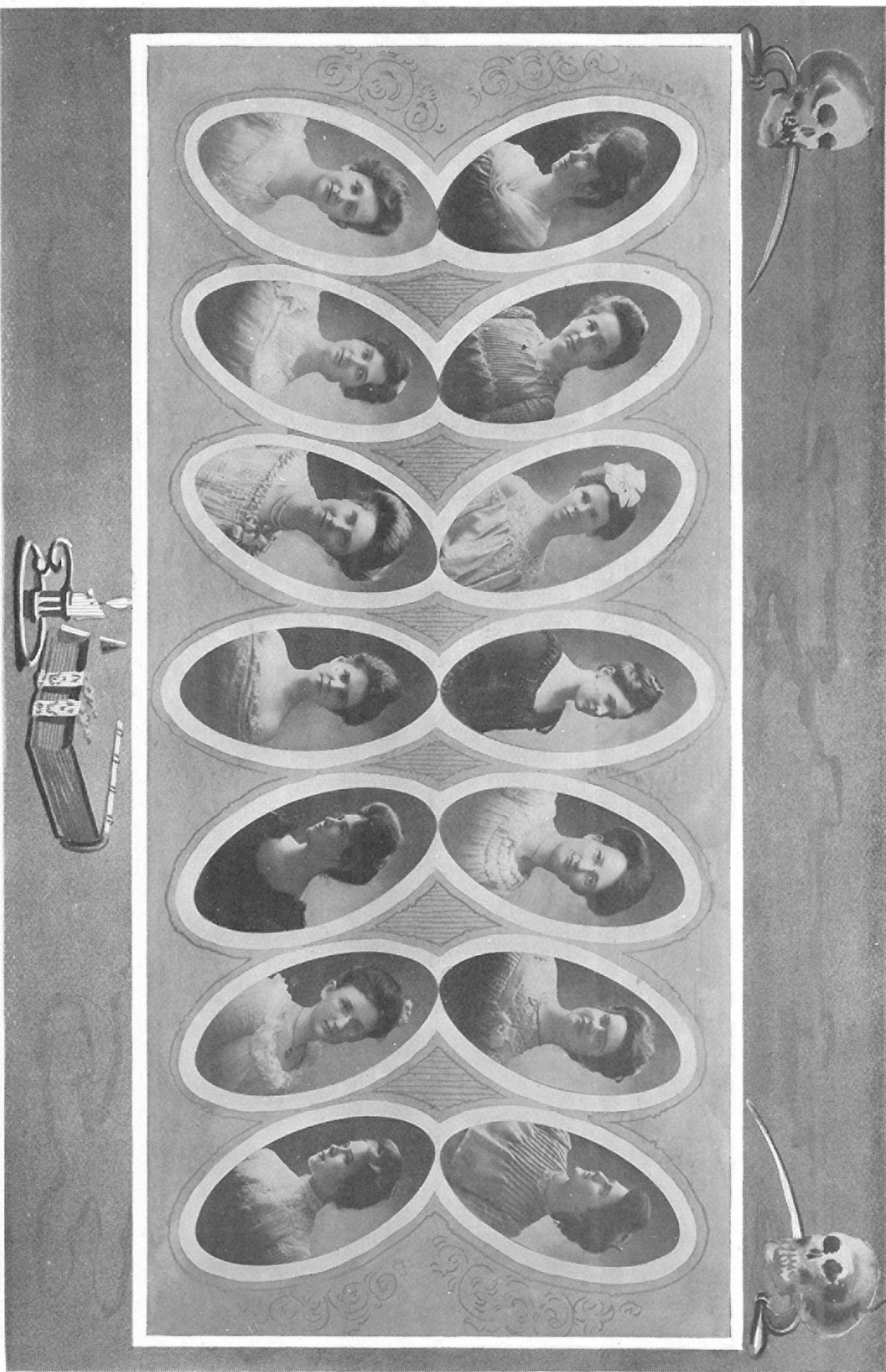
MARGUERITA SINCLAIR.

Patroness.

MRS. J. F. CONDON.







Alpha Tan Delta

(Local.)

Established 1902.

Sorores in Universitate.

1904.

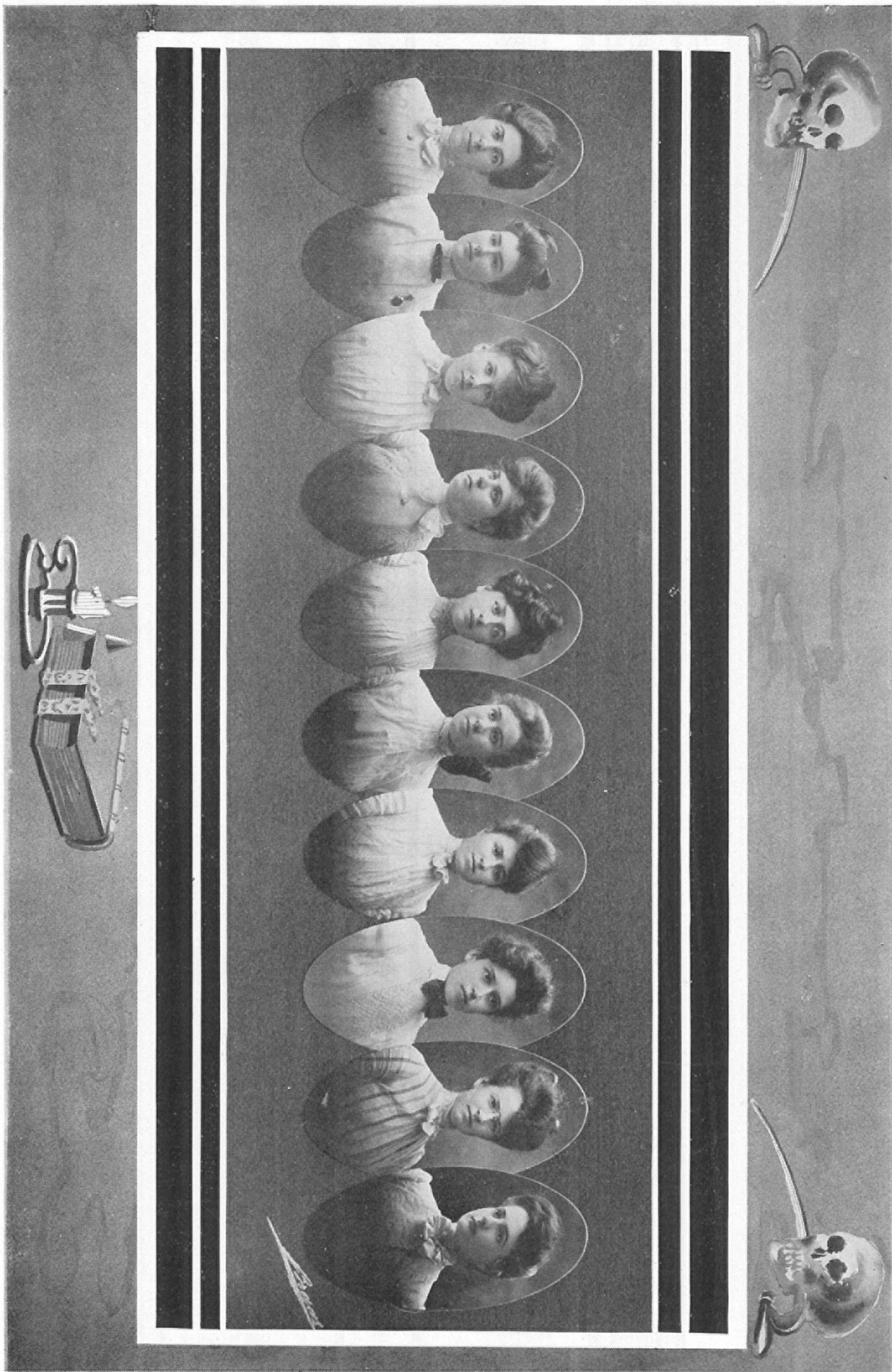
PHENE LOUISE SMITH,	BERTHA LEON HEFFNER,
MYRA STEVENS PIELOW,	FLORENCE V. BAPTIE,
VERA E. McINTOSH,	VIOLA MANN.

1906.

HELEN ROSAMOND HARRIS.

1907.

LELA DAVIS,	VERA McLEAN,
GRACE TOMLINSON,	HERMIA SHERMAN.



Societies



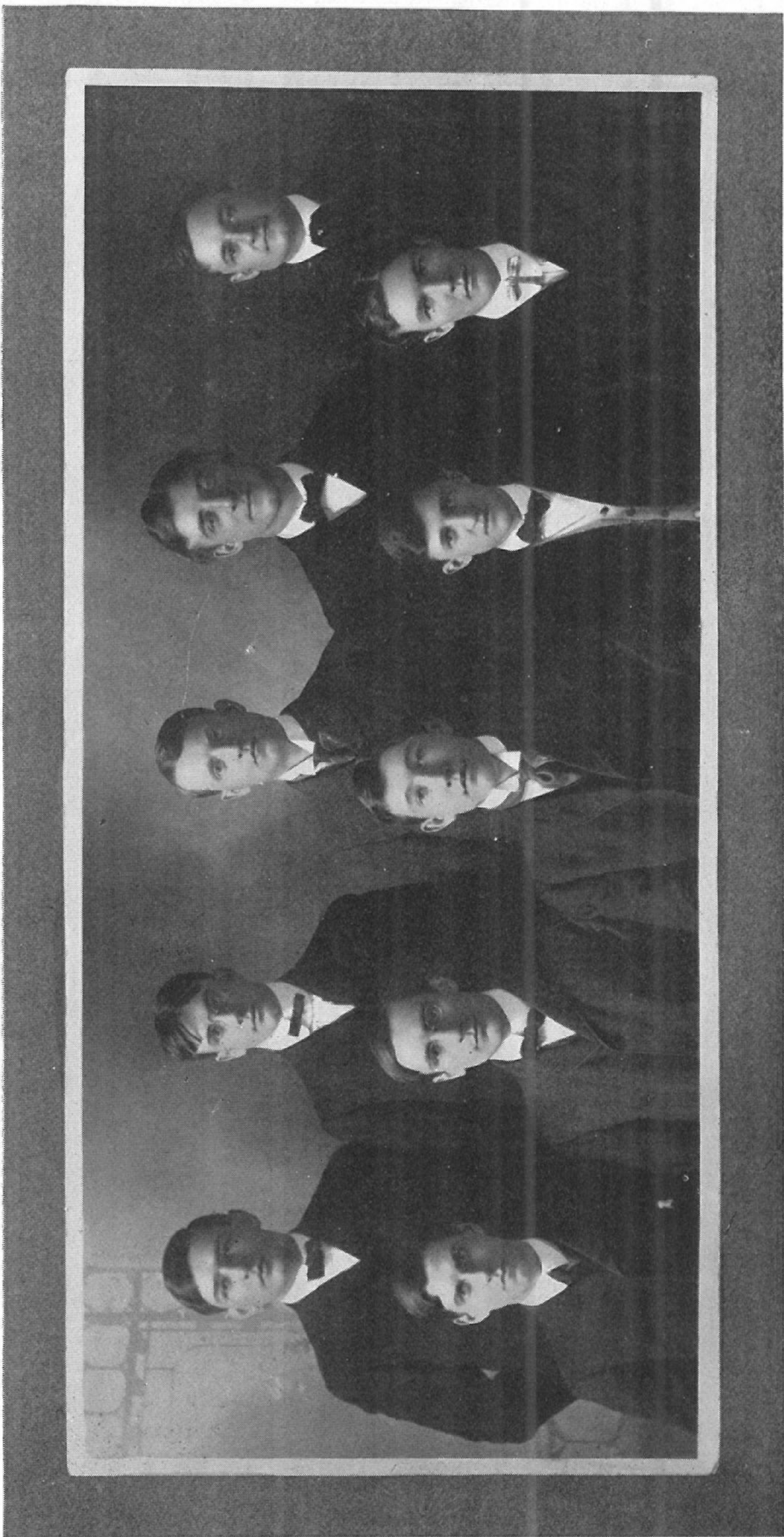
Jaw Bone Society

(Junior Law.)

Founded at the University of Washington, 1903.

Members.

S. R. SUMNER,
T. J. L. KENNEDY,
B. E. HARDER,
O. G. MARSH,
E. J. DOYLE,
W. D. GILLIS,
F. SMITH.



Dragon's Eye Society

(Junior-Senior.)

Founded at the University of Washington, 1904.

Members.

1904.

KARL VAN KURAN, $\Phi \Gamma \Delta$

JOHN R. SLATTERY, $K \Sigma$

WILLIAM SPEIDEL, ΣX

EDWIN B. STEVENS, ΣN

1905

FREDERICK DOUGLAS, $B \Theta \Pi$

WILBUR D. KIRKMAN, $\Phi \Delta \Theta$

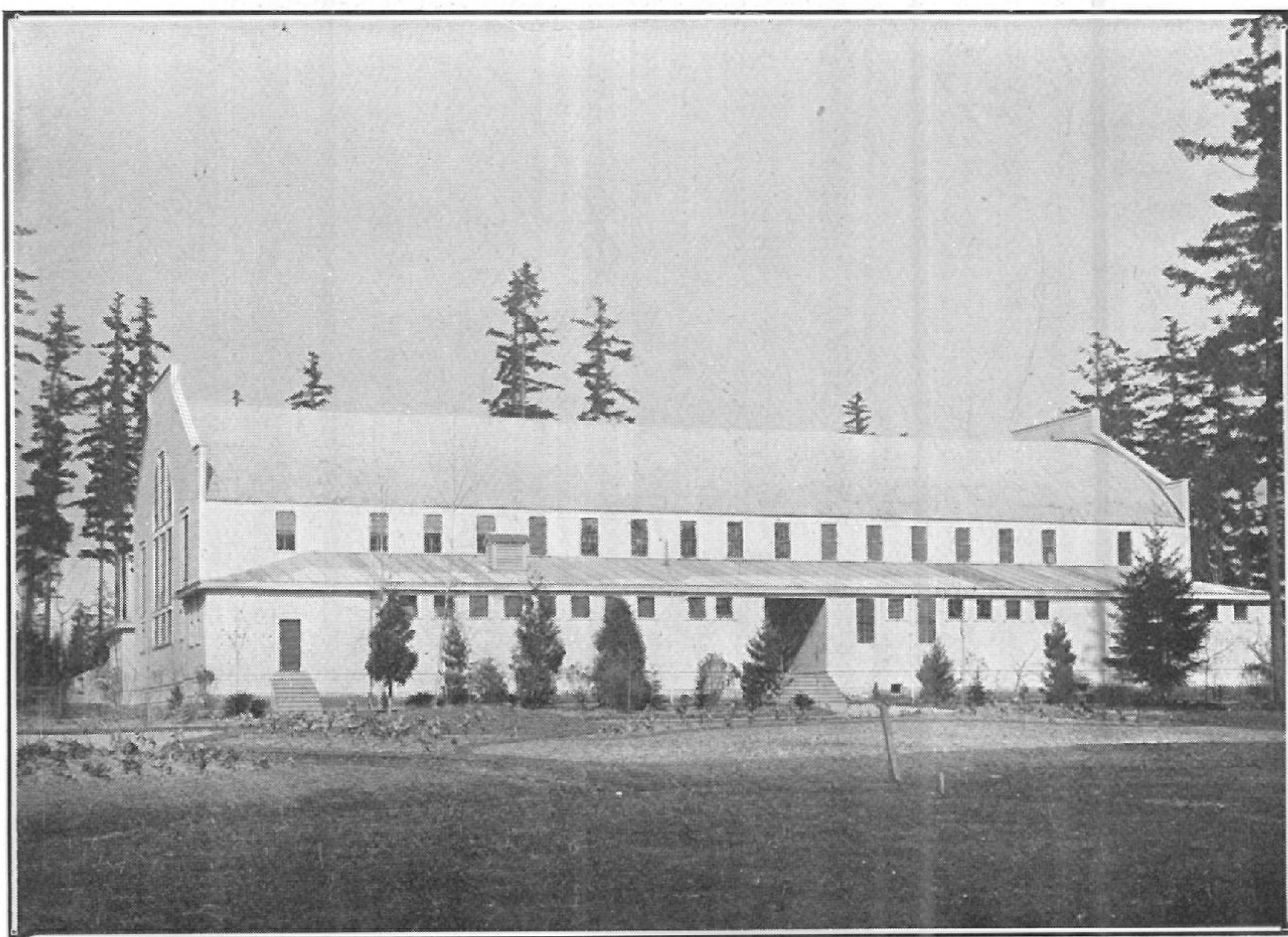
W. CURRY FRANKLIN, ΣN

ROBERT E. McGLINN, $\Phi \Delta \Theta$

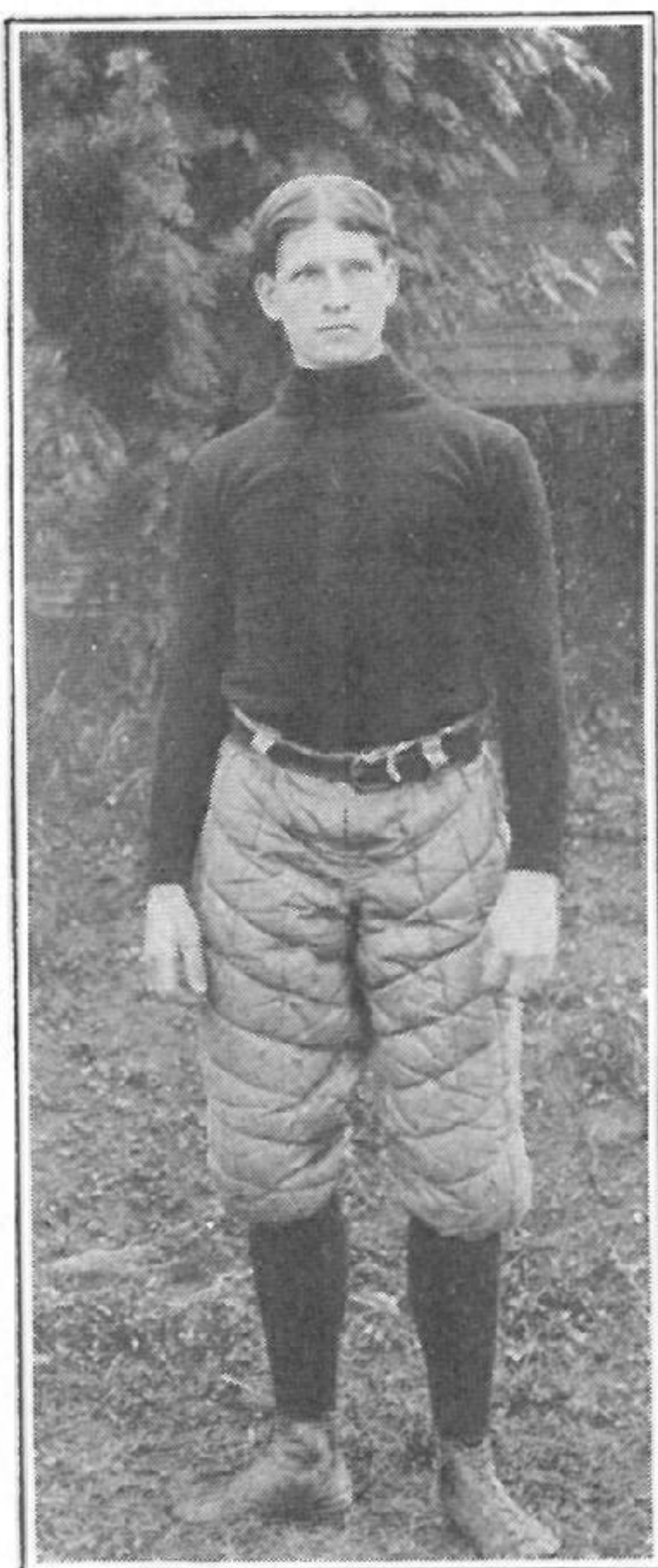
WILLIAM H. BRINKER, $\Phi \Gamma \Delta$

DALBERT E. TWITCHELL, $\Phi \Delta \Theta$

WILLIAM R. HILL, $\Phi \Gamma \Delta$



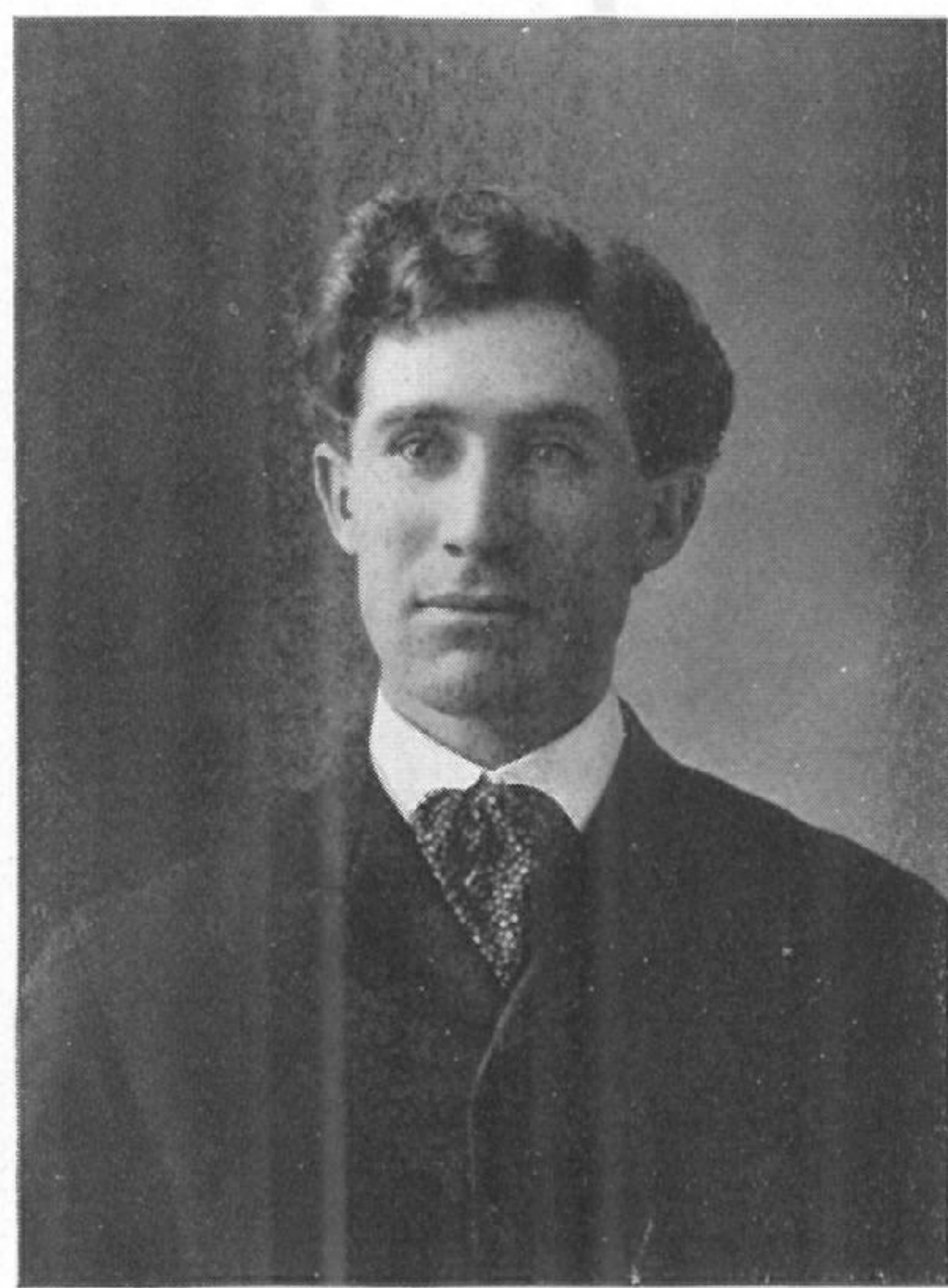




JAMES C. KNIGHT, Coach

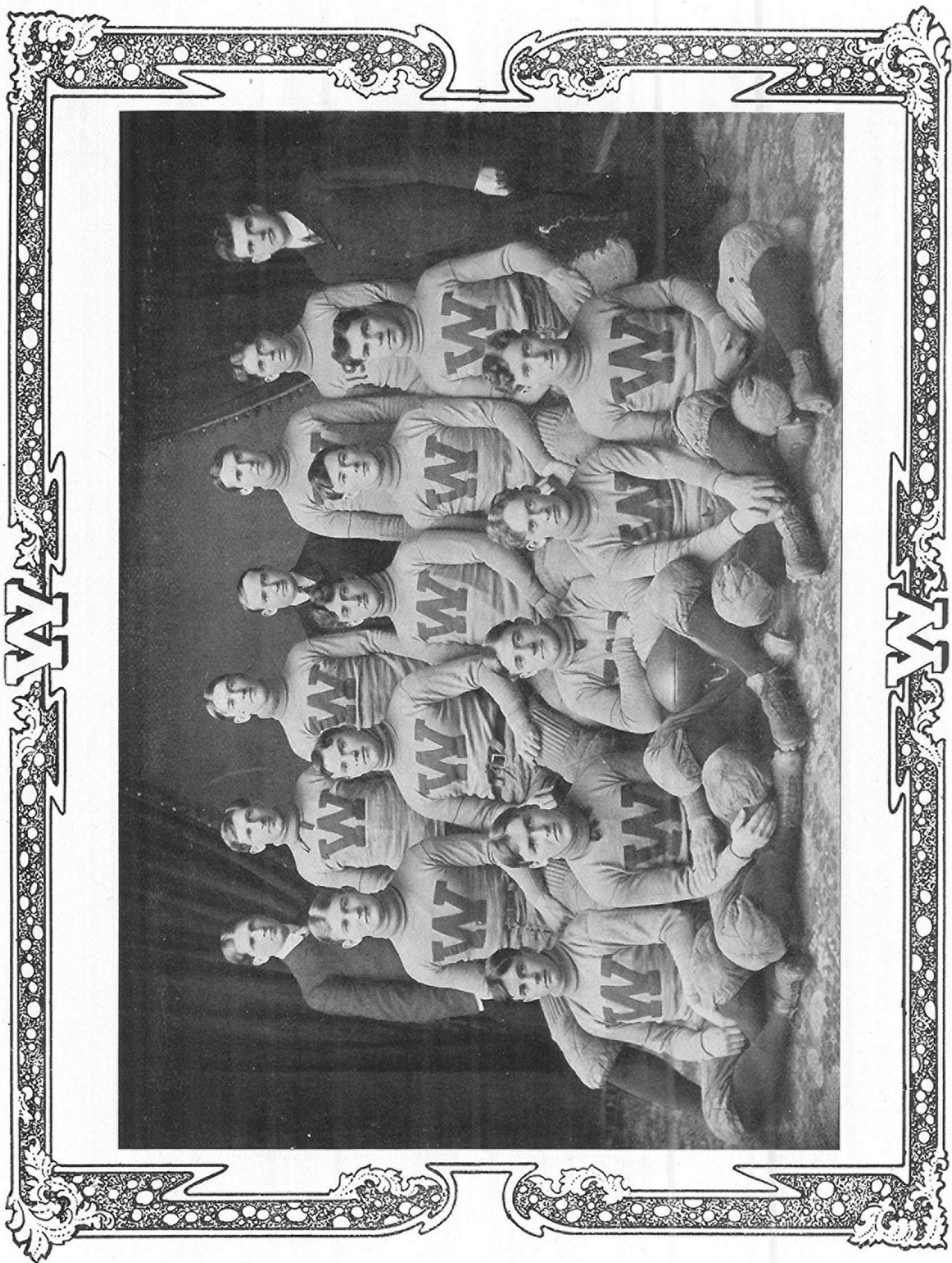


WM. F. LAUBE, General Manager



MANCHE O. BENNETT, Treasurer





Washington 'Varsity Football Team, 1903.

CAPTAIN SPEIDEL, '04.

Coach, J. C. KNIGHT.

General Manager, W. T. LAUBE.

Center CRIM, '07.

Right Guard	{	SCHERER, '06.
		SIGSWORTH, '06.

Left Guard PULLEN, '07.

Right Tackle McDONALD, '07.

Left Tackle SEGRIST, '04.

Right End	{	TIBBALS, '06.
	{	ORMOND, '06.

Left End HILL, '05.

Right Half STRAUSS, '06.

Left Half BAGSHAW, '07.

Full Back { LANTZ, '04.
McELMON, '05.

Quarter SPEIDEL, '04.

Substitutes :

RALPH DE VOE, '06.

LOYAL E. A. SHOUDY, '04.

Games.

Washington—Oregon Agricultural College 5—0

Whitman College35—0

Washington Agricultural College.....10—0

University of Oregon 6—5

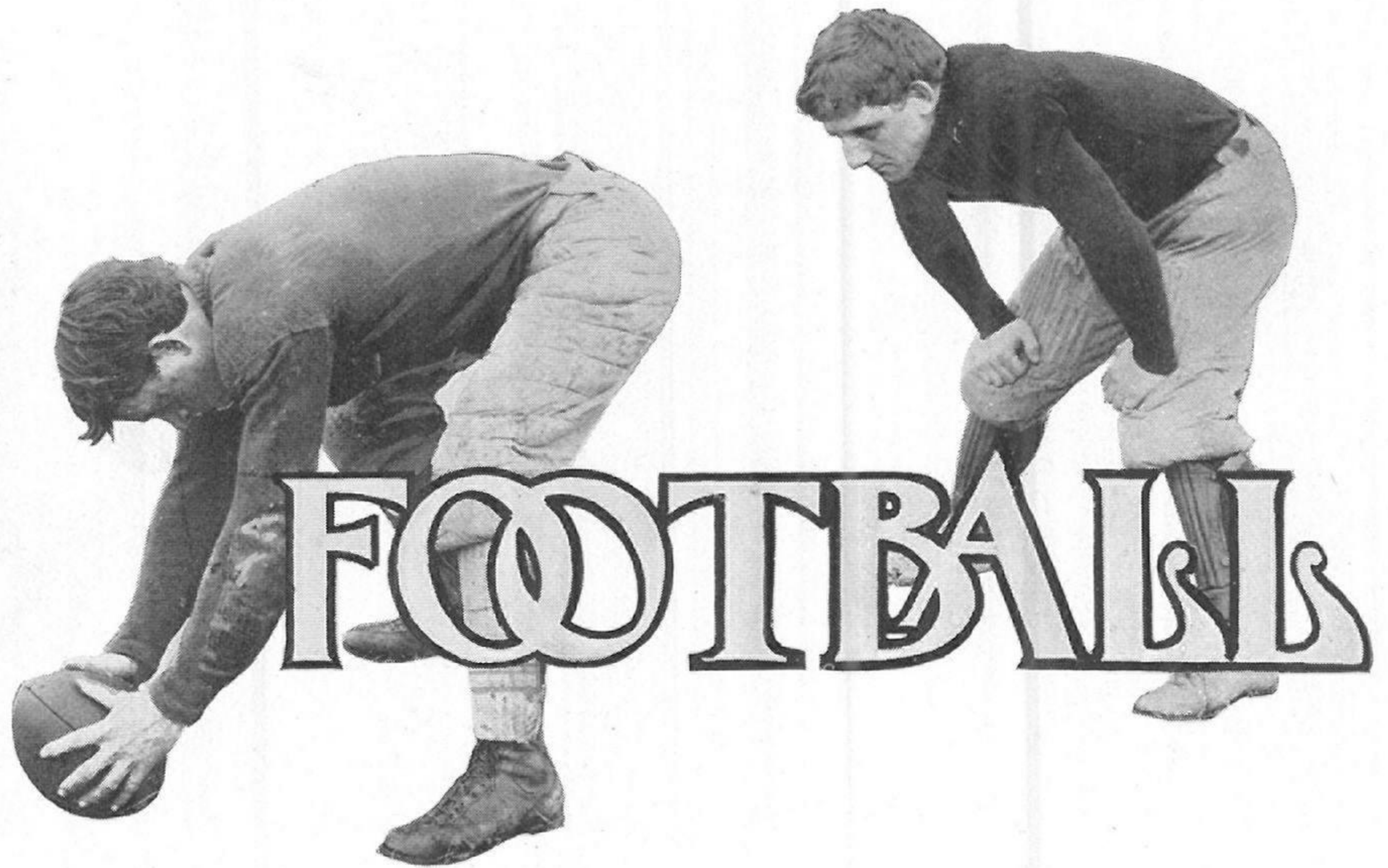
University of Nevada 2—0

University of Idaho 5—0

Multnomah Athletic Club 0—6

Points Scored—Washington, 63.

Opponents, 11.



CAPTAIN SPEIDEL.

Football won for Washington more glory in the fall of 1903 than any other effort ever put forward by the students of our Alma Mater. Last Thanksgiving day found Washington holding the unique position among the colleges of America of being the only college that had been victorious in every intercollegiate football game for two consecutive years. For the first time in the annals of football on the Pacific Coast an institution other than California or Stanford won title to the comparative, if not the actual, championship of the territory west of the Rocky Mountains. From a financial standpoint no previous season ever approached the success of the one just closed. No breath of professionalism or even lax scholarship was ever lodged against any player, nor did any vanquished rival utter other than words of praise for the fairness of Washington's play. These are among the proud remembrances the season of 1903 will ever call to the memory of those who cherish the Purple and Gold.



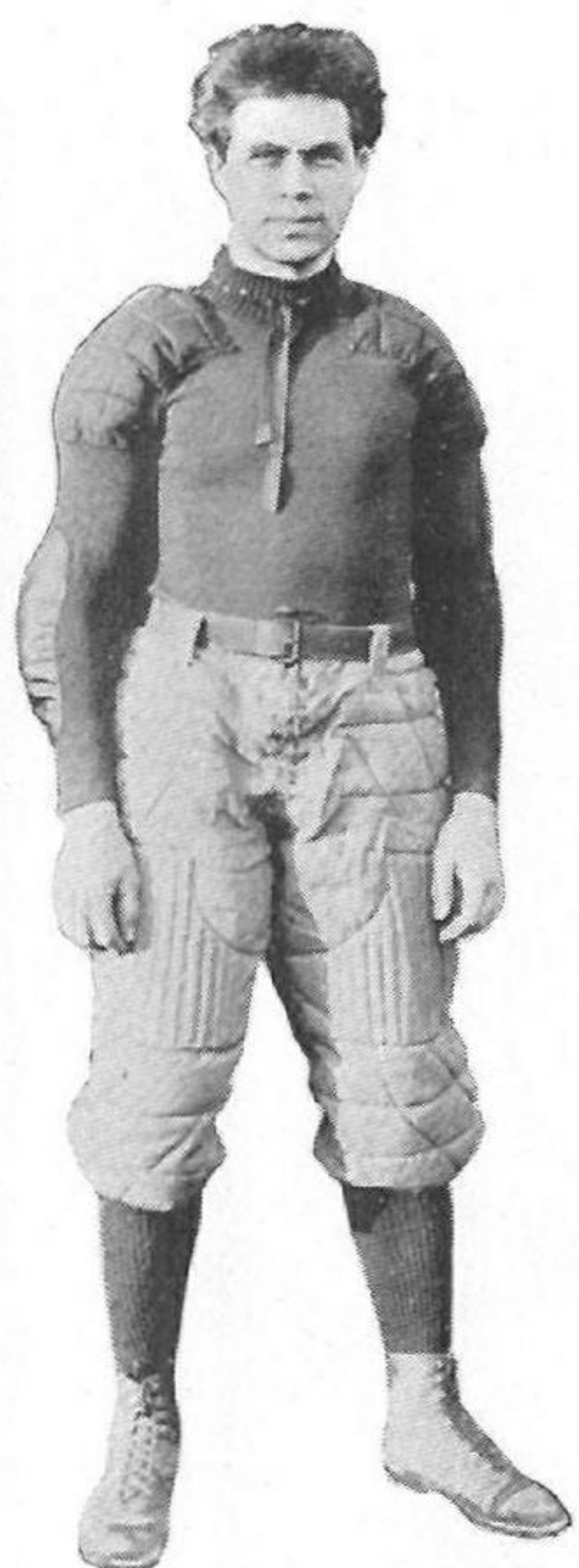
LEWIS SCHERER.

About the tomb of the great Napoleon hang the flags of many nations, mute testimonials to the power of that mighty warrior. In the trophy halls of Washington the gilded footballs bearing the names of Whitman, Pullman, Oregon, Idaho and Nevada, are monuments to the prowess of Speidel and his gladiators, stirring in the breast of every patriotic son of Washington the same feeling that fills the heart of the Frenchman in gazing on the battle-torn stands, as standing by Napoleon's resting place, he reads the names of Austerlitz, Wagram and Waterloo. Pleasant as it is for him who chronicles this season's history, to linger over the unbroken chain of victories on the college football field, he who would truly review the season, must go deeper and from the contemplation of the victories themselves let us seek the causes of our success.

First and foremost in the influences that moulded Washington for victory was the unparalleled ability of Jas. C. Knight.



TOM McDONALD.



CHARLES SEGRIST.



WILLIAM HILL.



ENOCH BAGSHAW.



CLINTON LANTZ.

Among the athletic coaches of America few are his peers; on the Pacific Coast none his equal as an instructor of football. Clear in the presentation of his plays, relentless in holding men to training, and quick to pick the promising men from the squad, Washington had in the important position of coach a wonderful advantage over all her sister institutions. Second in the factors that made for success stands the splendid material from which Washington could choose her team. Captain Speidel, a giant in strength, indefatigable in spirit and a veteran of many fields, will go down in our athletic history, if not one of our greatest quarter backs at least one of the greatest players that Washington ever produced. Years may pass before such another as Sigrist will ever fill a tackle position on the 'varsity. Louis Scherer made a record which entitles him to stand alongside the mighty Overall among the great guards of the Coast. Mention of the season of 1903 calls at once to mind the



JAY SIGSWORTH.



DAN PULLEN.



OWEN CRIM.

terrific line plunges of Lantz. Intimately connected with the name of Lantz is that of McElmon, for when Lantz had pounded the opposing line to pieces, it was McElmon who was put in to sweep the last wavering resistance across the goal line to victory.

The names of these men will shine forever in the bright galaxy of Washington's athletic stars. Other men on the squad were filled with as true a spirit and contributed their share to our final supremacy. Their names we leave for future annuals to crown. The names we have mentioned have won their places by sheer and commanding merit. As for the kind of metal, which composed the blood and sinew of the men who won honors for Washington last fall, no words could speak more eloquently than the single statements of fact, that in all of the six desperate football battles fourteen men only took part, and from injuries not one was forced to retire.



ALFRED STRAUSS.



MAURICE TIBBALS.



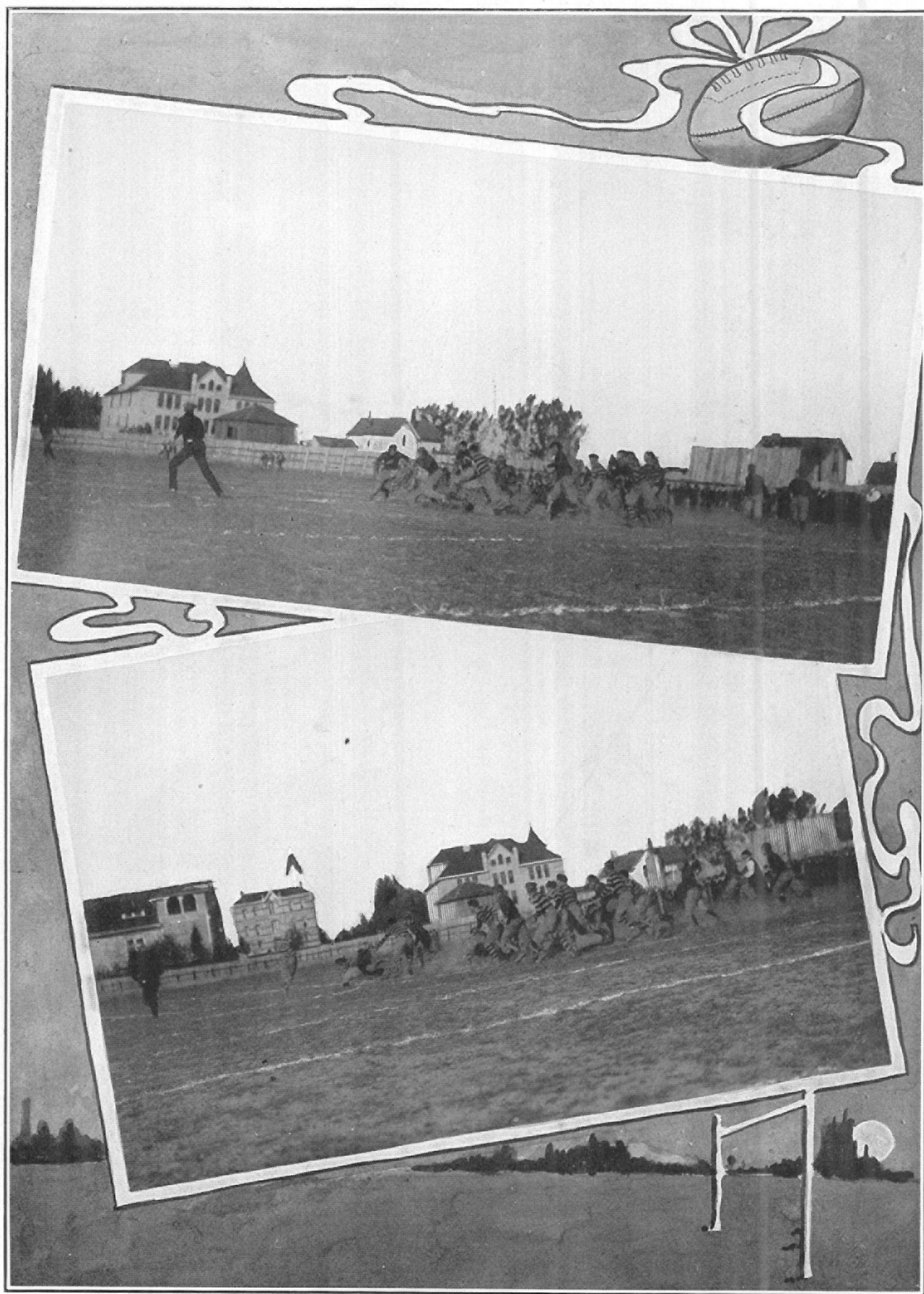
A. ORMOND.



CAPTAIN-ELECT
FRED McELMON.

Wonderful progress crowned the closing of Washington's season for 1903. We stand undisputed champions of the Northwest, and with faces toward the south bid the great universities of California to meet us as foemen worthy of their steel. As we close the record of this annual we feel that our Alma Mater is entering upon a new era. In the grand vista of years that unfold themselves before us, we can only hope that our athletes may ever have as efficient a coach as he who at present directs them; as loyal a squad as defended our colors last fall, and victory ever as glorious and complete. May our magnificent success in the years gone by grow more brilliant with each succeeding year, while our errors grow more dim, making bright the prospects of all future college generations.





College Team.

CenterBRACKETT, '06
Right GuardCRIM, '07.
Left GuardMETSKER, '07.
Right TackleCARR, '07.
Left TackleRAILSBACK, '07.
Right EndO'BRIEN, '06.
Left EndPALMER, '07.
Right HalfPERRY, '07.
Left HalfGRANT, '05.
Full BackVAN KURAN, '04.
QuarterSHOUDY, '05—Captain.

Substitutes :

CUNNINGHAM, '06.

MILLER, '07.

FORD, '07.

Game.

College Team, 16.

Fort Casey, 0.

Northwest Intercollegiate Athletic Association.

Members of the Association.

University of Washington.

University of Montana.

University of Oregon.

University of Idaho.

Washington Agricultural College.

Oregon Agricultural College.

Montana Agricultural College.

Pacific University.

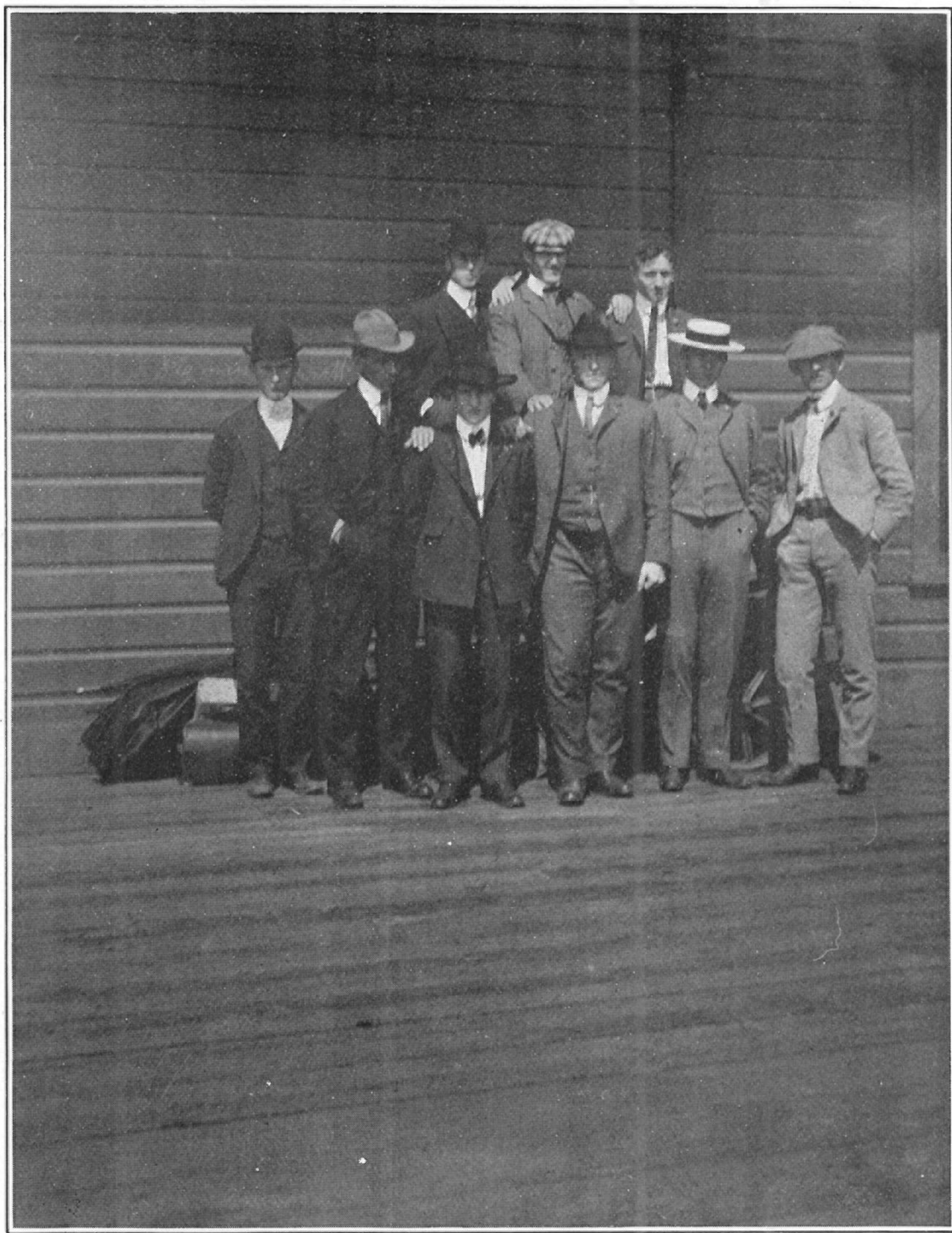
Whitman College.

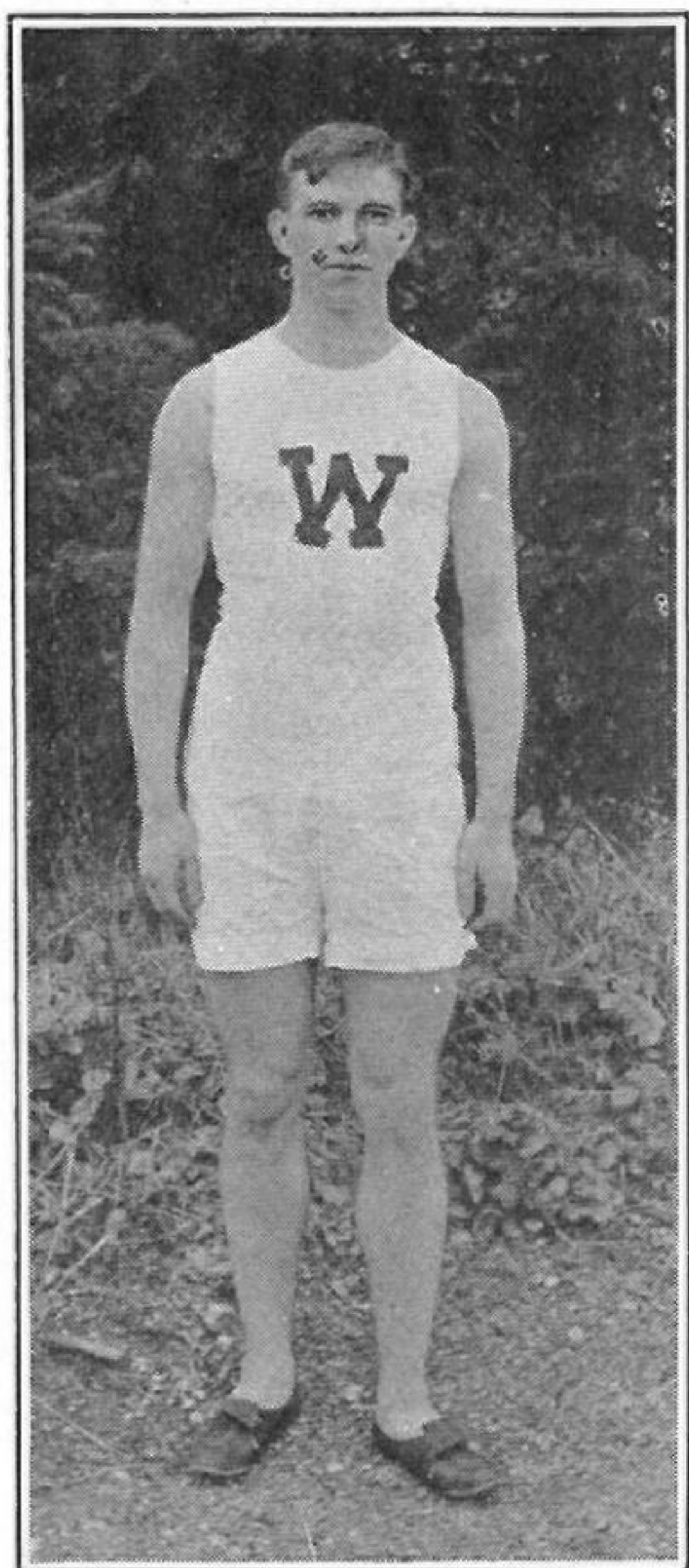
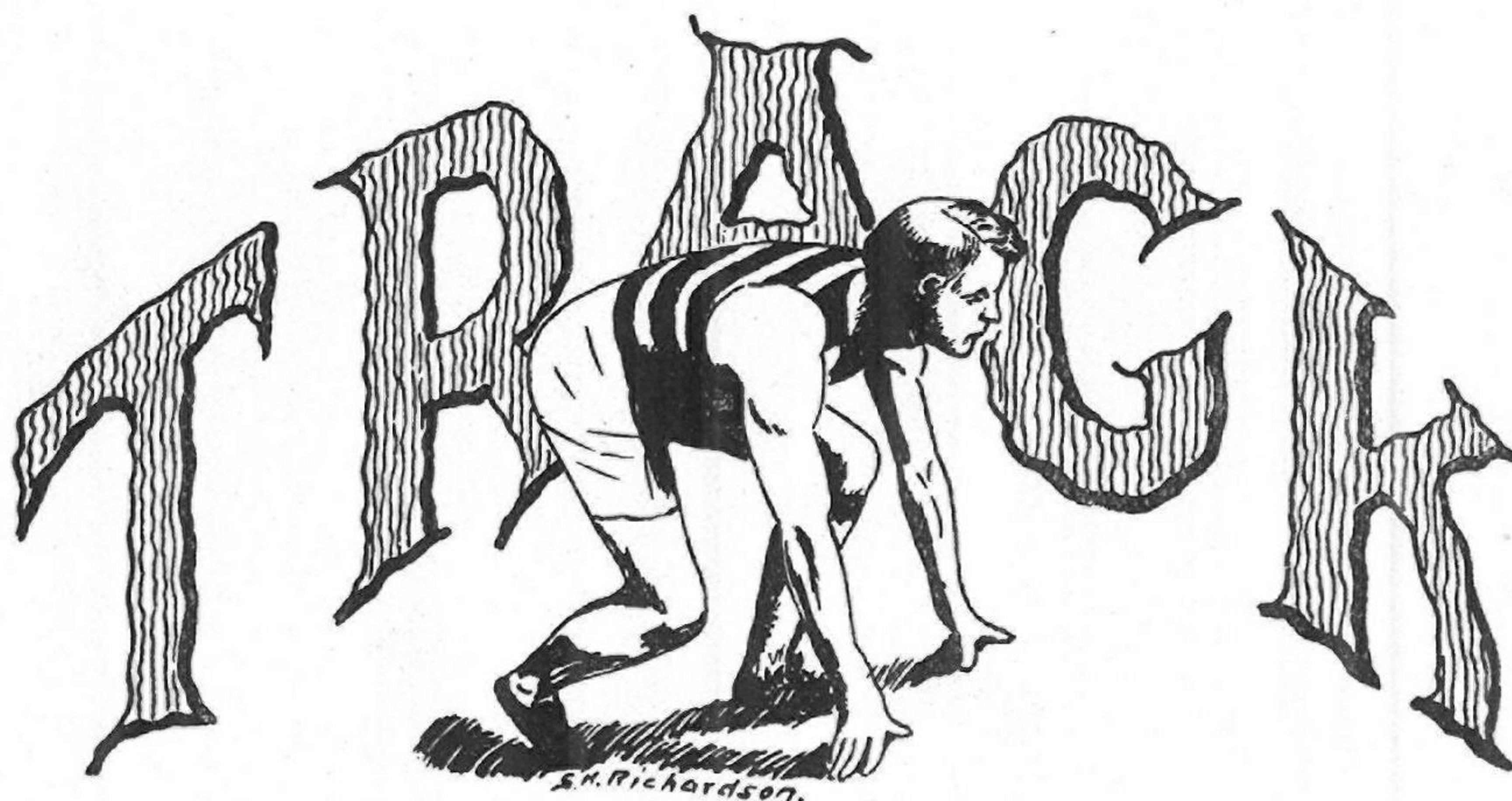


Ave

Imperatrix!
morituri
te salutant.

TRACK

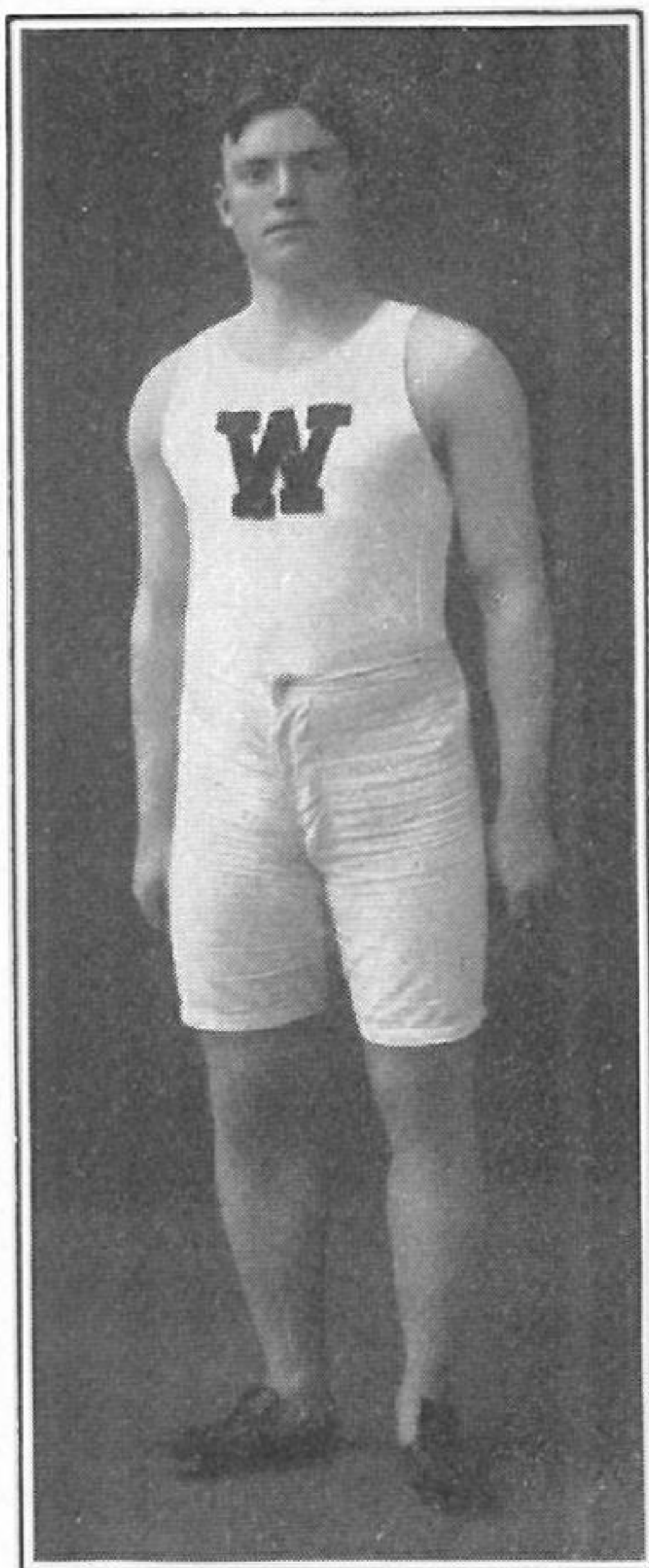




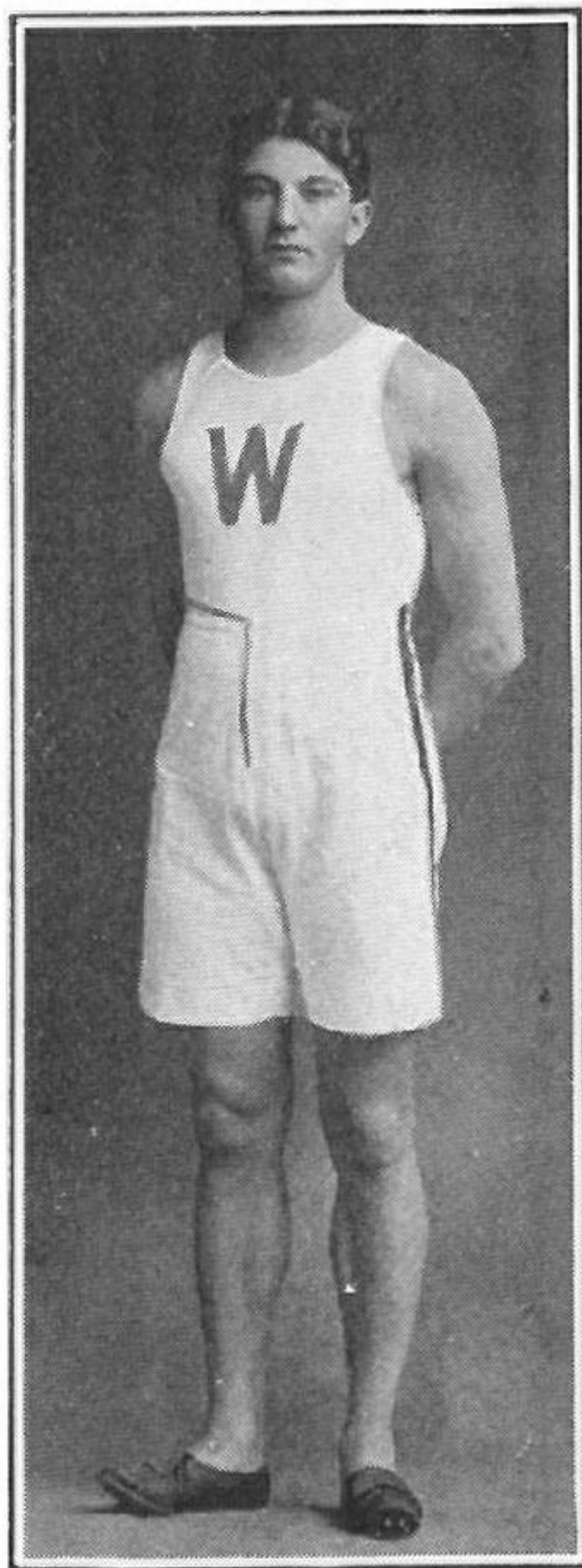
CAPTAIN ROBERT PEARSON.

The track season for 1903 opened with only three of Washington's champion track team in college. Huntoon, the old war horse, the holder of the half-mile record; Chestnut, the joint holder of the coast record in the 100-yard dash; Botzkes and Twitchell, the reliable distance men, together with Grant and McDonald, were gone. The Pearson Brothers and Lindig were the only ones left in which to form a nucleus of the new team.

After several weeks of hard, persistent training, a green team was whipped into shape. Their only desire was to keep the much-coveted Northwest championship, of which Washington was the proud possessor.



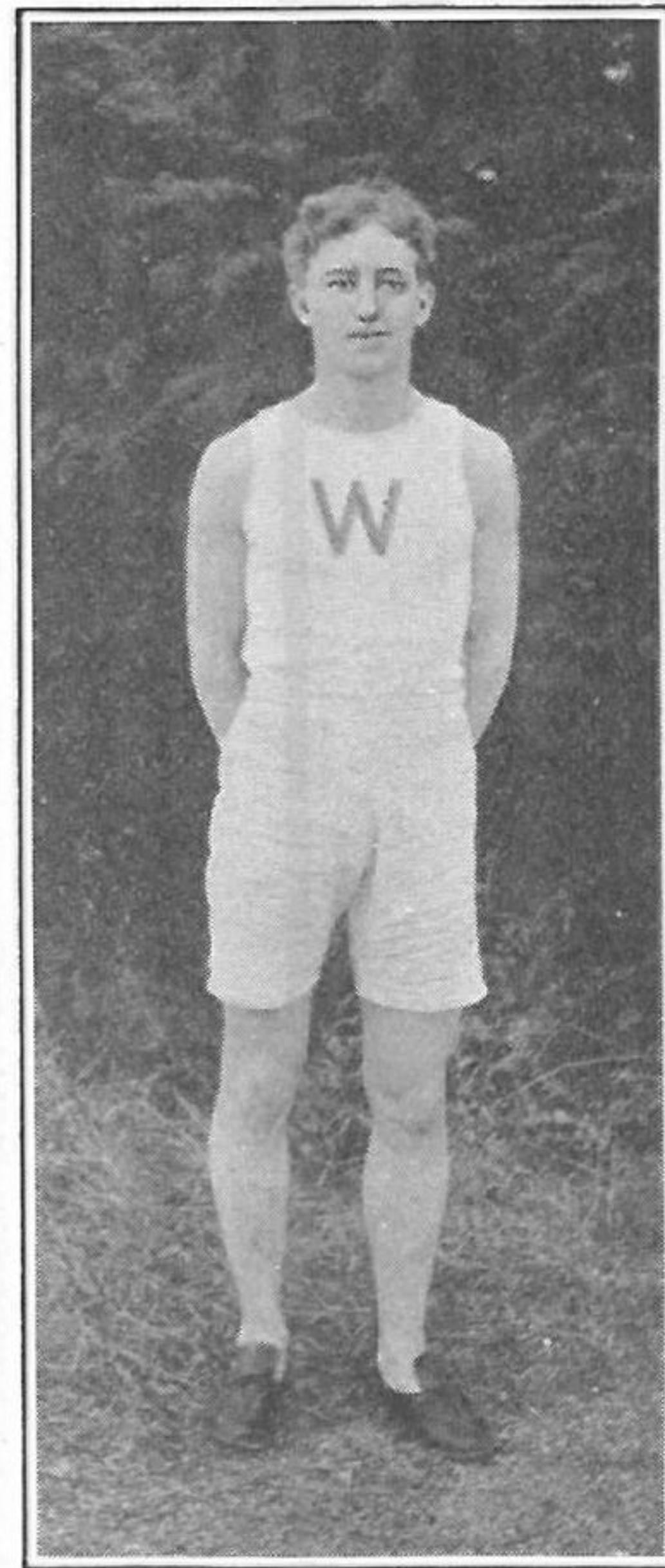
LEWIS SCHERER.



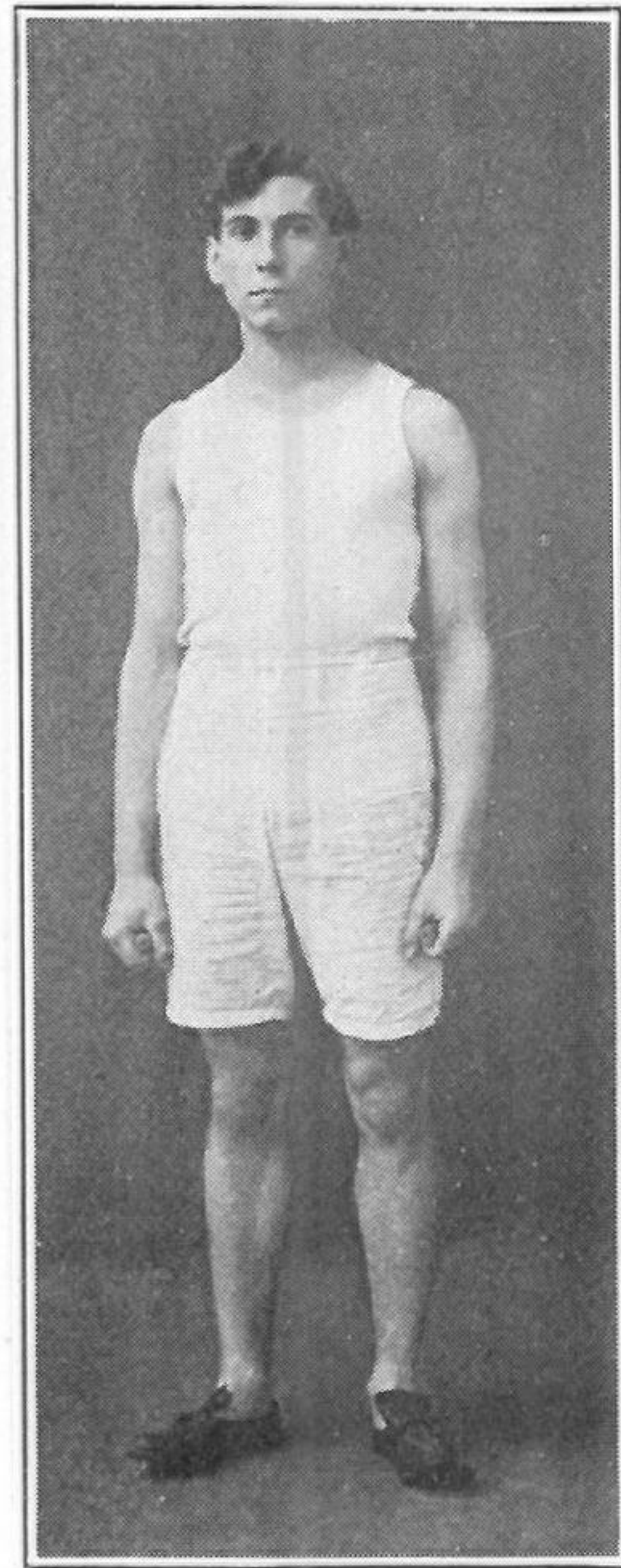
JOE PEARSON.

The first meet was held with the Y. M. C. A., which resulted in a score of 57—72 in favor of Washington. This meet gave the new men confidence.

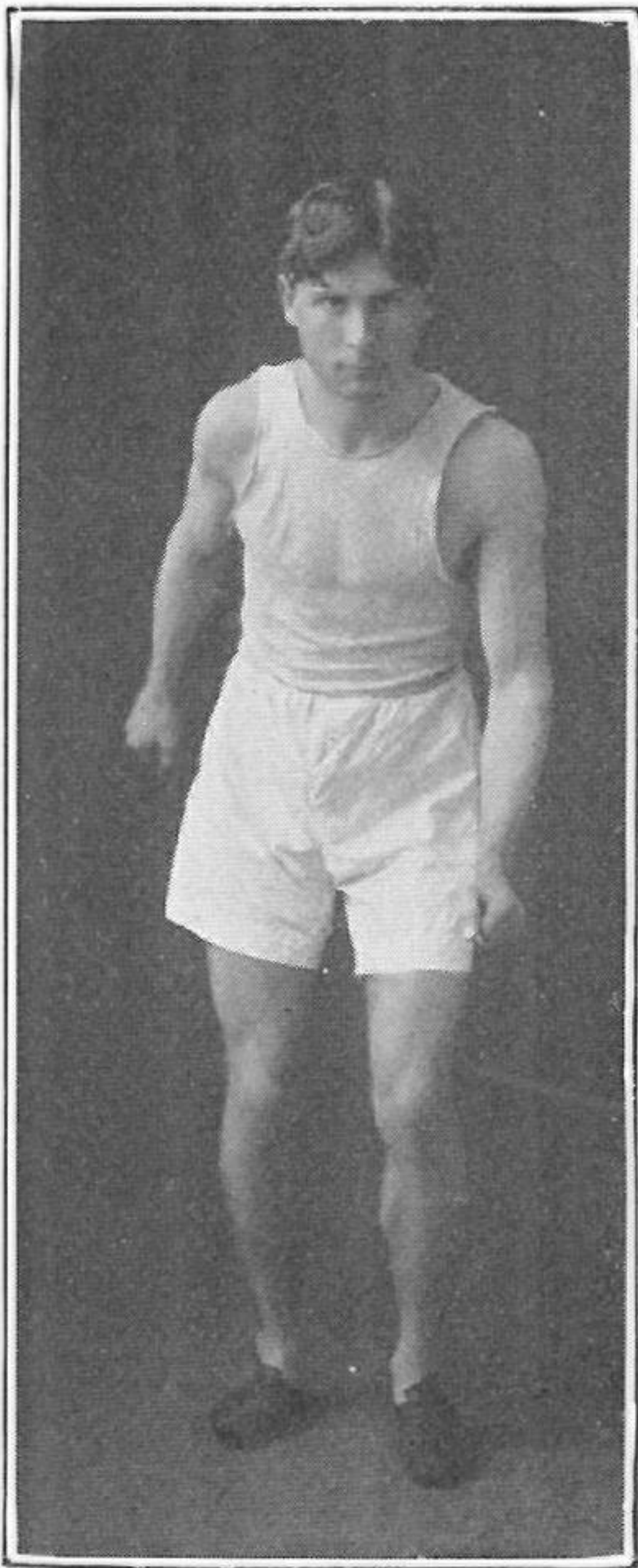
The next meet was with the University of Idaho at Moscow. Notwithstanding the fact that the meet should have been held in Seattle, Idaho refused to come, hence compelling Washington to meet the enemy on its own ground. The meet resulted in a tie, 61—61. But a fiercer contested or a harder meet was never pulled off in the Northwest. In this meet Joe Pearson demonstrated



MAURICE TIBBALS.



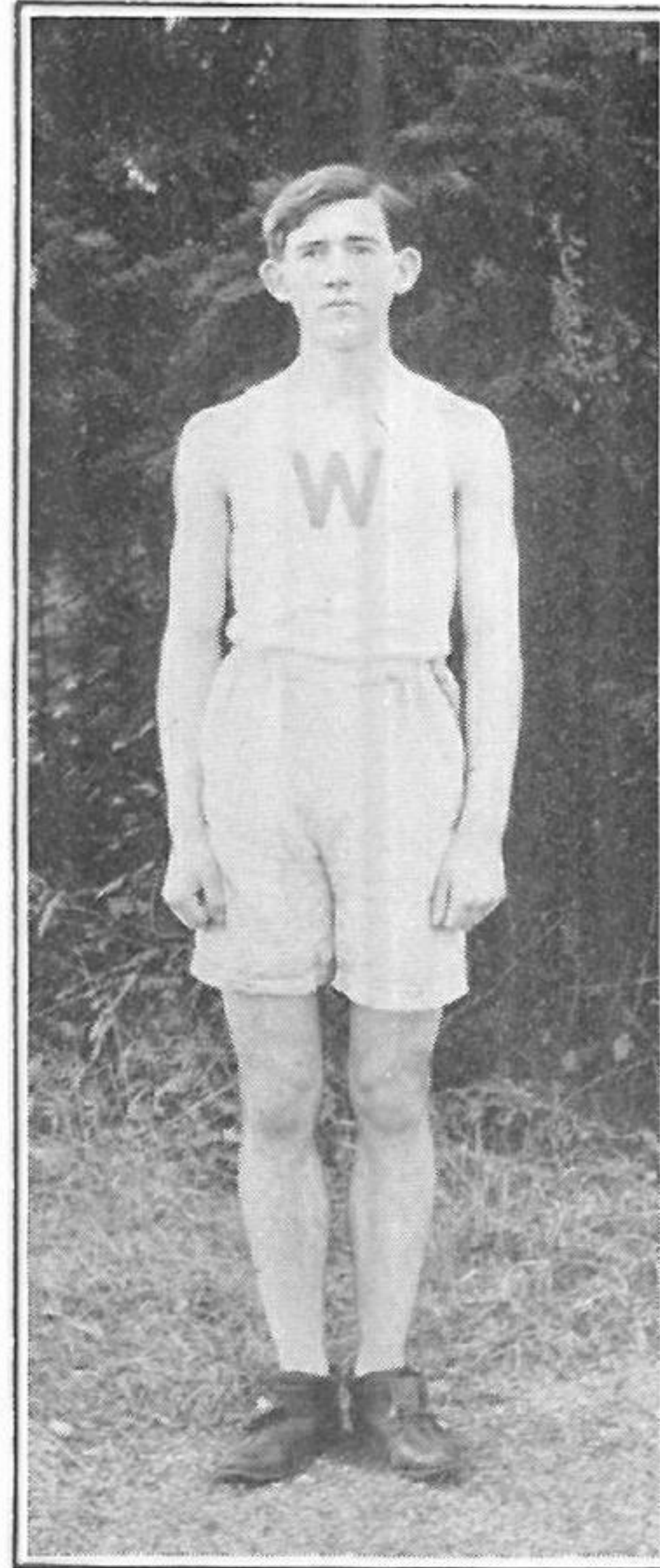
TOM McCRORY



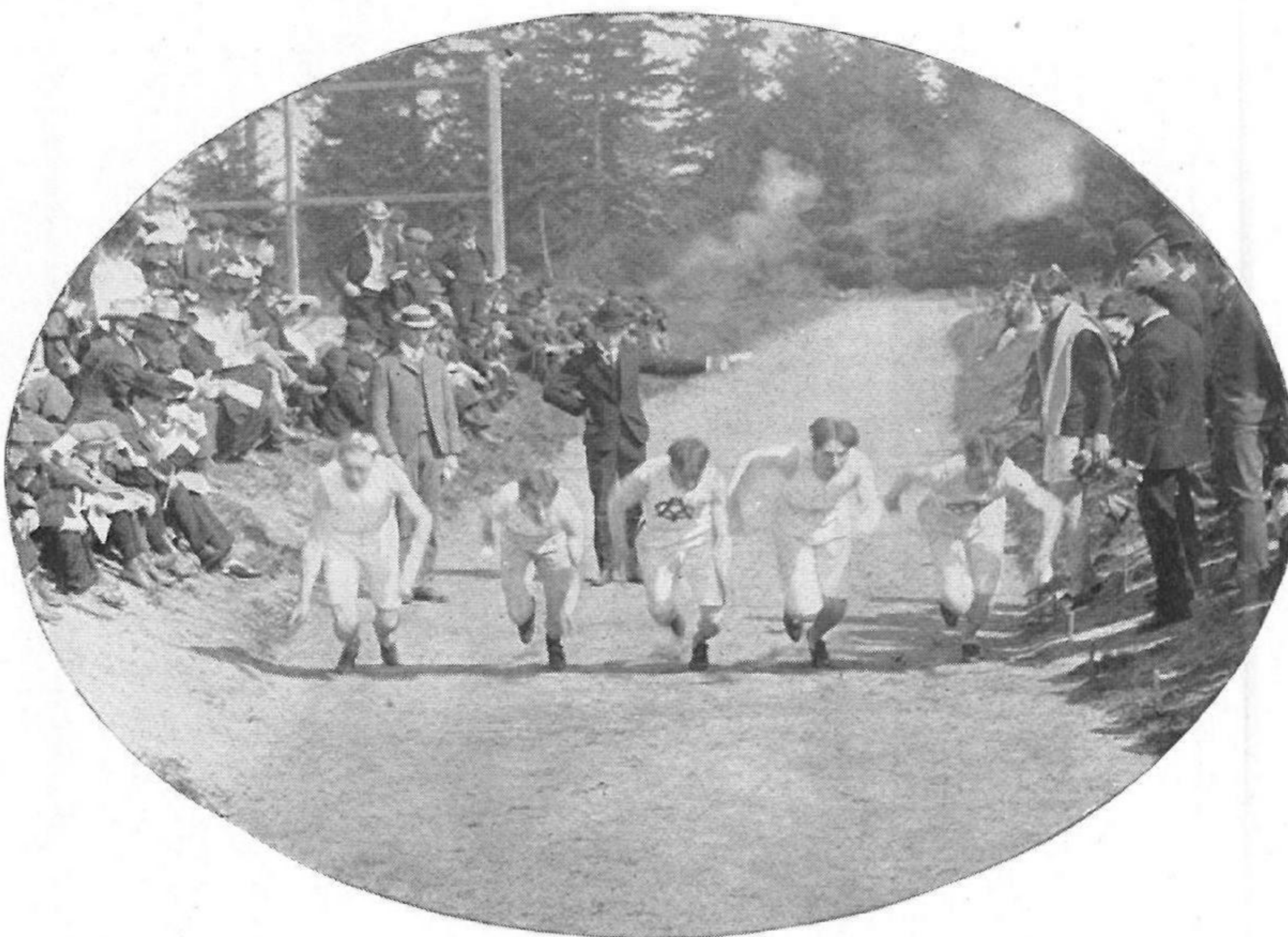
E. B. THOMPSON.

without doubt that he is the greatest athlete Washington has ever entered on the cinder path. Out of fourteen events he took points out of eight.

This ended the track season. Washington still held the championship, but it was due rather to the weakness of other teams rather than to her own strength.



CORAL WHITE.



TRACK TEAM, SEASON 1903.

Captain.....ROBERT G. PEARSON
Manager.....LEROY FRISBEE
Trainer.....JAMES C. KNIGHT

SPRINTS:

Pearson, '07; Tibbals, '06; Thompson, '07.

DISTANCES:

Pearson, R., '04; McCrory, '06.

HURDLES:

Tibbals, '06; Pearson, '07; Pullen, '07.

JUMPS:

White, '06; King, '06; Pullen, '07; Lindig, '04.

WEIGHTS:

Scherer, '06.

POLE VAULT:

Lindig, '04; White, '06.

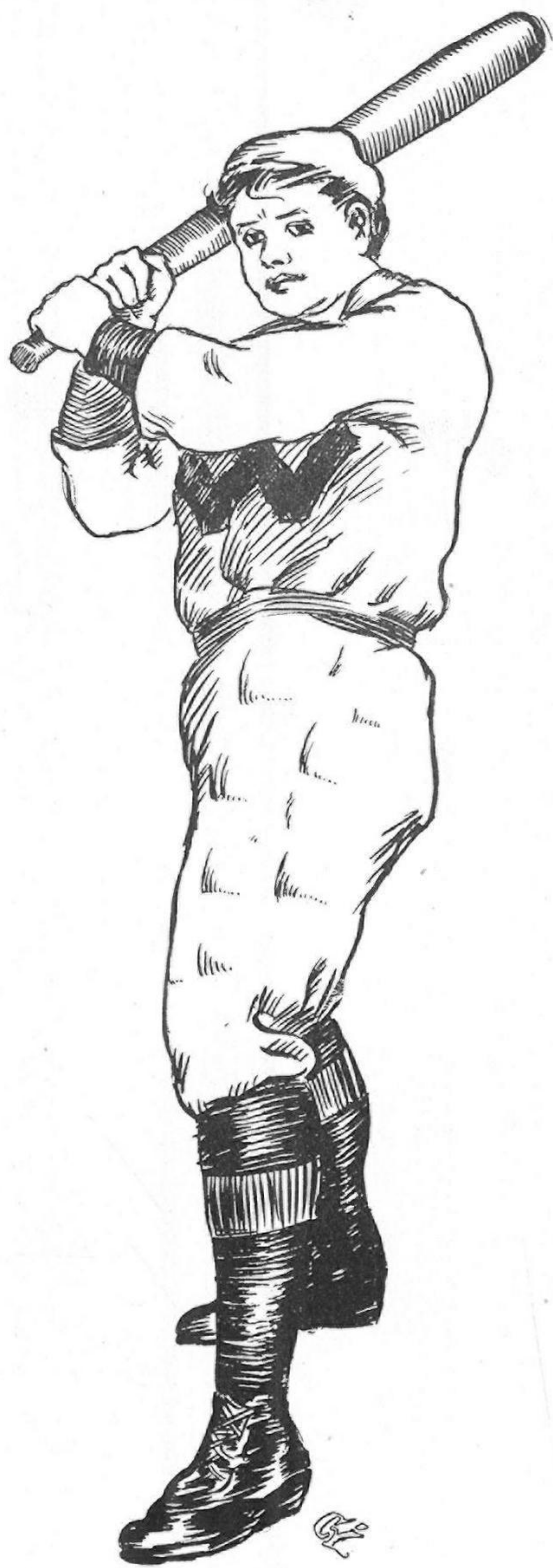
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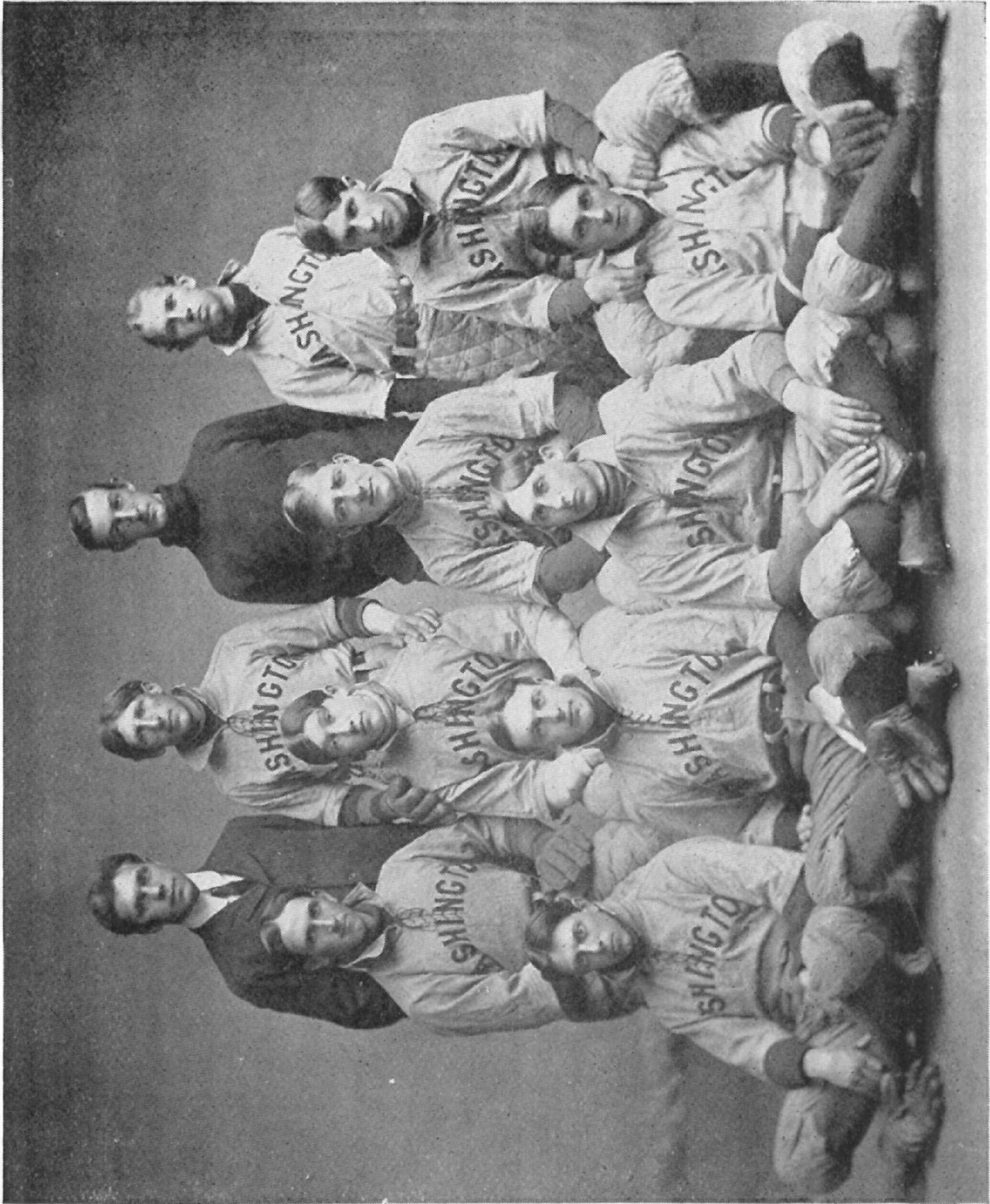
Pearson, '04; Thompson, '07; Pearson, '07; White, '06.

Washington vs. Idaho

Event	Record.	1st.			2nd.			3rd.			Points.	
											Wash.	Idaho.
100 Yds.	10 Sec.	J. Pearson.	H. Tilly.	Horton.							4	5
220 Yds.	22 3-5 Sec.	J. Pearson.	Tilly.	Tibbals.							6	3
440 Yds.	53 4-5 Sec.	Tibbals.	Pearson.	Tilly.							8	1
880 Yds.	2:08 1-5.	Whidden.	Mathews.	Pearson.							1	8
1 Mile.	4:51.	Whidden.	McCrory.	Tweedt.							3	6
Broad Jump.	22 ft. 6 in.	Tilly.	White.	Murphy.							3	6
High Jump.	5 ft. 8 in.	Tilly.	Pearson.	Murphy.							3	6
120-Yd. Hurdles.	17 1-5 Sec.	Horton.	Murphy.	Pullen.							1	8
220-Yd. Hurdles.	27 2-5 Sec.	Tibbals.	Pearson.	Murphy.							8	1
Hammer Throw.	118 ft. 3 in.	Scherer.	Horton.	Larson.							5	4
Shot Put.	37 ft. 7 in.	Scherer.	Larson.	Pearson.							6	3
Discus.	110 ft. 5 in.	Scherer.	Horton.	Larson.							5	4
Pole Vault.	11 ft. 1 in.	Murphy.	Lindig.	White.							4	5
Relay.	3:40.	Pearson, R. White Thompson. Pearson, J.									5	0
											—	—
											61	61

On the track he stood there smiling,
Muscles tense and shoulders wide,
Arms akimbo, feet firm planted,
Blue eyes blinking, side to side;
Hair tossed lightly from his forehead,
Sandals on his feet he wore,
And his "W" on his bosom —
Only this and nothing more.





Washington 'Varsity Baseball Team

1903

Captain, ROSCOE TEATS.

Manager, CHAS. SEGRIST.

SPEIDEL.....	Catcher.
BRINKER.....	Pitcher and First Base.
TEATS, Captain.....	Pitcher and First Base.
COLE.....	Second Base.
LEISER.....	Short Stop.
LONGFELLOW.....	Third Base.
GIBSON.....	Left Field.
STRAUSS.....	Center Field.
ROGERS.....	Right Field.
MITCHELL.....	Right Field.
COONS.....	Right Field and Catcher.



SCHEDULE:

U. of W.,	5.....	vs.....	Wisconsin,	4
U. of W.,	3.....	vs.....	Mt. Angel,	6
U. of W.,	11.....	vs.....	Mt. Angel,	3
U. of W.,	14.....	vs.....	Pullman,	4
U. of W.,	4.....	vs.....	Pullman,	5
U. of W.,	10.....	vs.....	Lewiston,	7
U. of W.,	4.....	vs.....	Lewiston,	10
U. of W.,	9.....	vs.....	Idaho,	2
U. of W.,	6.....	vs.....	Yakima,	6
U. of W.,	0.....	vs.....	Ellensburg,	13
U. of W.,	3.....	vs.....	Victoria,	2
U. of W.,	0.....	vs.....	Victoria,	4

BASEBALL



CAPTAIN
ROSCOE TEATS.

The University of Washington won the Northwest intercollegiate baseball championship in the spring of 1903.

However, the prospects for a winning team were at first very unpromising. Like the opening of the football season of 1902, the material was almost entirely new, Capt. Teats, Speidel and Brinker being the only old men left in college. The want of a professional coach was also a great handicap; for Coach Knight having track and rowing fully occupying his



CAPTAIN-ELECT
W. H. BRINKER.

time, was unable to give as much time as he desired to baseball.

But he recognized the ability of Capt. Teats and W. C. Speidel, and practically left the work of whipping the team into shape to them, contenting himself with keeping an eye on results and giving advice when necessary.

The team in the early part of the season was lamentably weak in batting, without the redeeming feature of fast fielding, and was often hard put to it to win practice games which seemingly should have been easy contests.

But as the season advanced a steady improvement was noticeable, and although badly defeated by the League team, as was anticipated, beginning with the game against the team from the battleship Wisconsin, the 'Varsity began to play very good baseball, capping the climax in the last game of the season with a victory over Victoria, B. C., one of the fastest teams on the Sound.

The trip east of the mountains was most successful, both financially and otherwise. The guarantees were such as to give no chance for loss, while, had it not been for inclement weather at Ellensburg and Yakima, a goodly sum would have been added to the treasury.

Seven games were played during the trip of ten days, keeping the men upon the jump all the time. The University was unfortunate in that she lacked pitchers, a fact that was responsible for several defeats. The three defeats out of seven games played, however, were hard-fought battles notwithstanding the scores. The trouble all seemed to be in one or two innings, the team playing fine ball both during the foregoing and remaining innings.

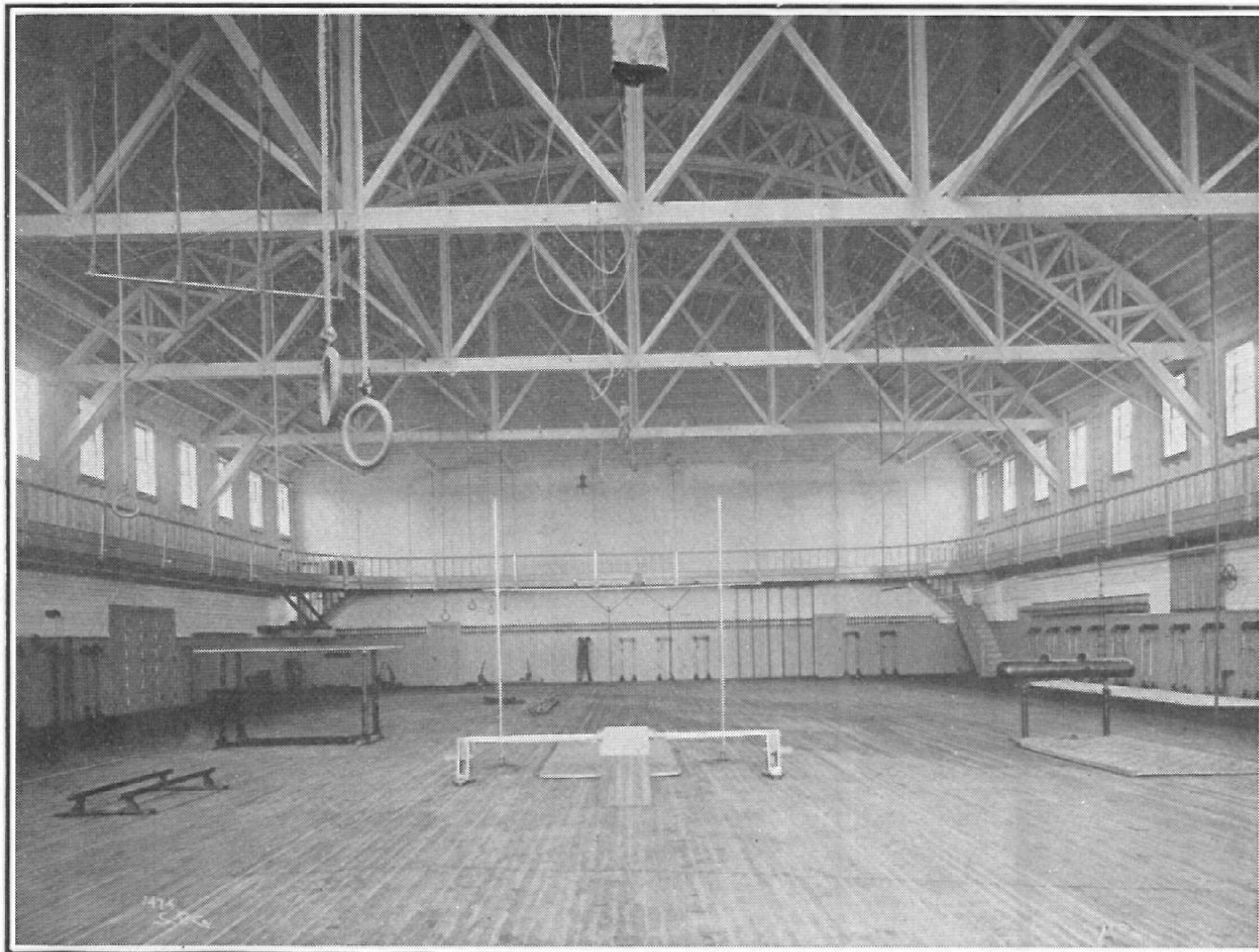
The first game was played with Pullman, resulting in an easy victory. The second, with the same team, was an exciting struggle, in which the 'Varsity lost. It was unfortunate that a third game could not be arranged to decide the supremacy. Comparative scores, however, favor the University.

The next two games played were with Lewiston, Idaho, the first being won easily and the second lost in two bad innings.

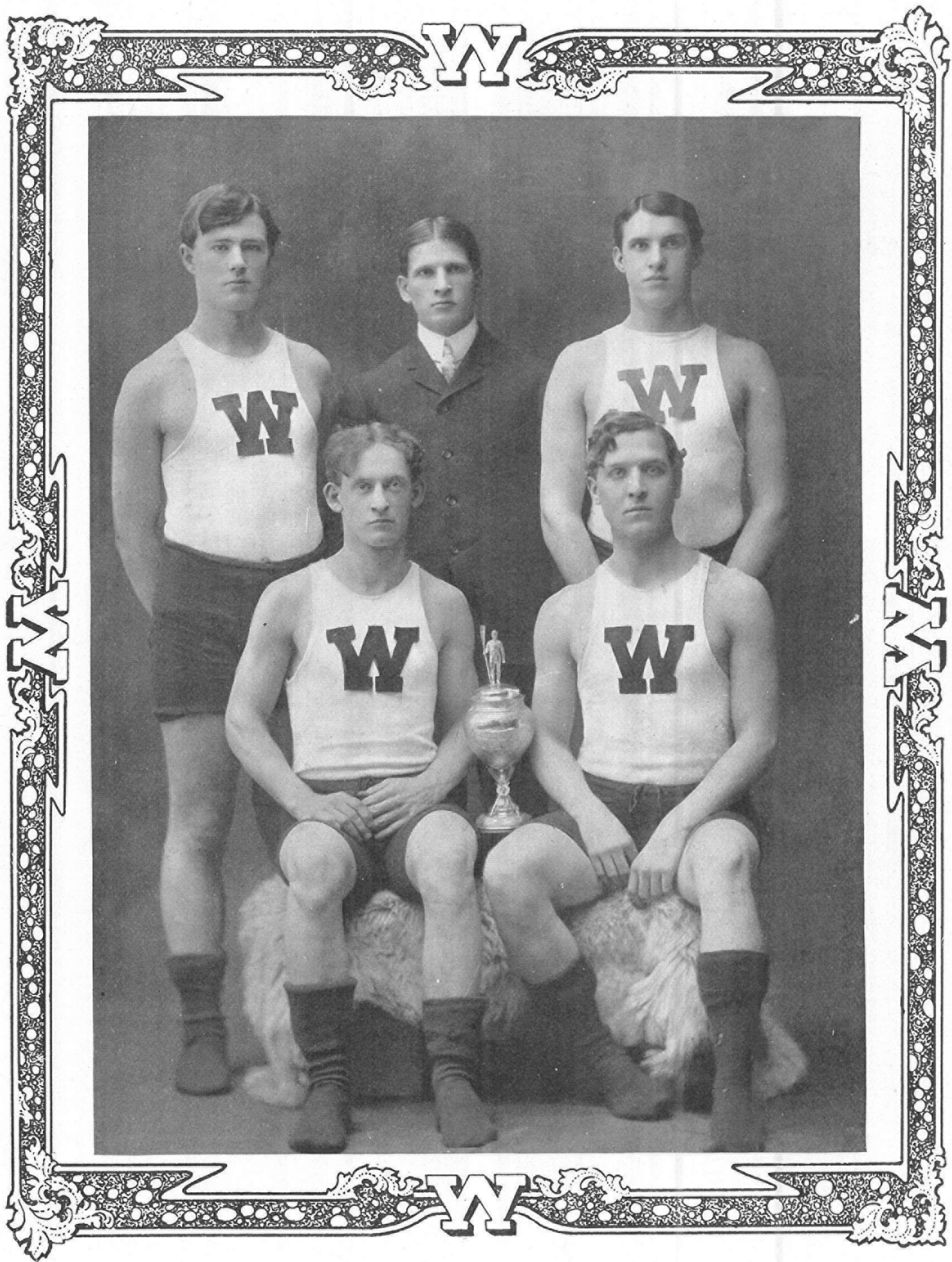
Idaho proved to be an easy adversary for Washington. The game with Yakima resulted in a tie, the home team leaving the field in the ninth inning, owing to a misunderstanding as to the score.

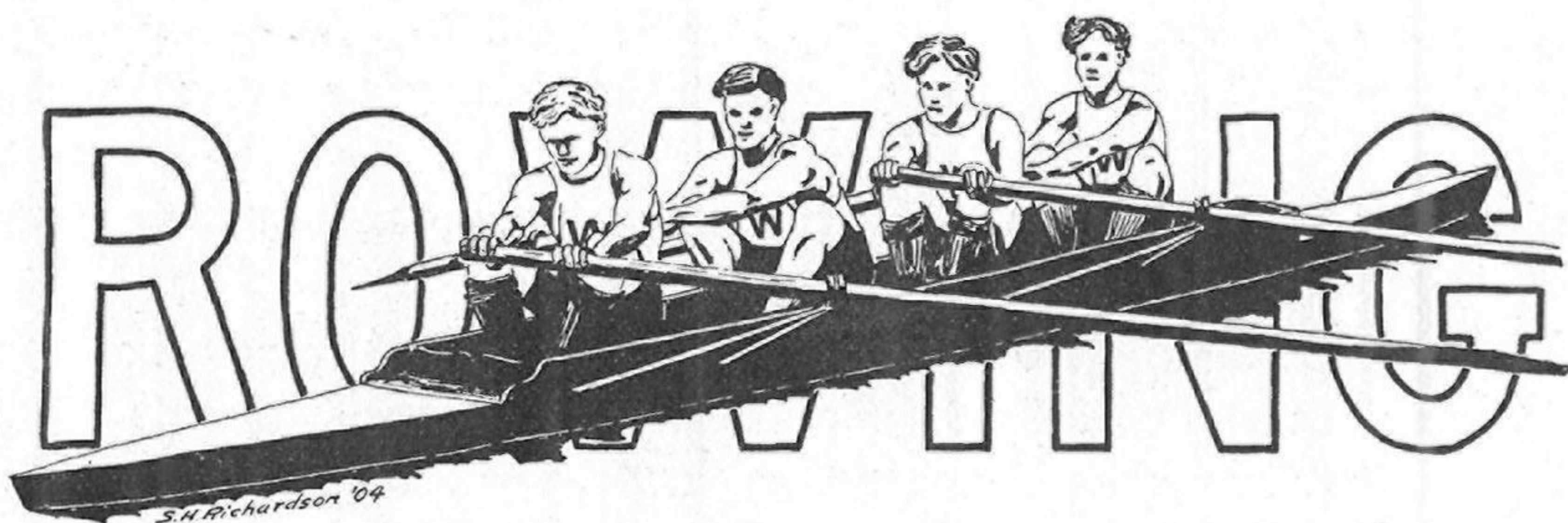
The last game, which was with the strong Ellensburg club, was an overwhelming defeat for the 'Varsity, although the first six innings were well played. The boys were somewhat tired by the long trip, which undoubtedly had its effect.

Altogether, the season was the most successful the University ever had, and did much to establish baseball upon a firmer basis.









'VARSITY CREW.

KARL VAN KURAN, '04, Captain.....	Bow
DAN PULLEN, '07.....	Two
CLINTON LANTZ, '04.....	Three
FRED McELMON, '05	Stroke

Rowing, from a neglected and insignificant position as a branch of college athletics, has risen during the last two years to a position equal in importance to that of football. Characteristic of Washington, the sport even now promises to make for the institution her name in the athletic world. While the fate of the defenders of the Purple and Gold on the track, on the diamond and on the gridiron may vary with the coming and going of years, their star of fortune on the water should always be in the ascendancy.

Unlike the candidates for the track team or baseball nine the rowers may bid defiance to the weather conditions of Washington and get the advantage of a hard season of training. Too rough water never prevents work, in the barges at least. Easy accessibility to the lake allows the men to train at any hour of the day, whether it be six o'clock in the morning or late in the afternoon. The season need never be shortened unless so decided; a day's training never neglected unless so ordered.

Since the University took up this branch of athletics a year ago last March, there has not been a moment when every student, as well as every candidate for the crew, has not been intensely in

T Y E E
1 9 0 5

earnest as to its welfare. All have seemed to recognize what a successful crew meant to the college, and how sure that success would be if the men would only work for it. What aid could be given by the faculty and students has been liberally and generously extended.

Supporting the efforts of the students and the crew has been the efficient work of Coach Knight. Whatever may be his ability in the other branches of outdoor athletics, the sport which he is pre-eminently able to coach, and the one which he loves, is rowing. His energetic and enthusiastic endeavors have been an important factor in the University's success. In him the 'Varsity has had a man far superior to any coach of the rival institutions, and one who has been capable of turning out a winning crew.

The persistent and conscientious work of students and coach during the past year resulted in the making of a crew that easily won the championship of the Pacific Coast. In the regatta with the University of California, Washinton's crew showed itself to be



better coached and superior to the crew from the sister institution at all times during the race. For only a short time were the visitors able to keep pace with the long, strong stroke of the Washington men. The distance between the opposing crews at the finish told that the Northern crew had won an easy and deserved victory.

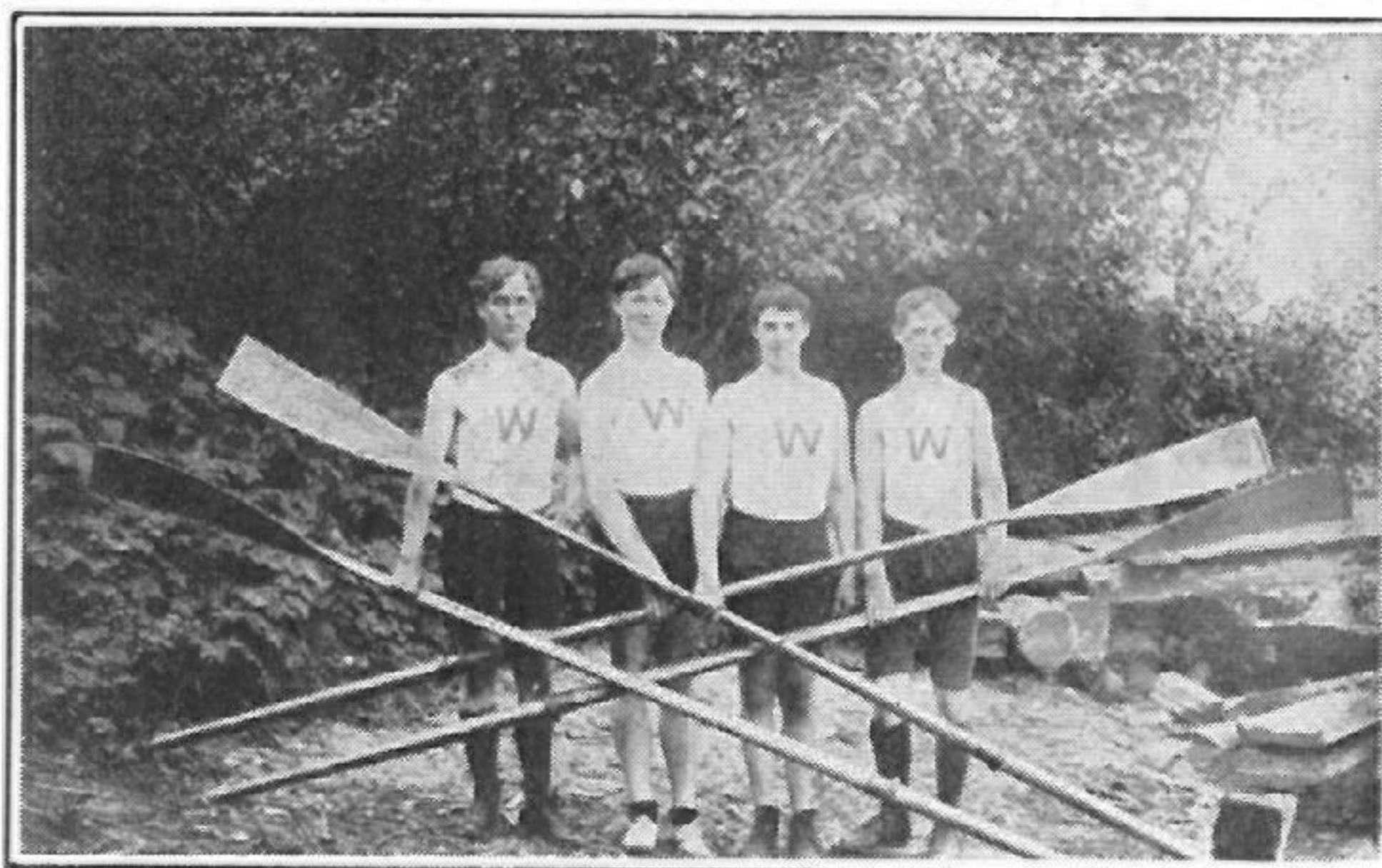
T Y E E

1905

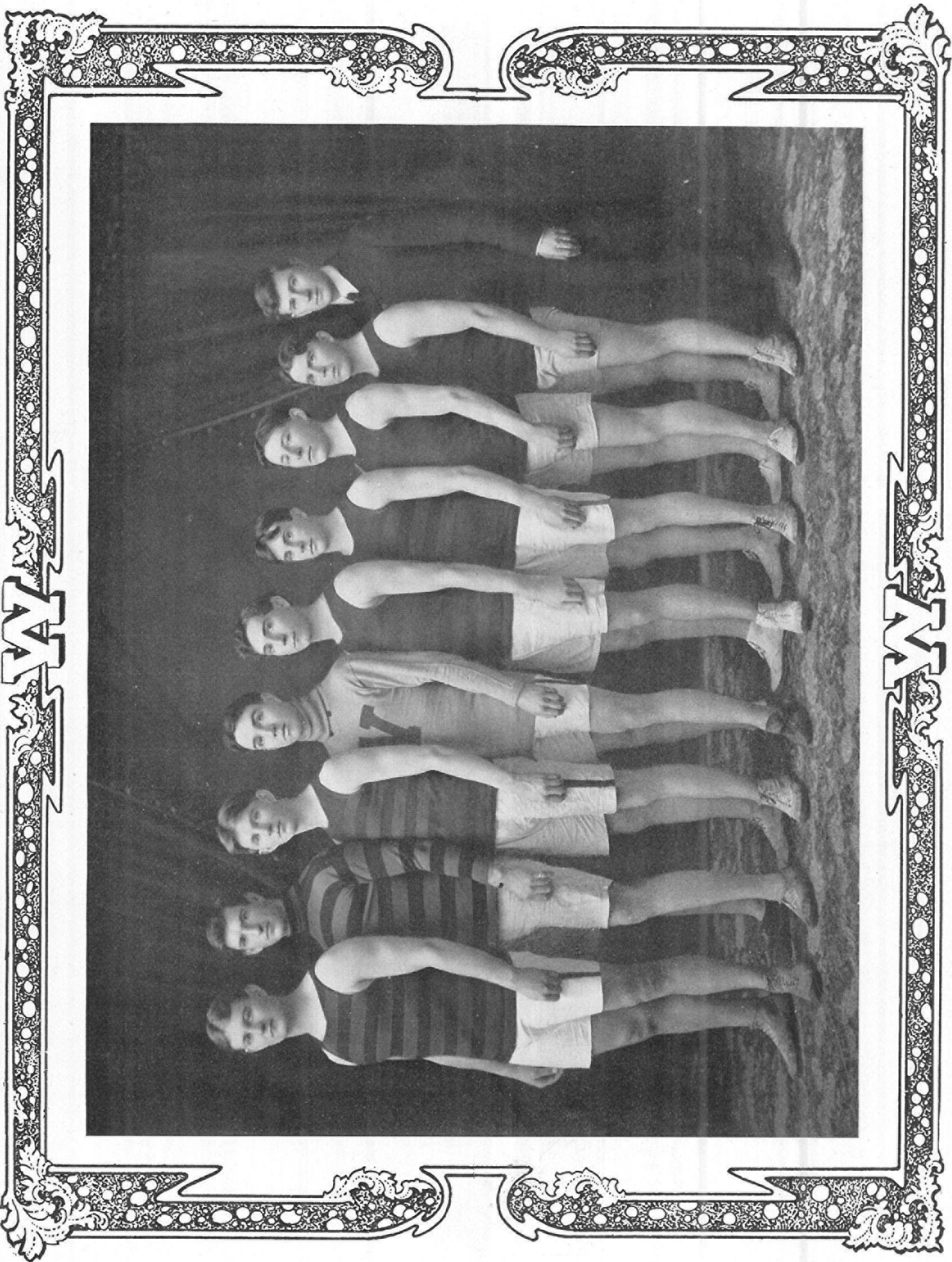
The successful results in rowing have won from the citizens of Seattle the most hearty and substantial support. Funds were furnished last year to bring the crew from California to Washington and to properly care for them, as well as to aid in numerous other ways. This season sufficient money was given to purchase from Cornell one of the best four-oared shells that is made. Not only have the funds been furnished, but the contributors have promised that so long as the sport is properly and enthusiastically supported at the college it shall never want because of a lack of money.

Favorable circumstances, natural advantages and hearty support should win for Washington many victories on the water, even when the tide of misfortune is bringing her news of defeats in the other branches of athletics. Of all the institutions on the Pacific Coast or in the West, the 'Varsity stands out as the one fitted to represent this section of the nation in rowing. Continued support and untiring work will hold the position which she has so truly won and will make for her a proud place in the world of collegiate athletics.









Washington 'Varsity Basket-Ball Team

Season 1903-'04.

CaptainLOY SHOUDY, '04.
Manager.....FRAILEY, '07.
Forward.....DAVE GRANT, '05.
Forward.....WILLIAM R. HILL, '05.
Center.....TOM McDONALD, '07.
Guard.....LOY SHOUDY, '04.
Guard.....FRANK WALLER, '04.

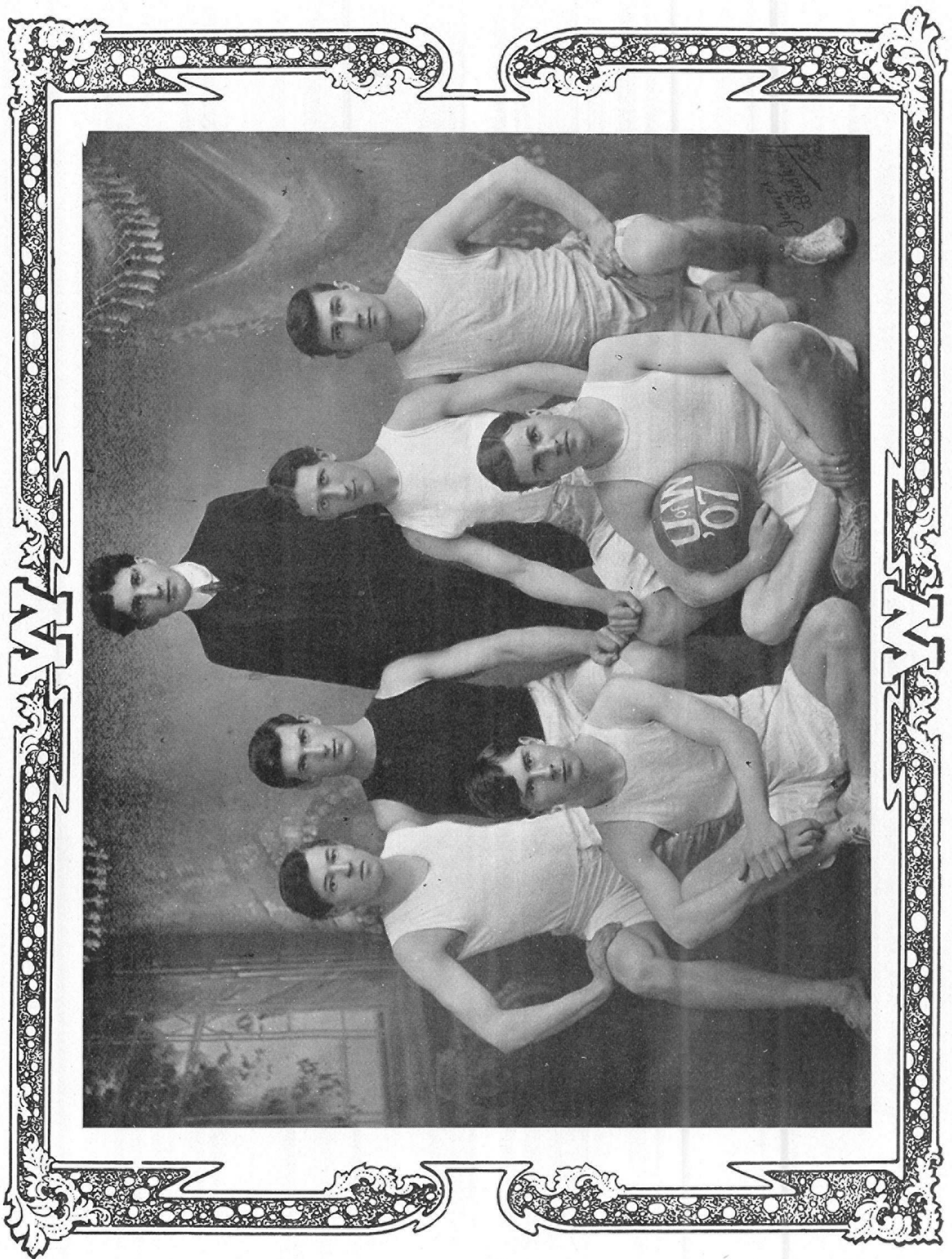
Substitutes:

Will McDonald, '07; McCrory, '06; Babcock, '07; Fred Laube, '06;
Frailey, '07.

SCHEDULE.

'Varsity vs. Everett Y. M. C. A.....39— 9
'Varsity vs. Dallas College.....22—10
'Varsity vs. Oregon Normal20—12
'Varsity vs. Oregon Agricultural College19—22
'Varsity vs. University of Oregon19—17
'Varsity vs. Willamette University17—13

Points scored: 'Varsity, 136; Opponents, 89.



Freshmen Basket Ball Team.

Captain, J. W. HOOVER.

Manager, D. STAEGER.

J. W. HOOVER..... Forward.
E. B. THOMPSON..... Forward.
F. BABCOCK..... Center.
O. FRAILEY..... Guard.
L. DANA..... Guard.

Substitues:

H. C. GREEN and DAVE EASON.

SCHEDULE.

Freshmen vs. 'Varsity..... 14—24
Freshmen vs. P. S. A..... 10—37
Freshmen vs. Sophomores 36—10
Freshmen vs. Everett High School..... 33—22



Washington 'Varsity Women's Basket Ball Team

Captain, FRIEDA IFFLAND.

Manager, MYRA PIELOW.

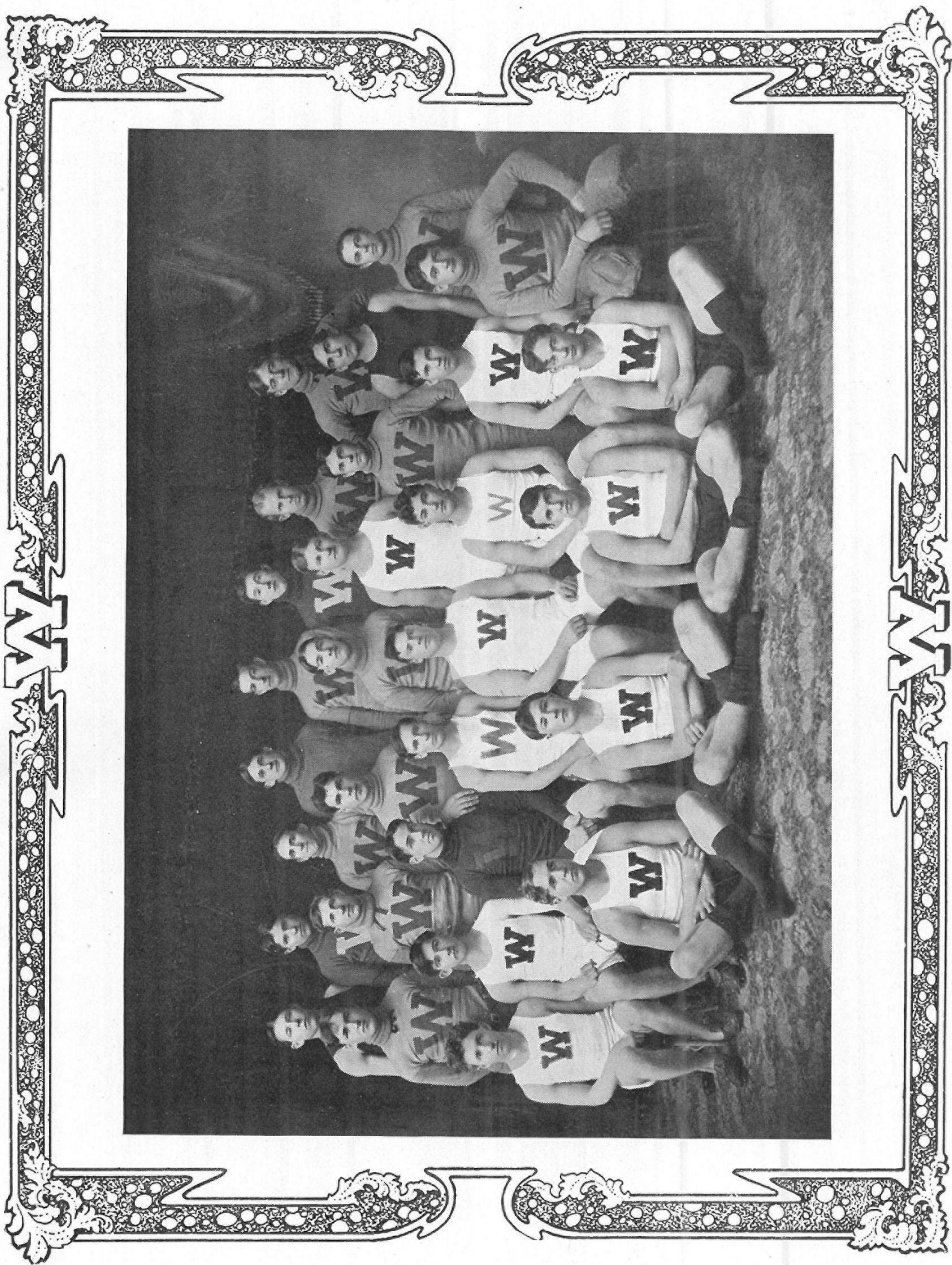
LENA TUCKER, '04	Forward.
MYRA PIELOW, '04	Forward.
JULIA MARLOWE, '07	Center.
KATHERINE EDWARDS, '05	Center.
FRIEDA IFFLAND, '06	Guard.
JENNIE HAUSMAN, '07	Guard.
GERTRUDE NIEDERGAESSES	Sub.
HELEN VAUPELL	Sub.
ETHLYN COFFMAN, '07	Sub.

SCHEDULE.

Games.	'Varsity. Opponents.	
'Varsity vs. Seattle High School	7	0
'Varsity vs. Vancouver College	2	5
'Varsity vs. Vancouver College	12	4
	—	—
Total Points	21	9



MYRA PIELOW, Manager Women's Athletics

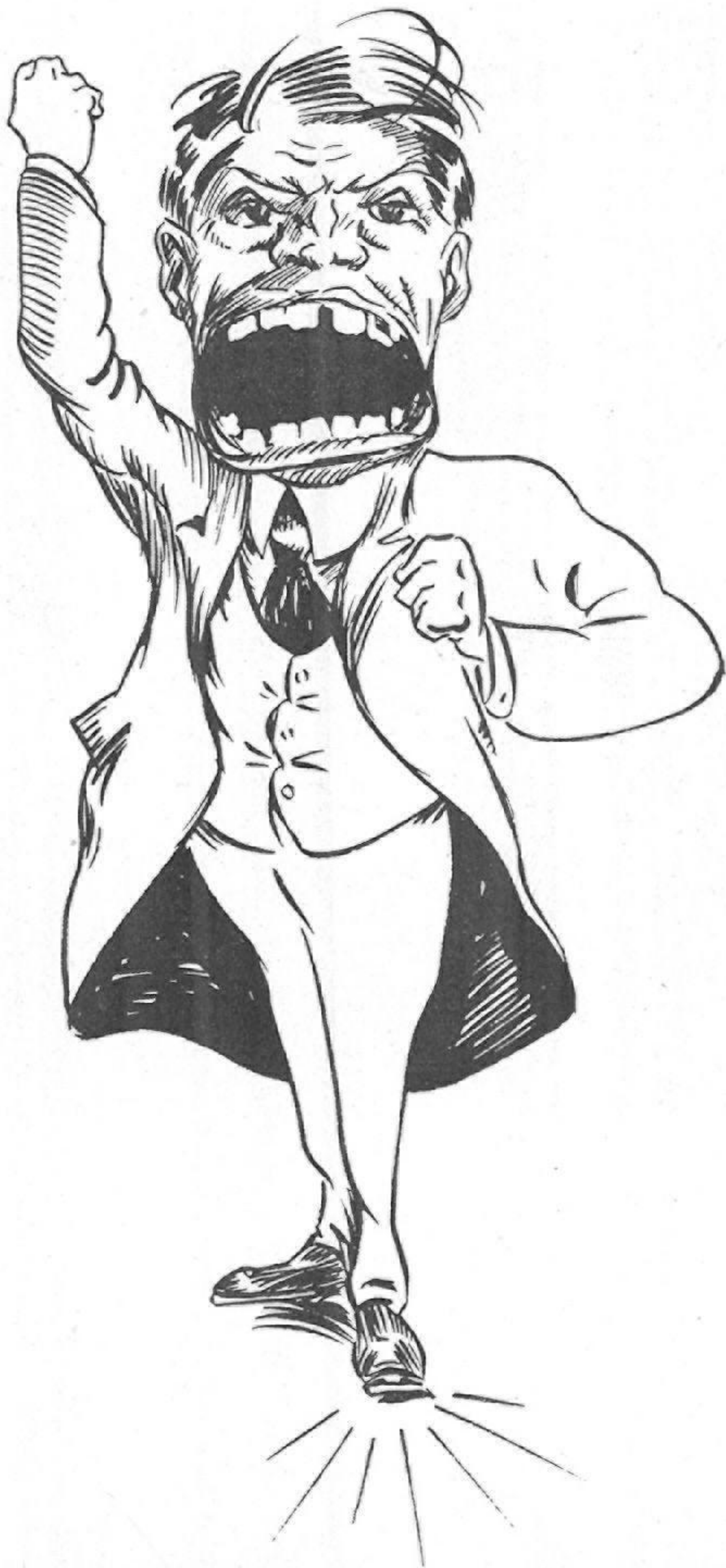


Wearers of the 'Varsity Emblem



BAGSHAW.	PIERCE.
BRINKER.	PULLEN.
CARPENTER.	ROGERS.
COSGROVE.	STRAUSS.
COLE.	SCHERER.
CRIM.	SEGRIST.
EVANS.	SPEIDEL.
GRANT.	SLATTERY
HILL,S.	SWEET.
HILL, W.	TEATS.
HUGHES.	TIBBALS.
JACKSON.	TWITCHELL.
LANTZ.	THOMPSON.
LEISER.	VAN KURAN.
McCRORY.	WALLER.
McDONALD.	WALT.
McELMON.	WHITE.
McGLINN.	EDWARDS, KATHARINE
MITCHELL.	IFFLAND, FRIEDA.
ORMOND.	TUCKER, LENA.
PEARSON, R.	BLODGETT, ELEANOR.
PEARSON, J.	





DEBATE & ORATORY

TYEE
1905

Debate and Oratory Committee.



JOHN R. SLATTERY.

JOSEPH V. BIRD.

ROBERT E. McGLINN.

ROBERT H. EVANS.

H. CLARE JACKSON.

RALPH M. PIERCE.

MAURICE D. SCROGGS.

Review of Debate and Oratory

TYEE
1905

The University points with pardonable pride to its success of the past season in debate and oratory. The record made in winning all three debates and the oratorical contest will in all probability remain unbroken for a long time in Northwest intercollegiate forensics.

The season was a critical one for several reasons. The result of the debate with Idaho would decide the series with that institution, each being credited with one victory. Washington and Oregon each had two to their credit. With Leland Stanford University we had a two-year agreement and the first debate had resulted in a tie.

Again, of the men selected for the various teams, only one, Mr. Ralph Pierce, had appeared in an intercollegiate debate. The outcome of the season's debates reflects great credit upon the different teams and upon the splendid training given by Prof. A. R. Priest.

To complete the series, the Intercollegiate Oratorical Contest was won by L. Ross Carpenter, '04, at Moscow, Idaho, June 4, 1903.

The development of Northwest intercollegiate debates and oratorical contests is of recent growth, but during these last few years great interest has been shown in this phase of student activity throughout the entire Northwest. In 1902 the University of Washington first met one of the Southern universities on the platform, and it is to be hoped that relations of this character will not be brought to an end but will continue and form one of the links to unite the great institutions of California with the younger but no less hopeful institutions of the Northwest.

We take pleasure at this time to accord to Prof. A. R. Priest, of the Department of Rhetoric and Oratory, full credit for his efforts in training our debaters and orators. Prof. Priest entered the institution in 1899 from the University of Wisconsin, and immediately organized the debating interests of the institution. He has been a tireless worker and inspires his men to master every phase of the subject upon which they may be working.



PROF. A. R. PRIEST.



WASHINGTON VS. STANFORD.

Denny Hall, April 24, 1903.

Question:

Resolved, That the English Constitution is more democratic than the Constitution of the United States; the English Constitution to include the constitutional conventions in force to-day.

Washington.

Stanford.

(Negative.)

(Affirmative.)

RALPH S. PIERCE.

J. H. PAGE.

H. CLARE JACKSON.

W. C. MALOY.

ROBERT H. EVANS.

ALEXANDER SHERIFFS.

Decision—Negative.



WASHINGTON VS. IDAHO.

Denny Hall, March 27, 1903.

Question:

Resolved: That there should be boards of compulsory arbitration established in the United States for the adjustment of matters in dispute between labor and capital.

Washington.

(Negative.)

JOHN R. SLATTERY.

ELEANOR BLODGETT.

A. C. MILLICAN.

Idaho.

(Affirmative.)

ALBERT C. SAXTON.

R. W. OVERMAN.

LOUIS R. TURLEY.

Decision—Negative.



WASHINGTON VS. OREGON.

Eugene, Oregon, May 29, 1903.

Question:

Resolved: That the first step towards the solution of our problems of taxation and trust control should be a national act providing that all corporations engaged in commerce among the states, or foreign countries, shall be authorized to incorporate themselves under the laws of the United States, receiving thereby a federal charter, and at the same time surrendering their state charters; that all state corporations carrying on such business shall be subject to special federal taxation; or, if necessary, shall be prohibited from carrying on such business; it being conceded that all constitutional and legal hindrances to such an act could have been removed.

Washington.

(Negative.)

LESTER SWEET.

ROBERT E. McGLINN.

INGRAHM HUGHES.

Oregon.

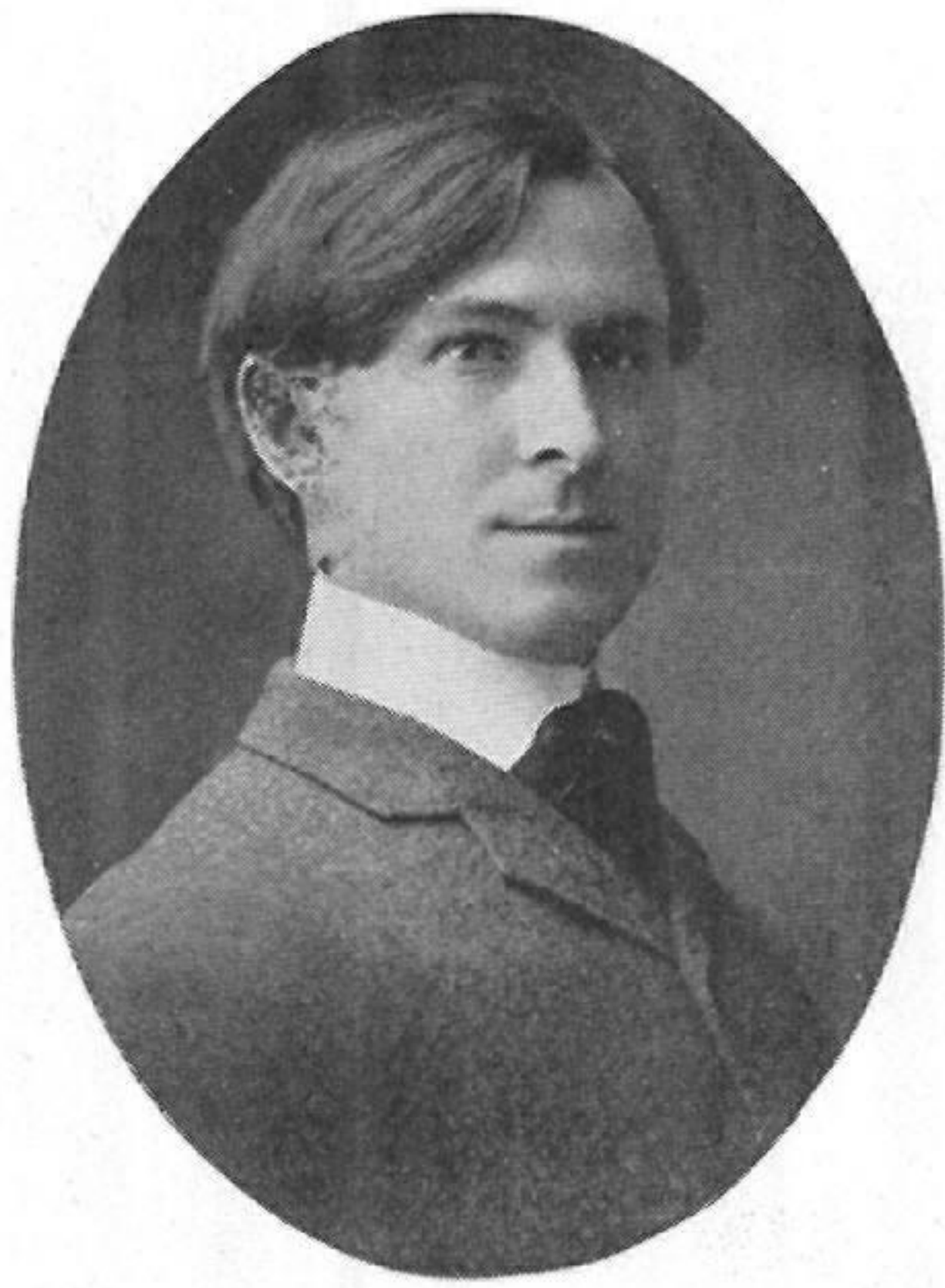
(Affirmative.)

JOSEPH W. McARTHUR.

RAY GOODRICH.

RALPH BACON.

Decision—Negative.



INTERSTATE ORATORICAL CONTEST.

Moscow, Idaho, June 4, 1903.

CONTESTANTS.

"THE COLLEGE AND THE NATION."

L. Ross Carpenter—University of Washington.

"THE DREAD AND FEAR OF KINGS."

Harvey D. Densmore—University of Oregon.

"CAPITAL PUNISHMENT."

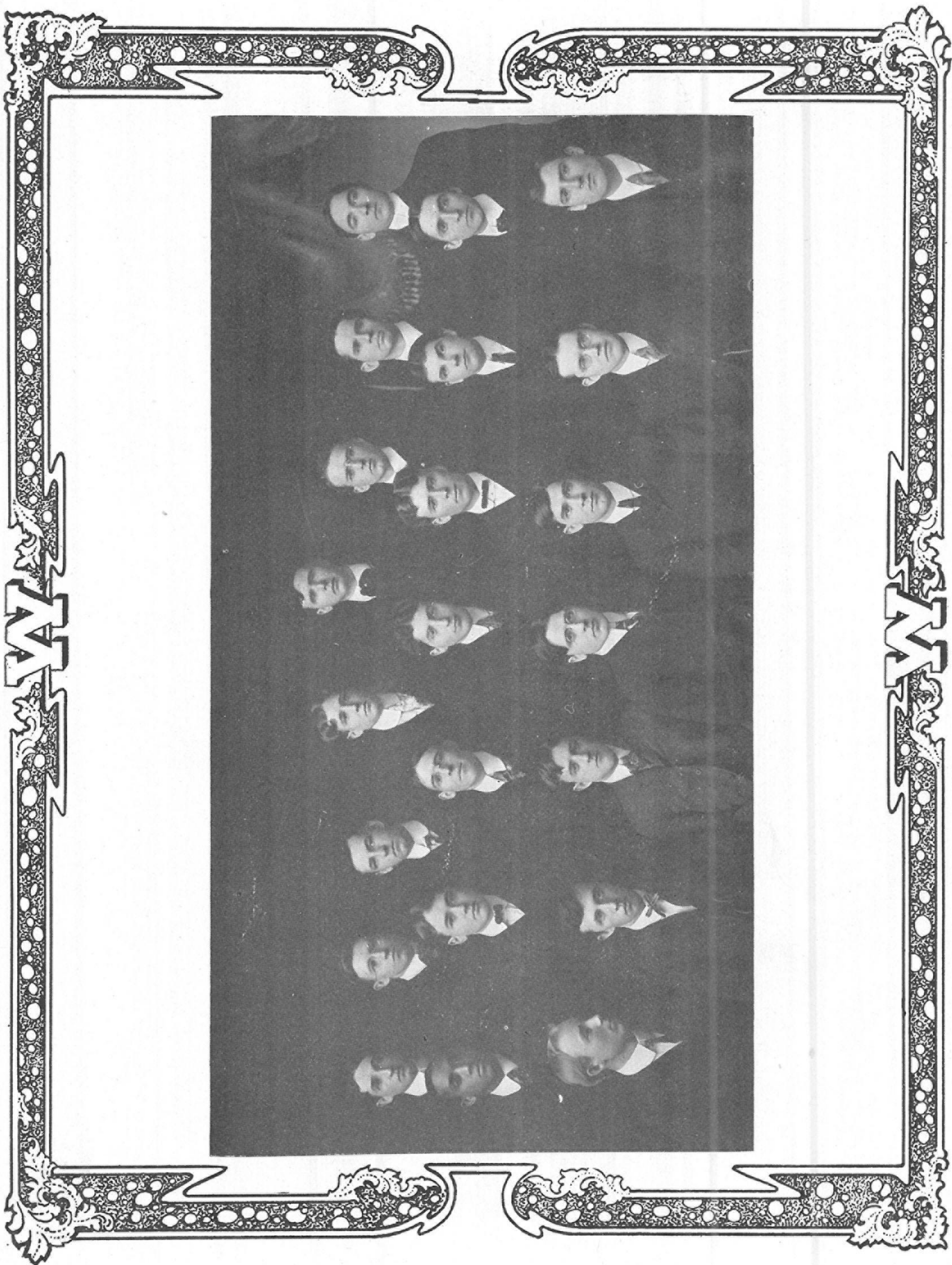
Charles B. Saxton—University of Idaho.

Winner First Prize:

L. ROSS CARPENTER.

Winner Second Prize:

HARVEY D. DENSMORE.





Again it is the pleasant duty of the Stevens Debating Club to contribute its page to the Junior Annual. This organization, which has attained such success in college activity, was started on its career December 14, 1898. At that time, by the advice of its friend, Professor Meany, it was named in honor of Washington's first Governor, Isaac Ingalls Stevens. The membership is limited to twenty-five young men, each of whom appears in debate at least once every month. The profit of each meeting is greatly enhanced by a critic's report at the end of each debate.

To a casual observer the name and work of this organization do not mean very much, but a glance at the history of the club recalls the names of men who have made Washington famous in the Northwest for orators and debaters. Henry L. Reese, '99, Thomas W. Mitchell, '00, and Charles McCann, '00, composed the great team of '99 which won the University's first intercollegiate victory in debating. Aubrey Levy, '00, won the first victory for Washington in intercollegiate oratory. Ernest Schroeder, '00, and Edgar Wright, '01, were on the great Oregon team of '00. Donald McDonald, '03, was a member of the Stanford team of '02; A. C. Millican, '03, Idaho team of '03; Robert Evans, '04, Stanford team of '03; and Ingraham Hughes, '05, Oregon team of '03.

During the present year results have been very gratifying. At the beginning of the year, however, owing to the fact that many of the old and experienced members did not return to the University, the outlook was not very promising. But the Stevens quickly took advantage of the presence of the Law School on the campus and enrolled some of its best debaters in their ranks, until the full quota was reached.

T Y E E
1 9 0 5

Several changes in the club attest a vigorous new growth. By a new plan those members who prepare for a debate once a month, when it is their turn, receive an hour's credit each semester. The constitution was found inadequate and was thoroughly revised. The old form of a club member as critic was found unserviceable, and Professor Priest holds that office. When he cannot be present a vice-critic elected by the club acts in his stead.

At the annual "try-out" last fall, four of the six men who represent the University on intercollegiate teams were chosen from the Stevens ranks; this was an ample testimonial to its work. In its oratorical contest a Stevens man was chosen to represent Washington at the Northwest interstate contest this spring. Interest in conventions has prompted the club to take action toward holding a mock national convention before the year closes.

The club as usual held its annual interclub debate with the other two organizations. That with the Badgers was an easy victory. When the club's representatives met the Athenas, however, it was an entirely different matter. On the surface the contest was quite fair, but on that fatal day the Stevens team found logic of no avail. In vain they hurled solid argument and cold, rational proofs at the heads of the judges; but our triumvirate had to contend with something more eloquent and persuasive than reason and oratory—the pretty smiles, the winks, the nods of their feminine adversaries. And thus it was that the Stevens Debating Club went down to defeat, but only before overwhelming odds—and this because the judges were but mortal.

The Stevens potlach, the annual banquet on March 25th—the anniversary of General Stevens' birth—was held at the Washington. Aside from giving the "rising orators" a chance, this banquet enabled the honorary members to get acquainted with the present Stevens men, and, as a diversion from the humdrum of daily college life, was an evening full of pleasure and profit.

Stevens Debating Club.

T Y E E

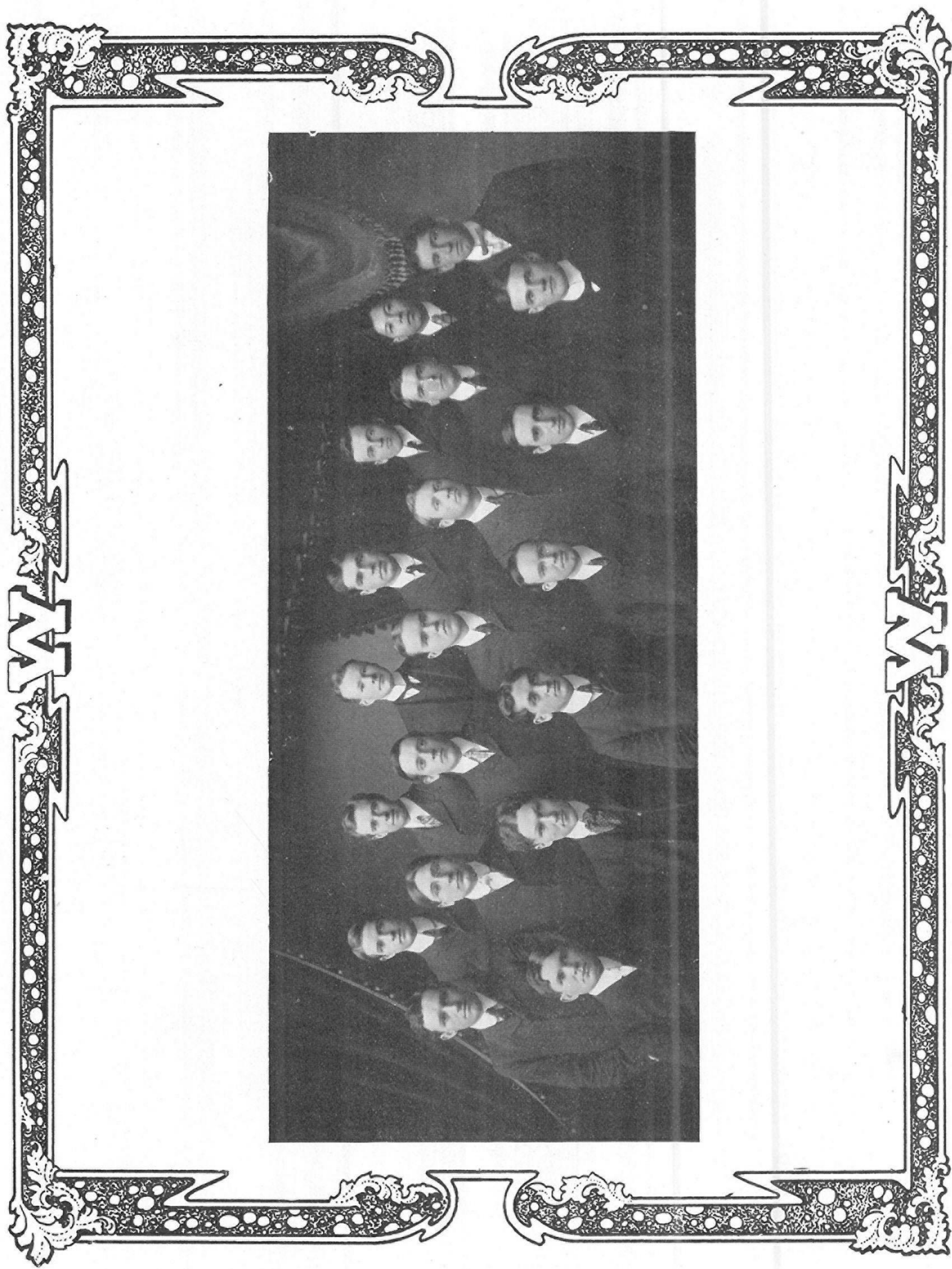
1905

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M. W. TAYLOR..... President.
E. J. DOYLE..... Vice-President.
BURTON LUM..... Secretary.
T. J. L. KENNEDY..... Sergeant-at-Arms.
PROF. A. R. PRIEST..... Critic.

MEMBERS.

C. A. HALL.	H. M. NEVINS.
M. W. TAYLOR.	JAS. DOOTSON.
W. E. PARKER.	J. B. MITCHELL.
F. M. HANCOCK.	H. RICHARDSON.
A. E. GRAHAM.	W. D. GILLIS.
D. A. STAEGER.	T. J. L. KENNEDY.
BURTON LUM.	FRANK PATTERSON.
E. J. DOYLE.	B. A. LINDSAY.
O. MATHES.	T. E. McARDLE.
O. G. MARSH.	JOHN COLEMAN.
G. THACKER.	STANLEY GRIFFITHS.
E. J. HABERER.	E. B. NEWTON.
C. B. PARMELEE.	H. E. GASTON.



THE BADGER DEBATING CLUB



The Badger Debating Club was organized through the efforts of Prof. A. R. Priest in the fall of the year 1900.

The aim of the club as set forth in its constitution is "to develop ability in debate, to obtain knowledge of public questions and skill in parliamentary practice." With the purpose to honor their University as well as to improve themselves, the members of the club set to work in earnest. As a result of three and a half years of successful labor, the club points to thirteen places on intercollegiate teams held by such men as Daniel Millet, '01 (W. A. C. team, '00, and Stanford team, '01); Howard A. Hanson, '03 (P. H. S. team, '00, U. of I. team, '01, and Stanford team, '02); William Tell Laube, '02 (W. G. C. team, '00, U. of O. team, '01, and Stanford team, '02); H. Clare Jackson, '05 (Stanford team, '03, and U. of I. team, '04); Ralph Pierce, '04 Law (Stanford team, '03, and U. of I. team, '04); John R. Slatery, '04 (U. of I. team, '03); Robert McGlinn, '05 (U. of O. team, '03); and Lester Sweet, '05 (U. of O. team, '03). This year two Badgers represent the 'Varsity.

For two years the Badgers swayed the intercollegiate forum of the Northwest, when, in 1902, William T. Laube won the Interstate Oratorical Contest, and when, in 1903, Ross Carpenter brought back the victory.

In the fall of 1900 the Badger Debating Club met and defeated its rival. Following this debate, two others were arranged for, subjects and sides chosen, but the rival club lost both by default. In the fall of 1903 we were met and defeated by the Stevens Club, which in its turn was defeated by the Athena Debating Club.

Enthusiasm has always characterized the Badger Debating Club, and it is still a marked feature of our club life. To be a Badger means something to a debater; it means co-operation with a body of earnest, hard working students, striving for ability in debate, knowledge of public questions and practical skill in parliamentary usage, and for the oratorical supremacy of the University of Washington.

This year the club has been under the supervision of Prof. A. R. Priest as a one-credit course. The club meets weekly, and each meeting is made instructive and interesting and helpful by debates and impromptu speeches.

TYEE
1905

The Badger Debating Club.

OFFICERS—FIRST SEMESTRE.

President.....CARL S. ZOOK.
Vice-President.....F. V. TAYLOR.
Secretary.....G. C. RANDALL.
Treasurer.....FRANK KITTREDGE.

OFFICERS—SECOND SEMESTRE.

President.....AYLETT N. JOHNSON.
Vice-President.....ARDYS B. CUNNINGHAM.
Secretary.....J. A. WHITFIELD.
Treasurer.....PERCY DEARLE.

The Badger Debating Club.

TYEE

1905

MEMBERS.

A. B. CUNNINGHAM.

PERCY DEARLE.

JOE GRIFFIN.

FRED W. HASTINGS.

ARTHUR A. HOOVER.

ROBERT IRWIN.

H. CLARE JACKSON.

SIDNEY T. JAMES.

AYLETT N. JOHNSON.

FRANK KITTREDGE.

NORMAN LAWSON.

GLENN METSKER.

YASHITARO NAKIMURA.

L. G. RAILSBACK.

GEO. C. RANDALL.

C. F. SIGRIST.

JOHN R. SLATTERY.

LESTER SWEET.

F. V. TAYLOR.

A. ROY TERPENING.

R. W. THOMPSON.

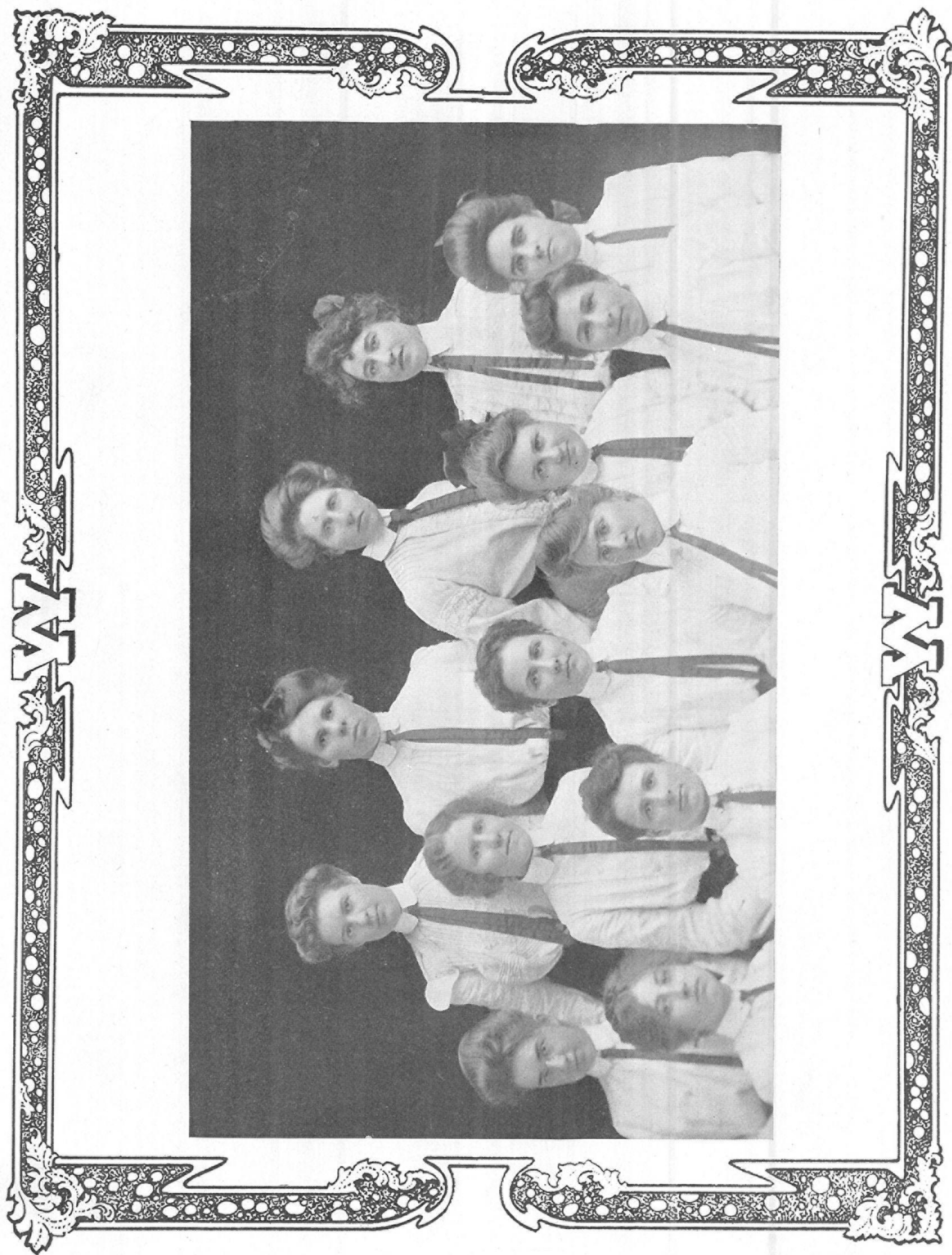
HARLAN TRUMBULL.

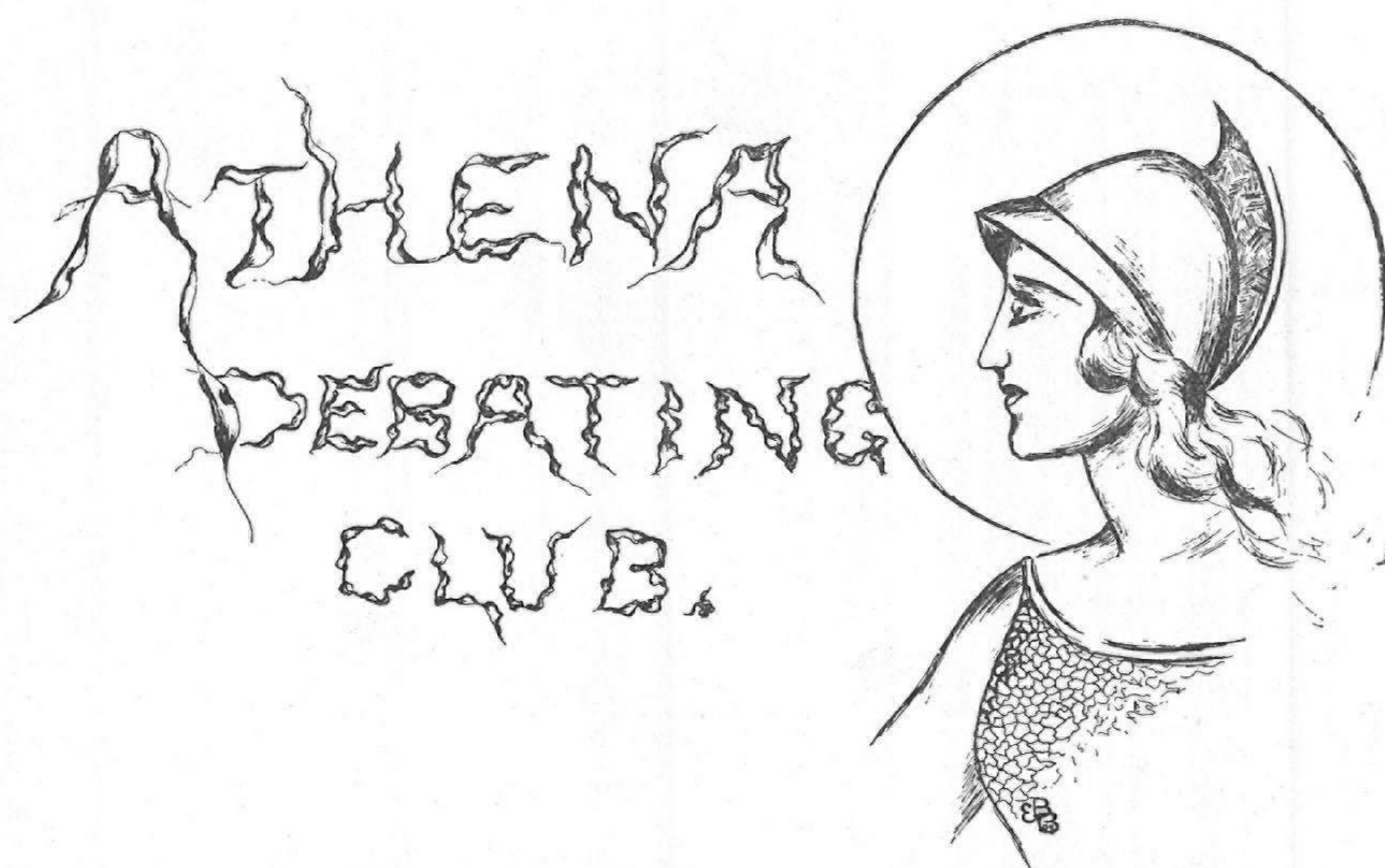
CHAUNCEY WERNECKE.

J. A. WHITFIELD.

CARL S. ZOOK.

*Yell: Rah, Rah, Rah,
Rah, Rah, Rum-rum,
Badger, Badger,
Skookum Tumtum*





The Athena Debating Club, which bears the name of the Greek Goddess of Wisdom and of War, is an organization of young women which has within the last year won for itself a place in the debating circles of the University. It offers to its members the advantage of regular and systematic practice in the art of debate. The work of the club is directed by Prof. Priest, and is fast attaining a high standard of excellence. Active membership is limited to twelve. Members of the club enter the regular debate tryout. The Athena who secured a place on one of the intercollegiate debating teams of the University for the season of 1903 was the first young woman in the history of the school to attain such distinction. The two men's debating clubs have in the past competed annually for the interclub championship, and have thought much of winning it. This year, after the Stevens had defeated the Badgers, the Athenas challenged the Stevens to an interclub debate. The challenge was accepted, and a team composed of Misses Allmond, Heyes and Buland was sent against the same Stevens team that had met the Badgers. As a result, the Athenas are in proud possession of the interclub championship pennant.

TYEE
1905

Athena Debating Club.

Colors, White and Gold.

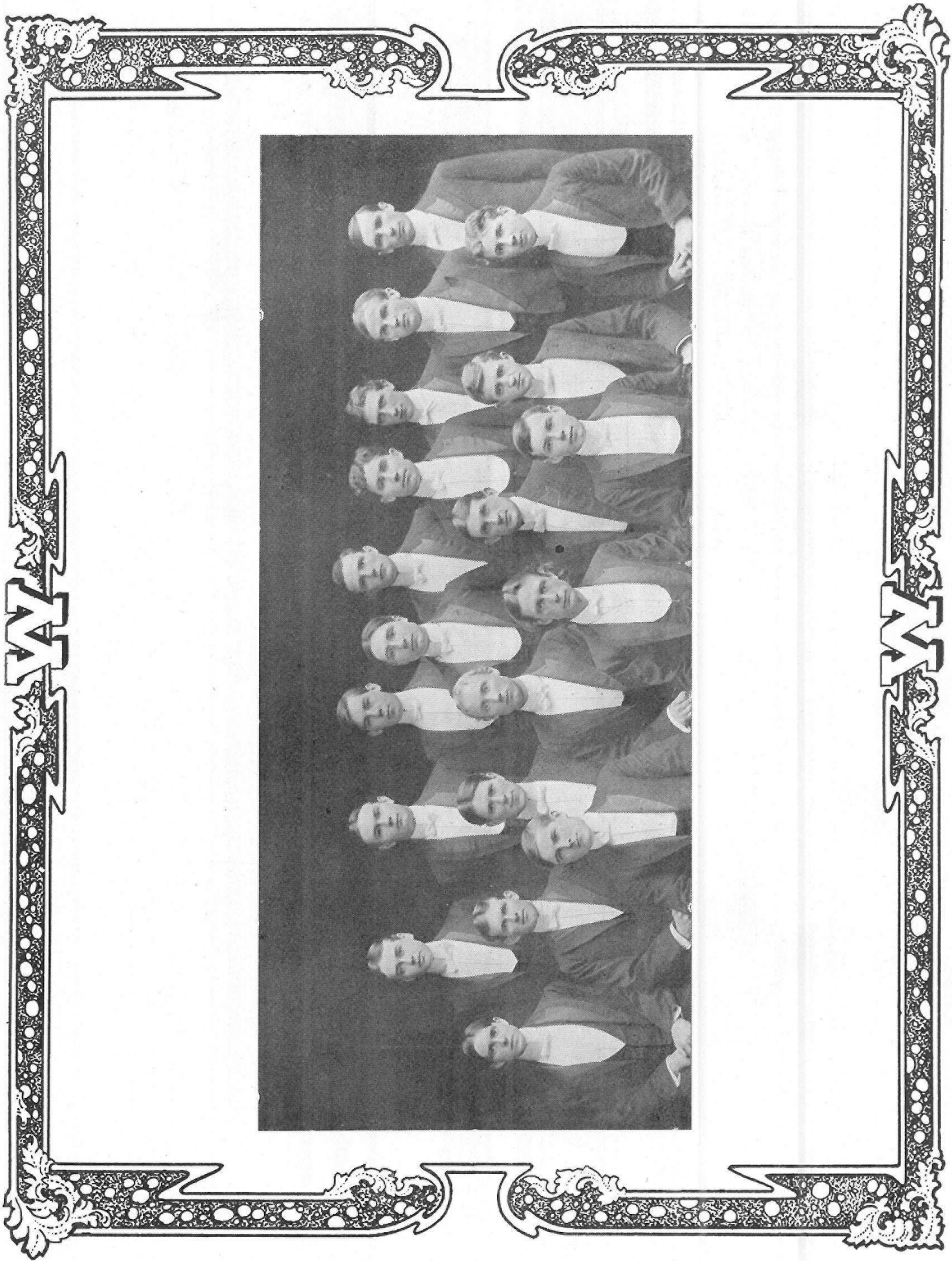
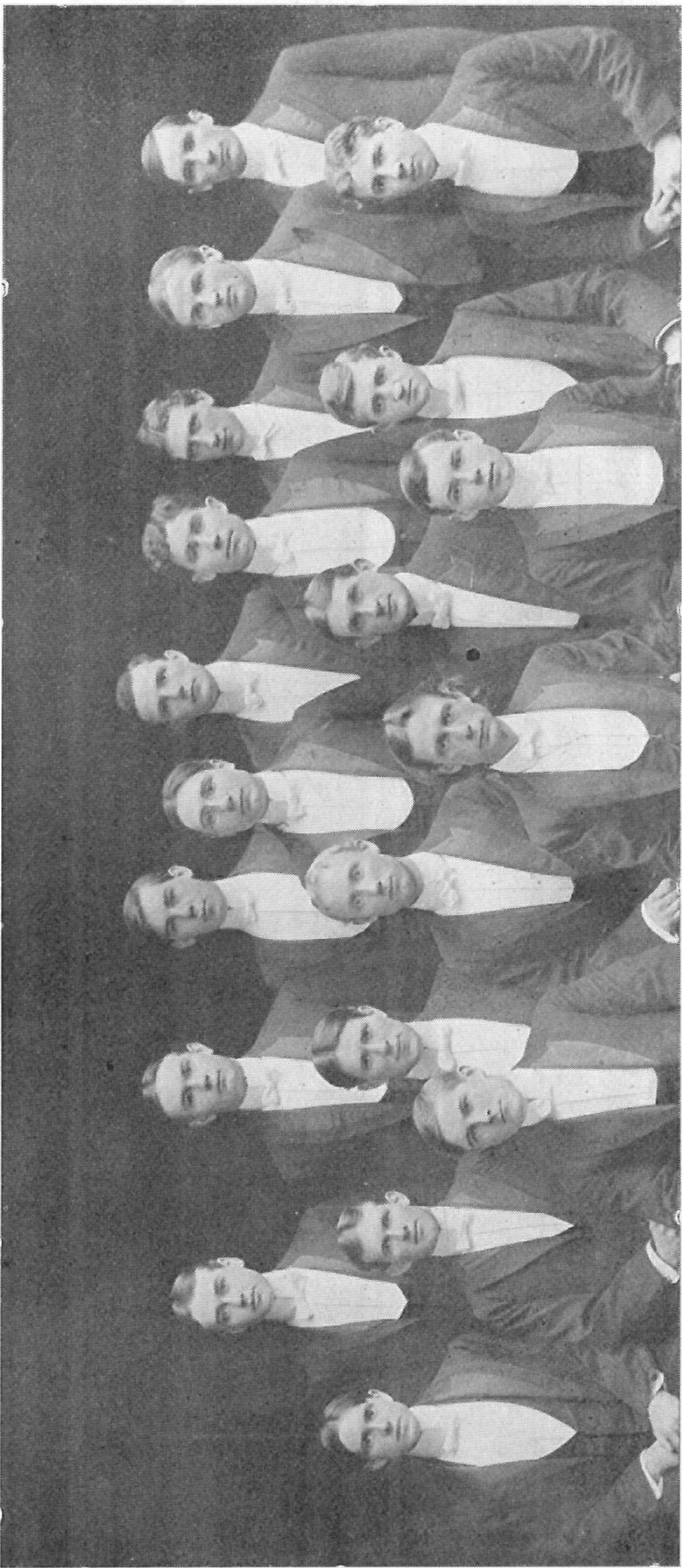
OFFICERS.

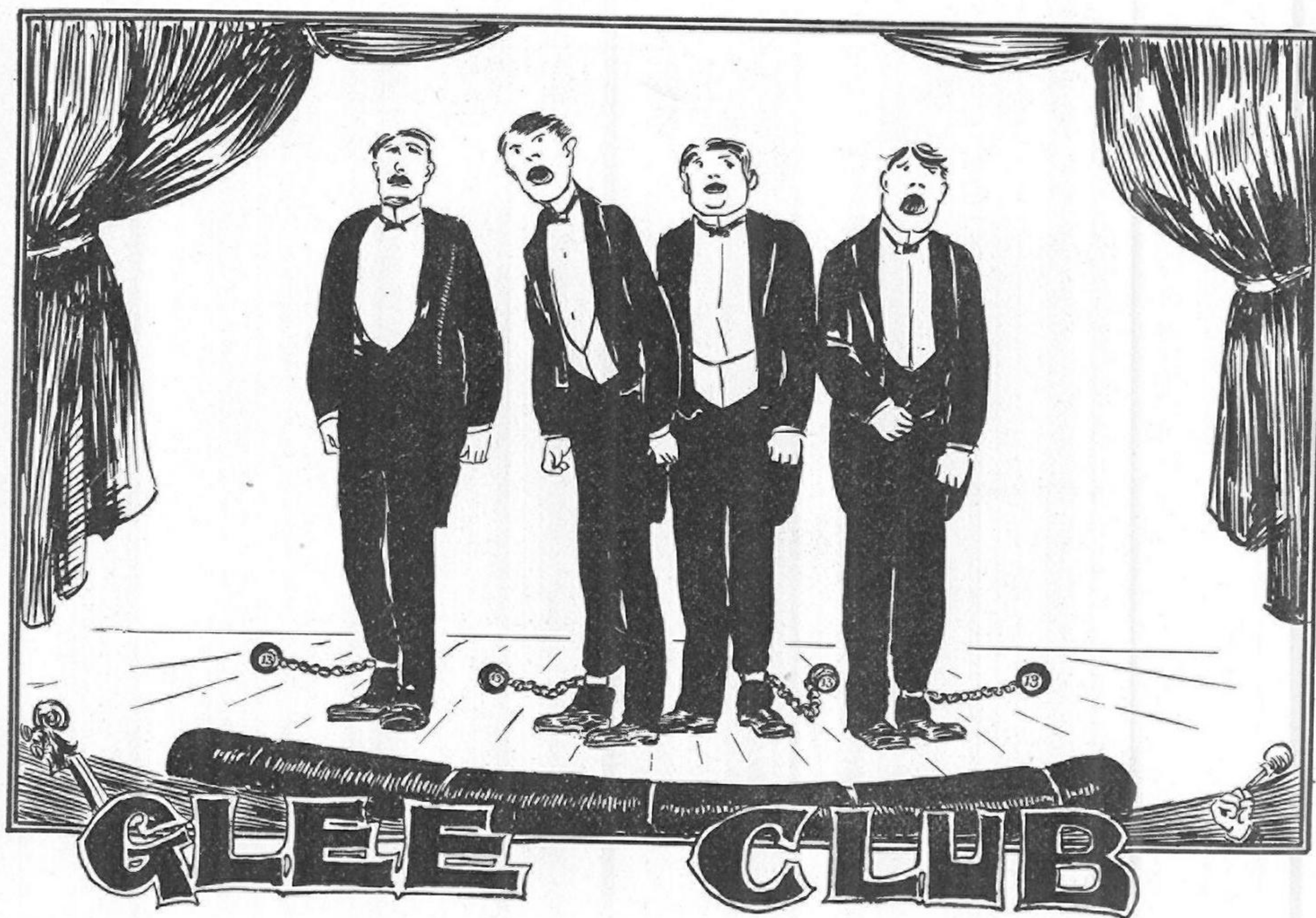
President.....MABEL BULAND.
Vice-President.....ROSE GLASS.
Secretary-Treasurer.....MARY G. O'MEARA.
Reporter.....ELEANOR BLODGETT.

MEMBERS.

ELEANOR BLODGETT.	ELSIE DAKIN.
MARY T. O'MEARA.	KATHERINE PENDLETON.
MABEL BULAND.	JULIA UNDERWOOD.
ANNA COREY.	BERTHA FREYD.
ROSE GLASS.	HERMIA SHERMAN.
MARGARET HEYES.	EMMA SCHOLES.
HELEN ALLMOND.	ROZETTA PROFFITT.







ALBERT GALE Director
 RALPH M. VAN DORN..... Manager

First Tenors.

D. E. TWITCHELL. F. W. WILT. ROY KINNEAR.

Second Tenors.

C. PARMELEE. A. A. HOOVER. R. VAN DORN. H. LEISER.

First Bassos.

M. BENNETT. G. W. MILLETT. F. REASONER. L. BRAWLEY.

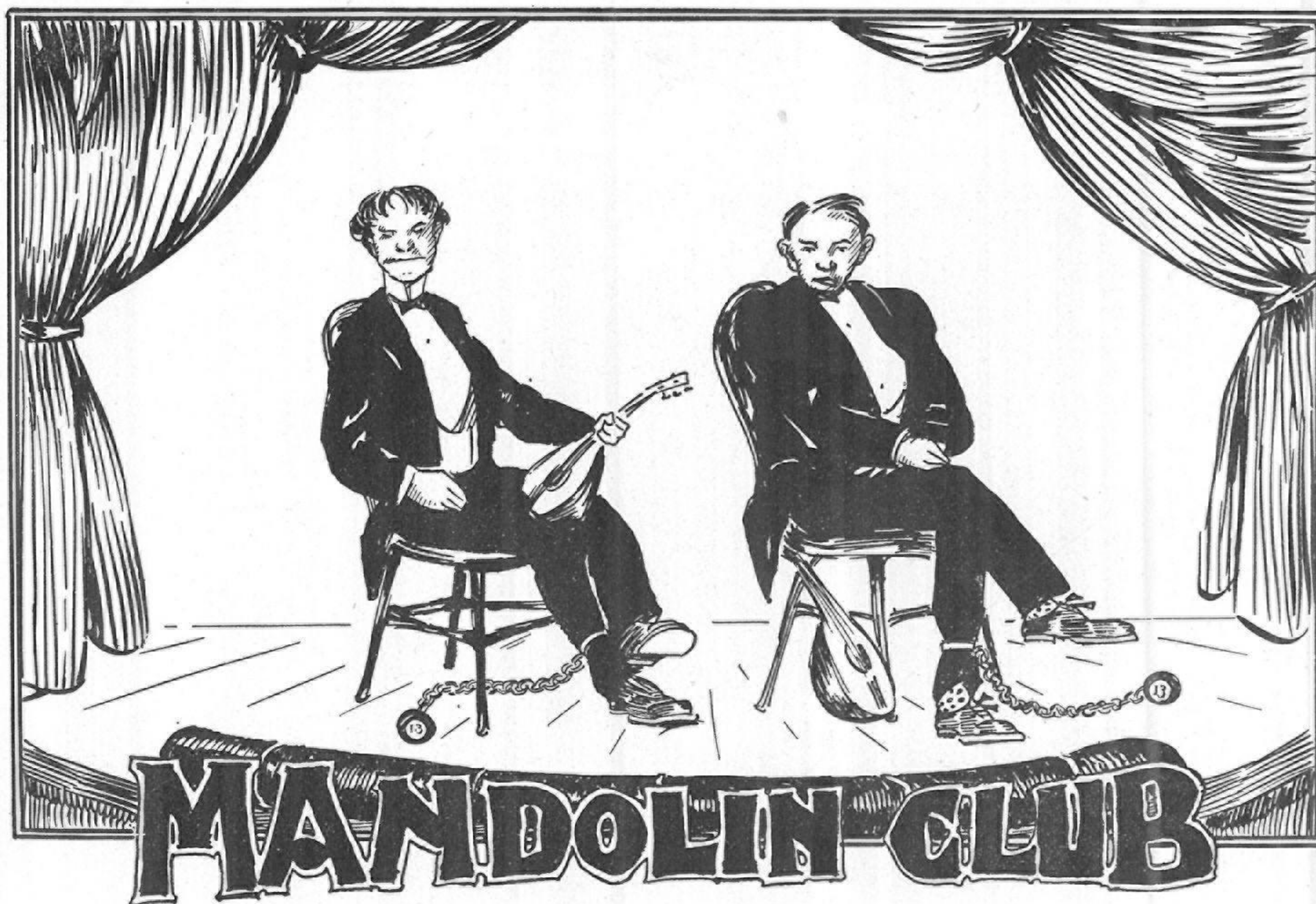
Second Bassos.

H. KENNEDY. W. W. PHILLIPS. D. EASON. G. WILKINSON.

Stunt Men.

PARMELEE and LUM.





THOMAS MURDOCH Director

RALPH VAN DORN Manager

W. E. ROWELL.

D. H. DALBY.

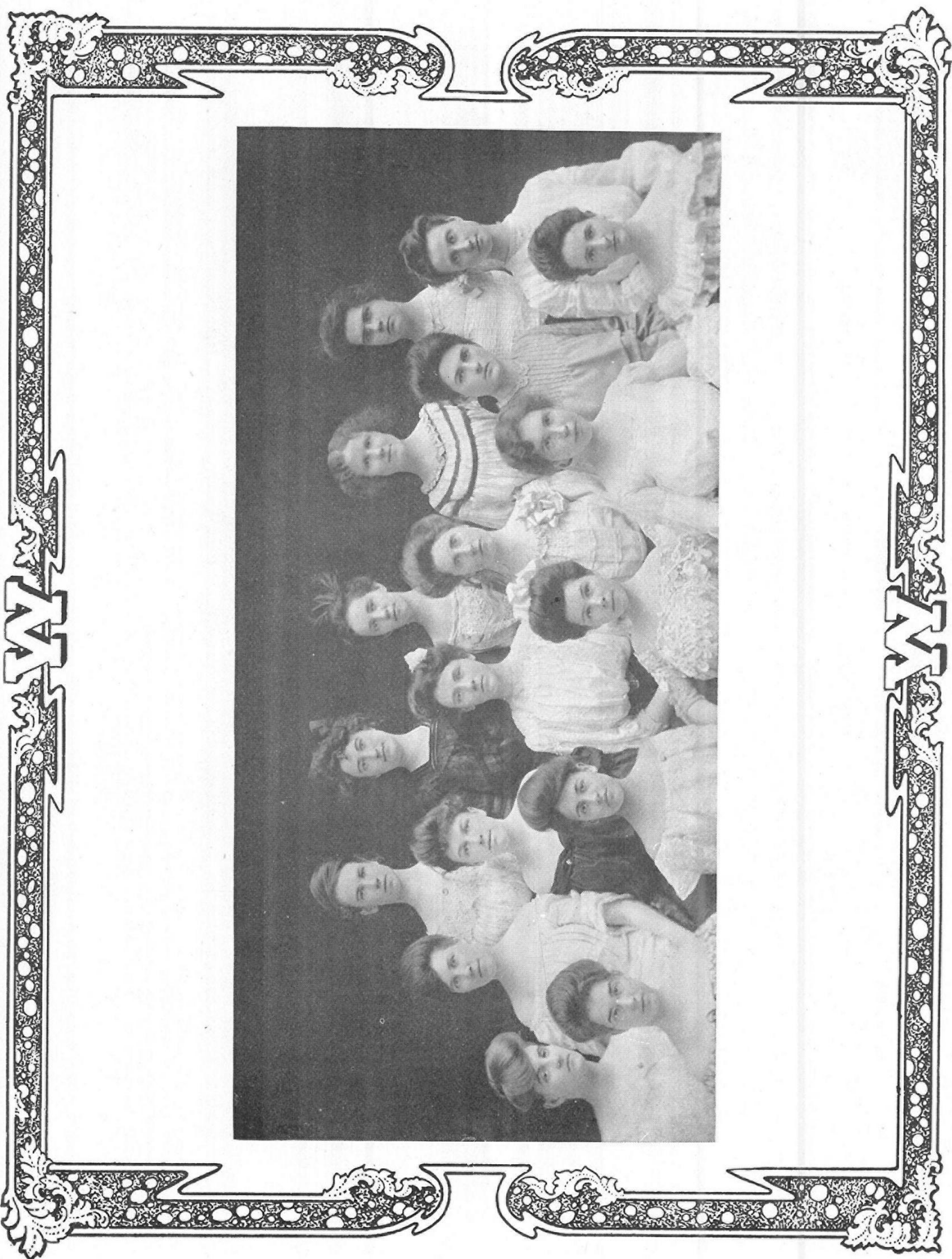
R. S. TRACY.

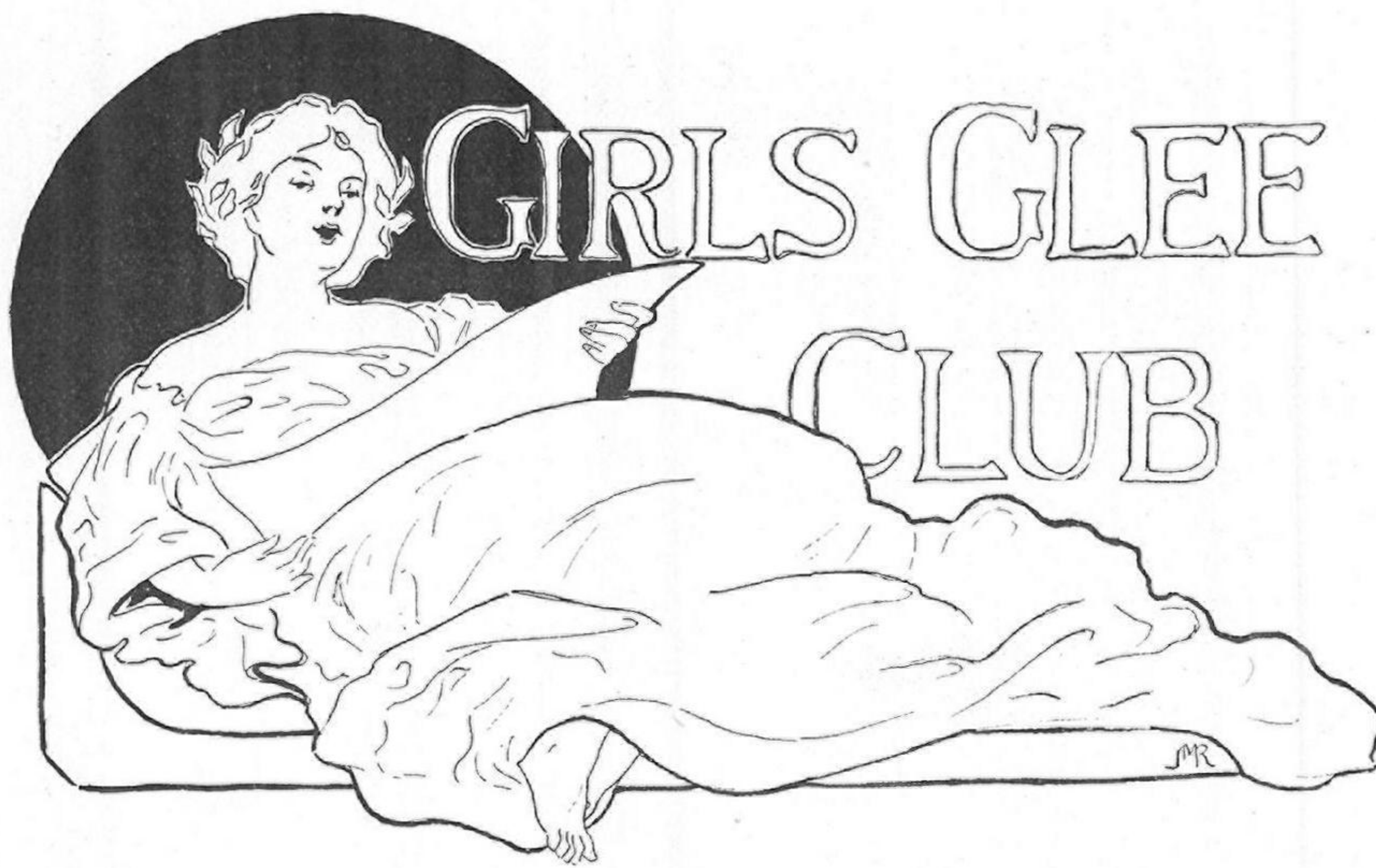
G. SOHNS.

R. COX.

E. DAY.

H. G. STROUP.





The Girls' Glee Club has come to be a distinct feature of our University life. It has grown out of the need for some expression of the musical side of a college girl's nature, and, since its organization, has done much to satisfy these cravings for musical activity. For the girl whose time is largely occupied with the study of books and the digesting of lectures, glee club work is truly a recreation.

Originally the club was an independent organization, but late in the year of 1903 it was recognized as a regular University institution and became formally identified with the A. S. U. W. activities. The season, which closed with a concert in Denny Hall on May 8th, 1903, was a successful one in every sense of the word, and as a result the club was able to bestow a substantial favor upon the A. S. U. W. treasury. Throughout the season the club was under the skillful leadership of Miss Ella Margaret Helm, and the wise management of Miss Jessie Ludden, while Miss Norma Ronald acted as accompanist.

Early in the first semester of the present college year a chorus of more than thirty voices was organized, which has carried forward its musical study under the efficient leadership of Mrs. Martha Brockway Gale, who has been well supported by the excellent accompanying of Mrs. Douglas Ross. The club gave three numbers at the Christmas musicale, and will appear in regular concert work just after the Easter holidays. Those who will appear in concert are Misses Crahan, Kaufman, Blodgett, Scatcherd, Glass, Underwood, Pendleton, Brown, Smith, Proffit, Hunt, Talbot, Gaston, Brewer, Olney, Willis, Crouch, Lucas, Johnstone and Georgeson.

TYEE
1905

Girls' Glee Club.

First Sopranos.

MAY CRAHAN, '06.
BESS KAUFMAN, '07.
CHARLOTTE BLODGETT, '02.
ELEANOR SCATCHERD, '05.
ROSE GLASS, '04.
ANNA TRUMBULL, '06.
MARGARITA SINCLAIR, '07.
MARIAN BLETHEN, '05.
HEBE BYERS, '05.
GRACE HUNTOON, '05.
MADGE WILKINSON, '07.

Second Sopranos.

JULIA UNDERWOOD, '07.
KATHERINE PENDLETON, '07.
ETHEL BROWN, '05.
ELIZABETH HANCOCK, '04.
PHENE SMITH, '04.
ROZETTA PROFFITT, '07.

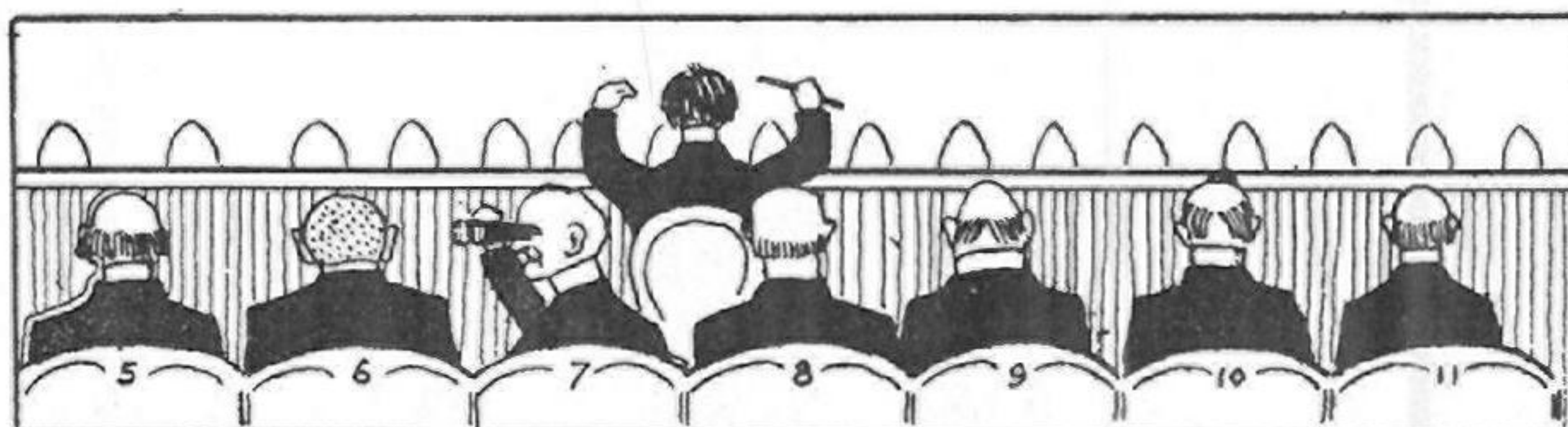
First Altos.

ETHEL HUNT, '05.
NELLIE TALBOT, '06.
MARY GASTON, '07.
NELLIE BREWER, '04.
PANSY OLNEY, '07.
FLORENCE SHERRICK, '04.
BESS MEADE, '07.
ELSIE BIEGERT, '06.

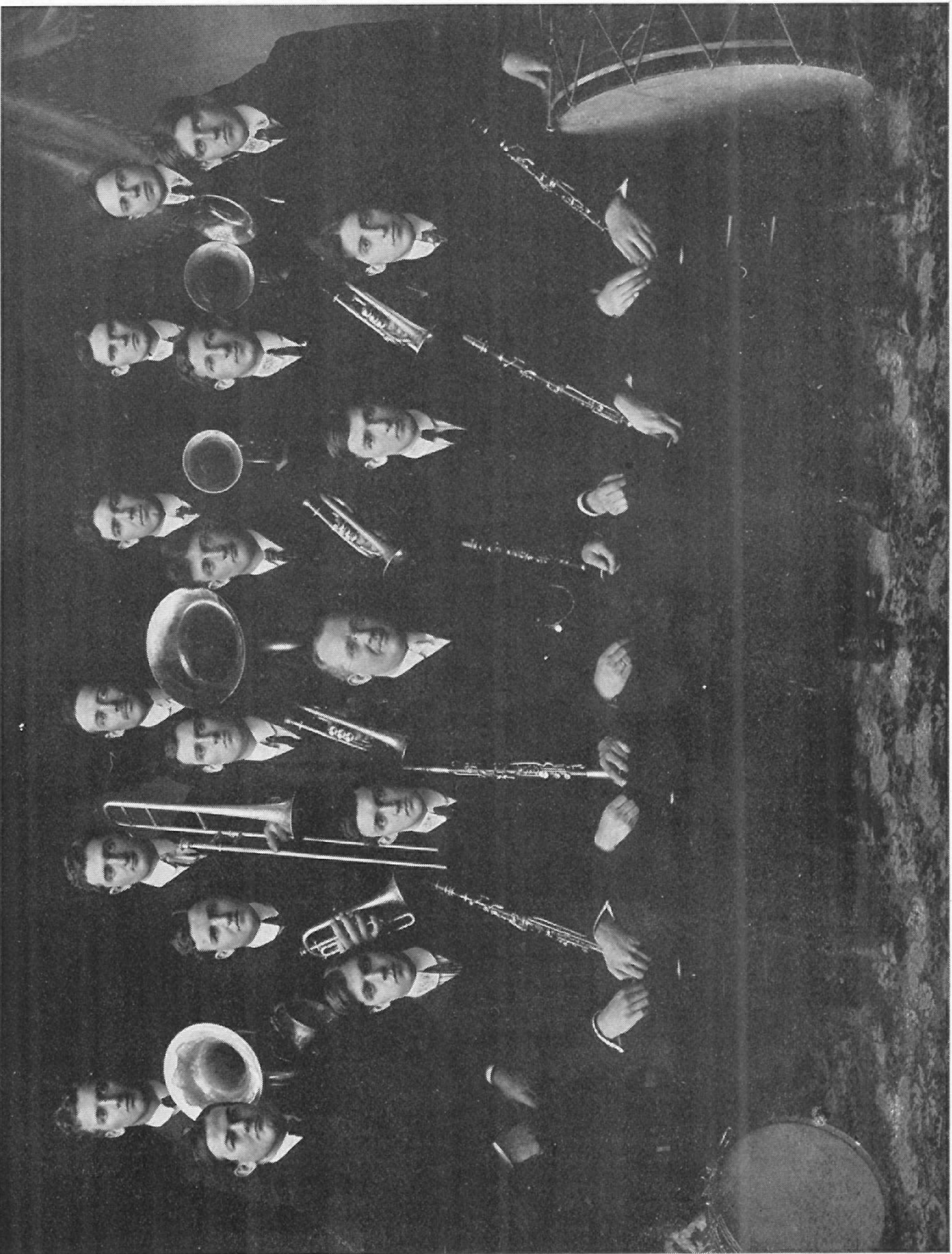
Second Altos.

AGNES WILLIS, '06.
CATHERINE CROUCH, '04.
MAMIE LUCAS, '07.
DAGMAR GEORGESON, '07.
HARRIET JOHNSTONE, '07.
MARY HOULAHAN, '06.

MRS. MARTHA BROCKWAY GALE.....Leader
MRS. DOUGLAS ROSSAccompanist
MISS ROSE GLASSManager







BAND

TYEE

1905



OWEN CRIM, Leader.

DEAN, First Clarionet.

SEILER, Second Clarionet.

BURKE, Third Clarionet.

STAEGER, Fourth Clarionet.

THACKER, Solo Cornet.

STRAUSS, First Cornet.

HOOVER, Second Cornet.

DUNBAR, First Alto.

SHERRILL, Second Alto.

BELL, Third Alto.

L. CRIM, First Trombone.

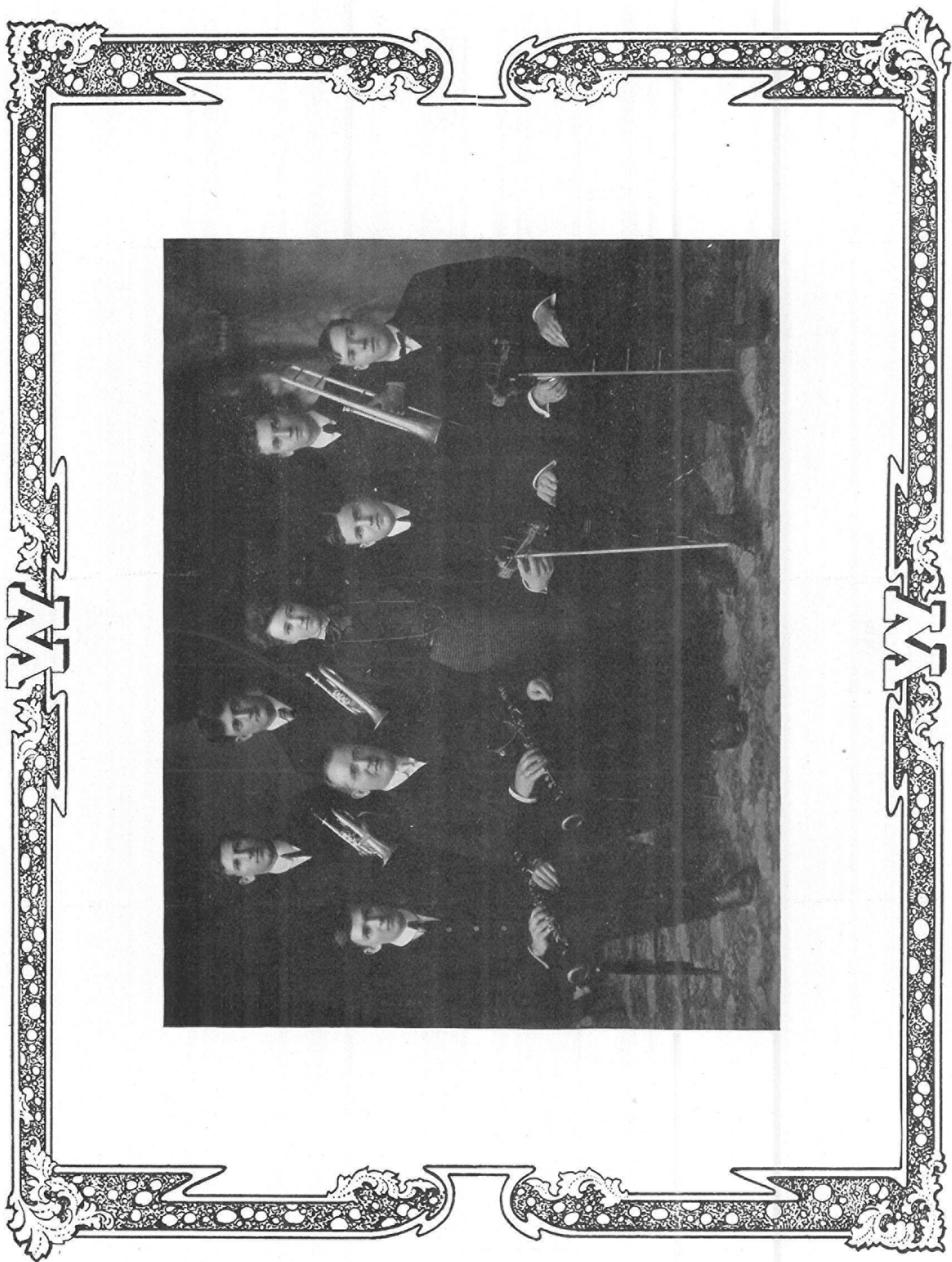
A. BARTON, Second Trombone.

GUSTAFSEN, Third Trombone.

TROUT, Baritone.

O'BRIEN, Bass Drum.

TERPENING, Snare Drum.



Orchestra

TYEE
1905



DAVE DALBY, First Violin.

W. HOOVER, Second Violin.

ERNEST MEIER, First Clarinet.

GEORGE SEILER, Second Clarinet.

ALFRED STRAUSS, First Cornet, Manager.

OWEN CRIM, Second Cornet.

F. V. TROUT, Trombone.

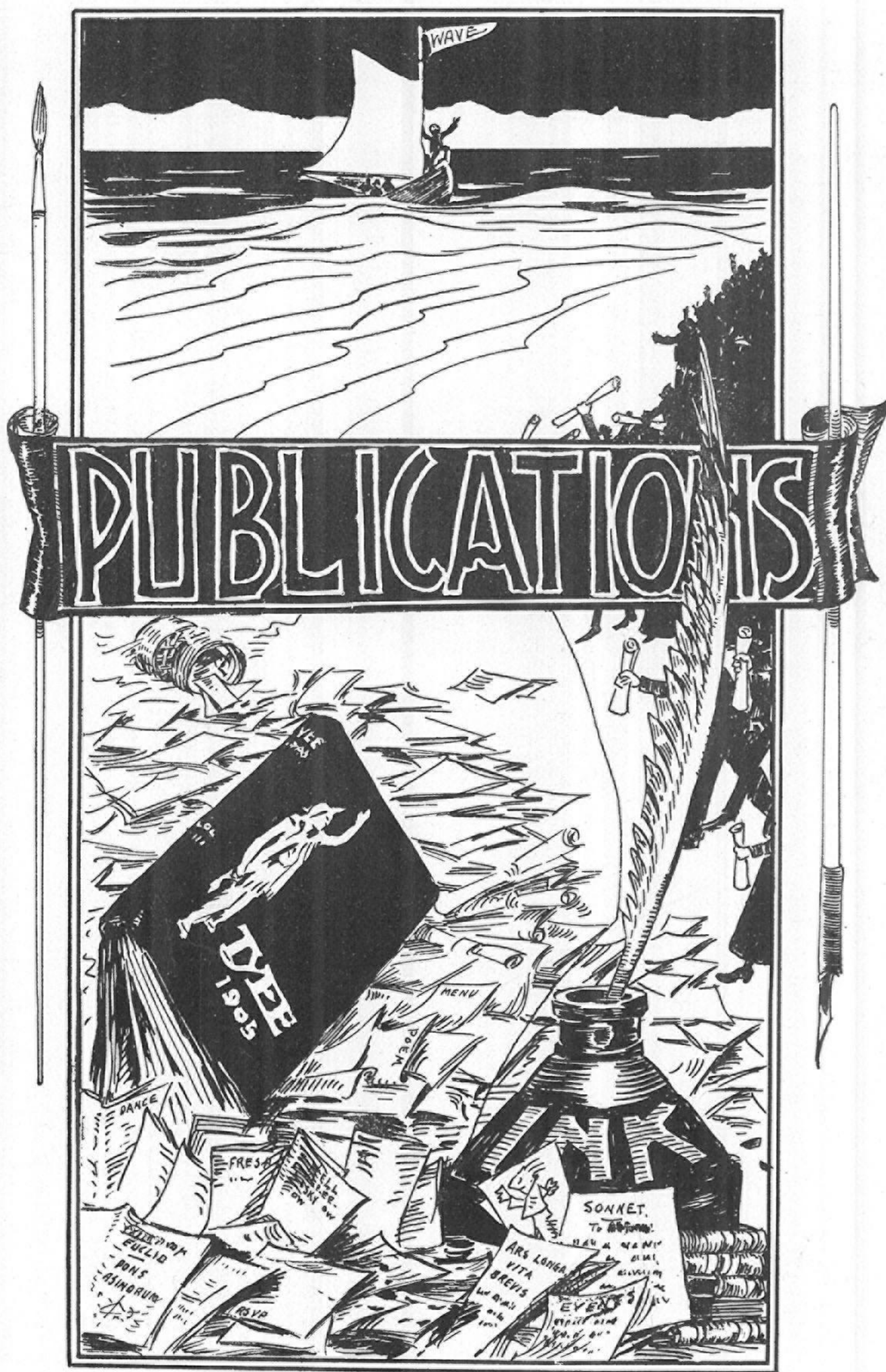
MISS AMY WHEELER, Piano.

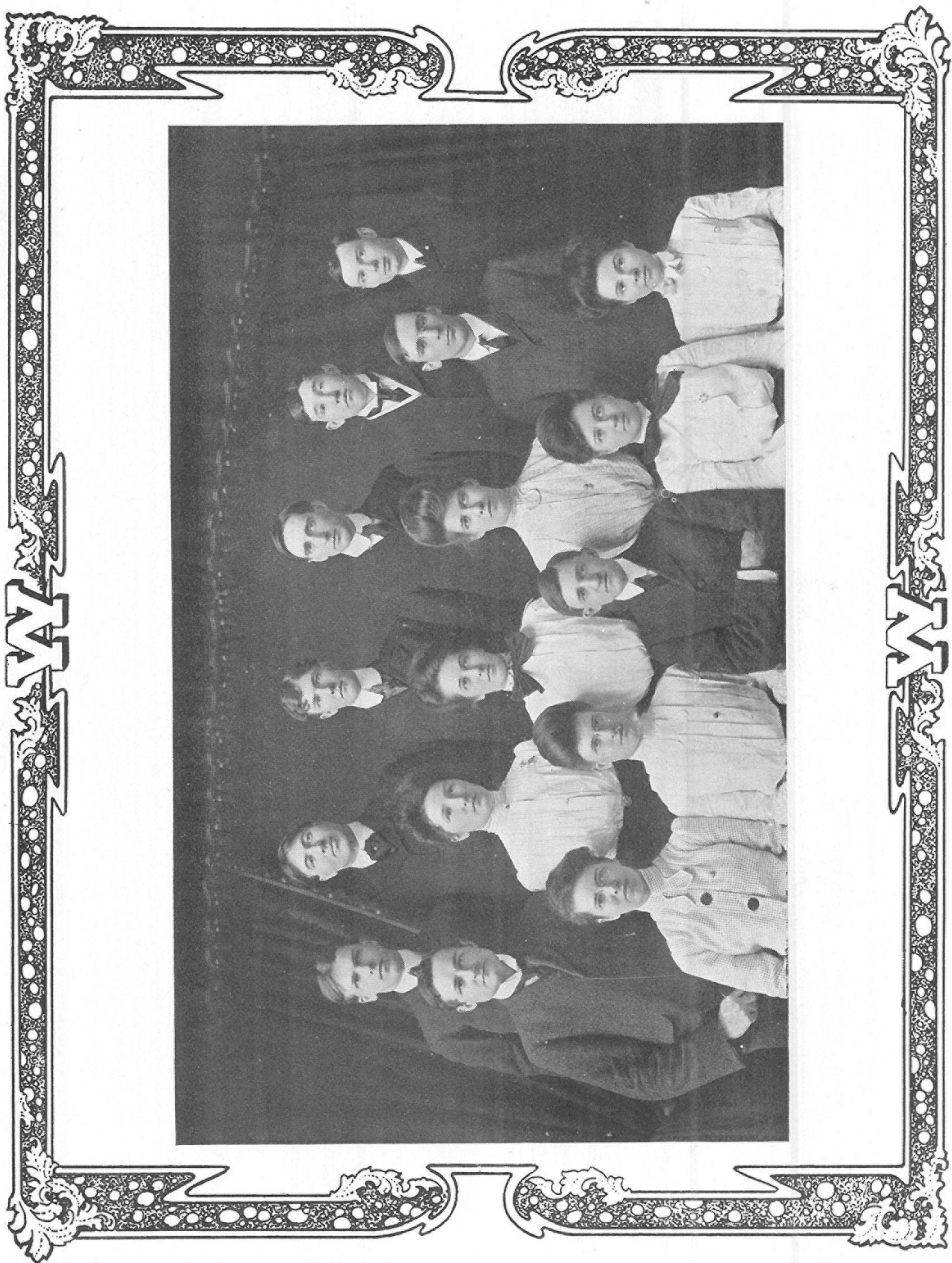


Department of Music.

For the first time in the history of the University a department of music has been created. This has been a long-felt want, and while music is not offered as a regular branch of the curriculum, still those who wish to develop the musical side of their nature may do so. The Board of Regents last fall appointed Albert Gale musical director. Mr. Gale came with a most enviable reputation. He is in every sense of the word a musician, being both a composer and a performer. He received his musical education under Olheiser and other masters. Mr. Gale has had charge of the Men's Glee Club and many other student enterprises in which music played a part. With him are associated Mrs. Martha Brockway Gale and Mrs. Douglas Ross. Mrs. Gale is the possessor of a soprano voice of great sweetness and power. She is the director of the Girls' Glee Club, and their high degree of perfection is due to her ability as a teacher.

Mrs. Douglas Ross is a pianist of considerable reputation. She received her musical education in Europe.





1905 Tyee Staff.

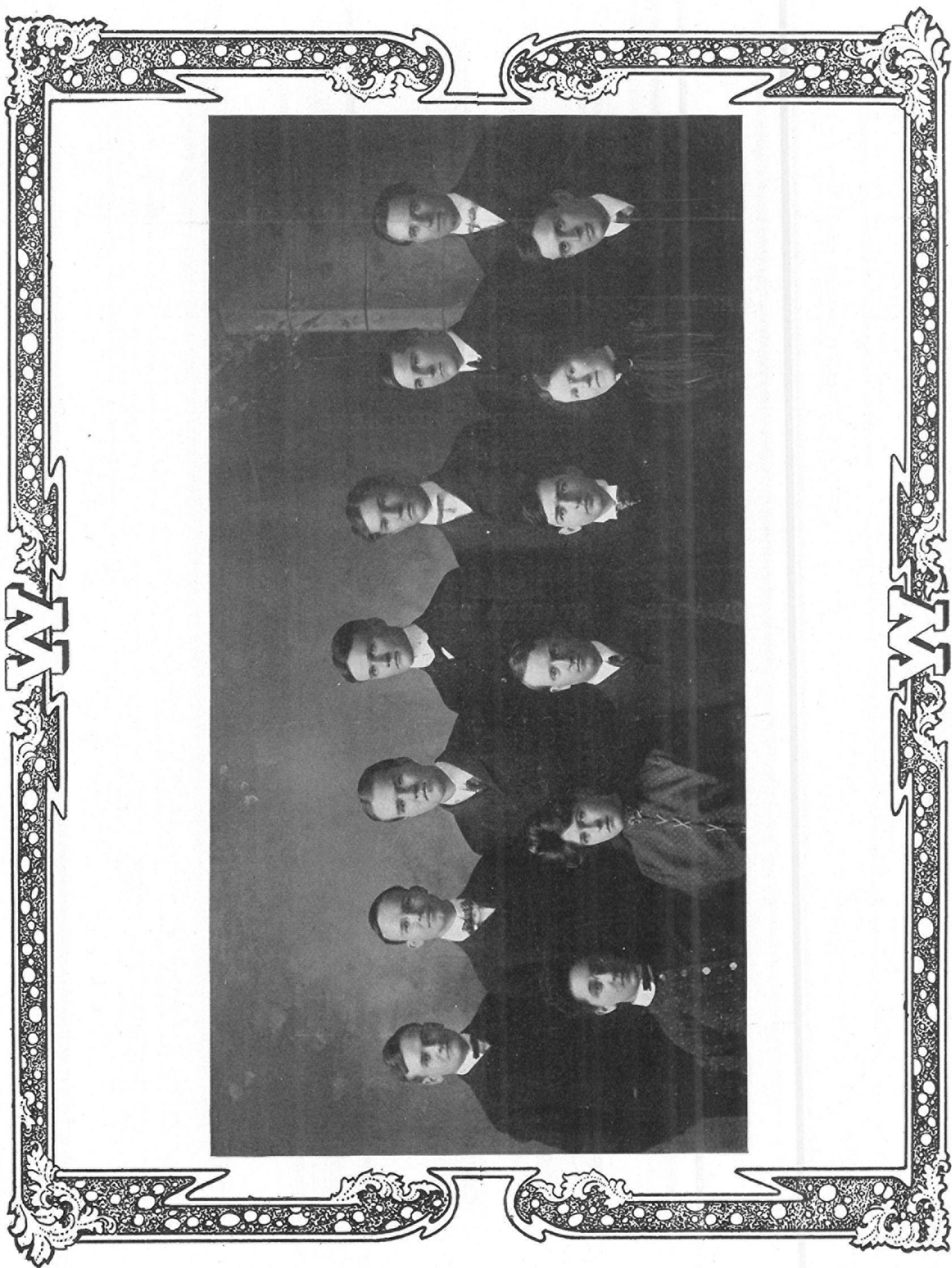
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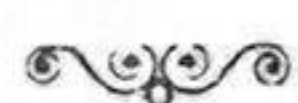
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HELEN WETZEL.	ELEANOR SCATCHERD.
FRED DOUGLAS.	H. CLARE JACKSON.
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KATHARINE EDWARDS.	STATIRA BIGGS.



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TYEE

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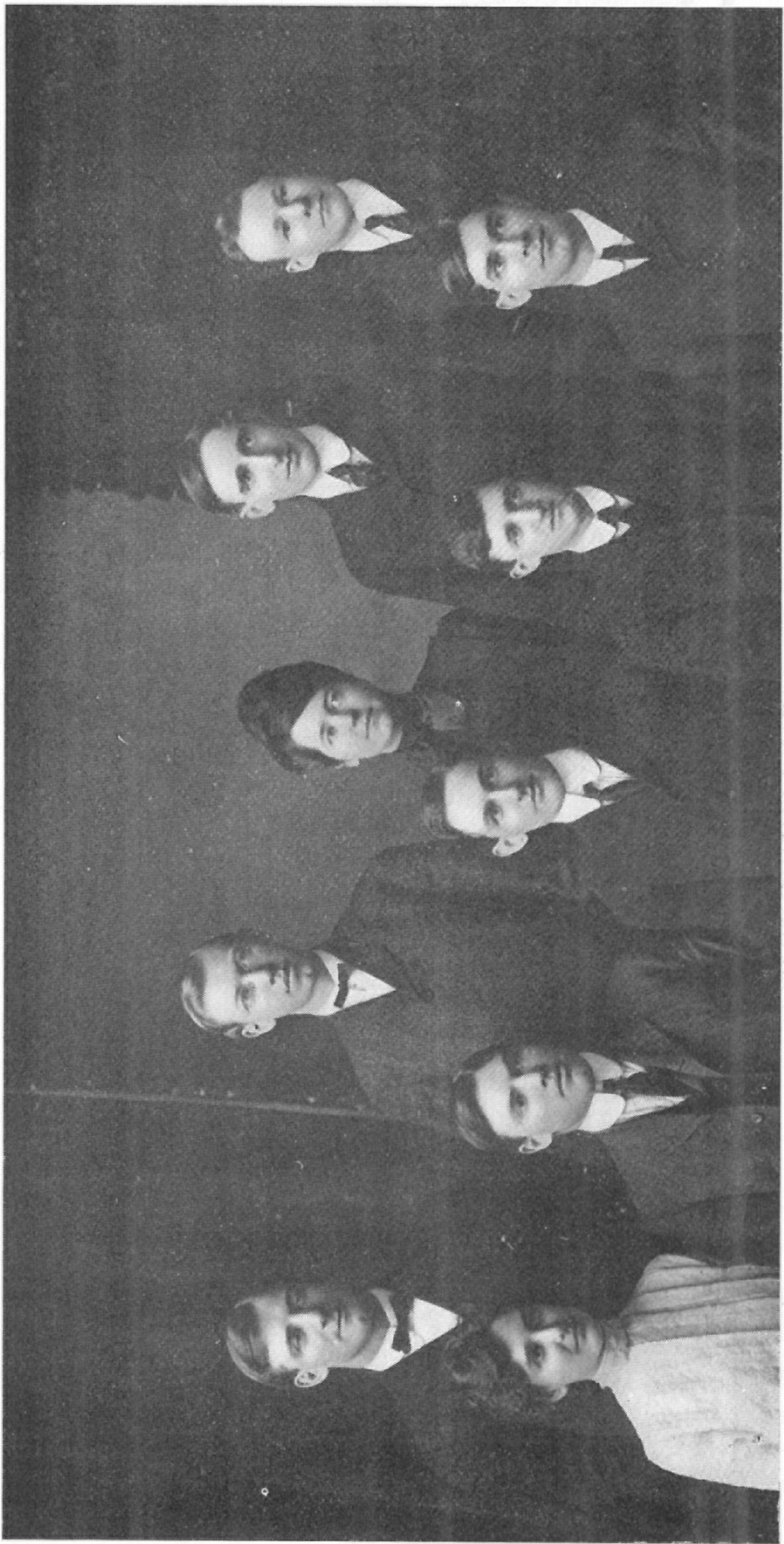
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A. M. SINCLAIR.

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Vice-PresidentG. C. RANDALL.

SecretaryJESSE LUDEN.

Alumni Representatives.

H. A. HANSEN.

DONALD McDONALD.

Senior Rep.

LENA TUCKER.

W. C. SPEIDEL.

Junior Rep.

H. C. JACKSON.

R. E. McGLINN.

Sophomore Rep.

L. W. SCHERER.

C. W. HALL.

TYEE
1905

University Book Store.

RALPH M. PIERCE, Manager.

BOOK STORE COMMITTEE.

AYLETTE JOHNSON.

ELMER C. GREEN.

W. R. HILL.

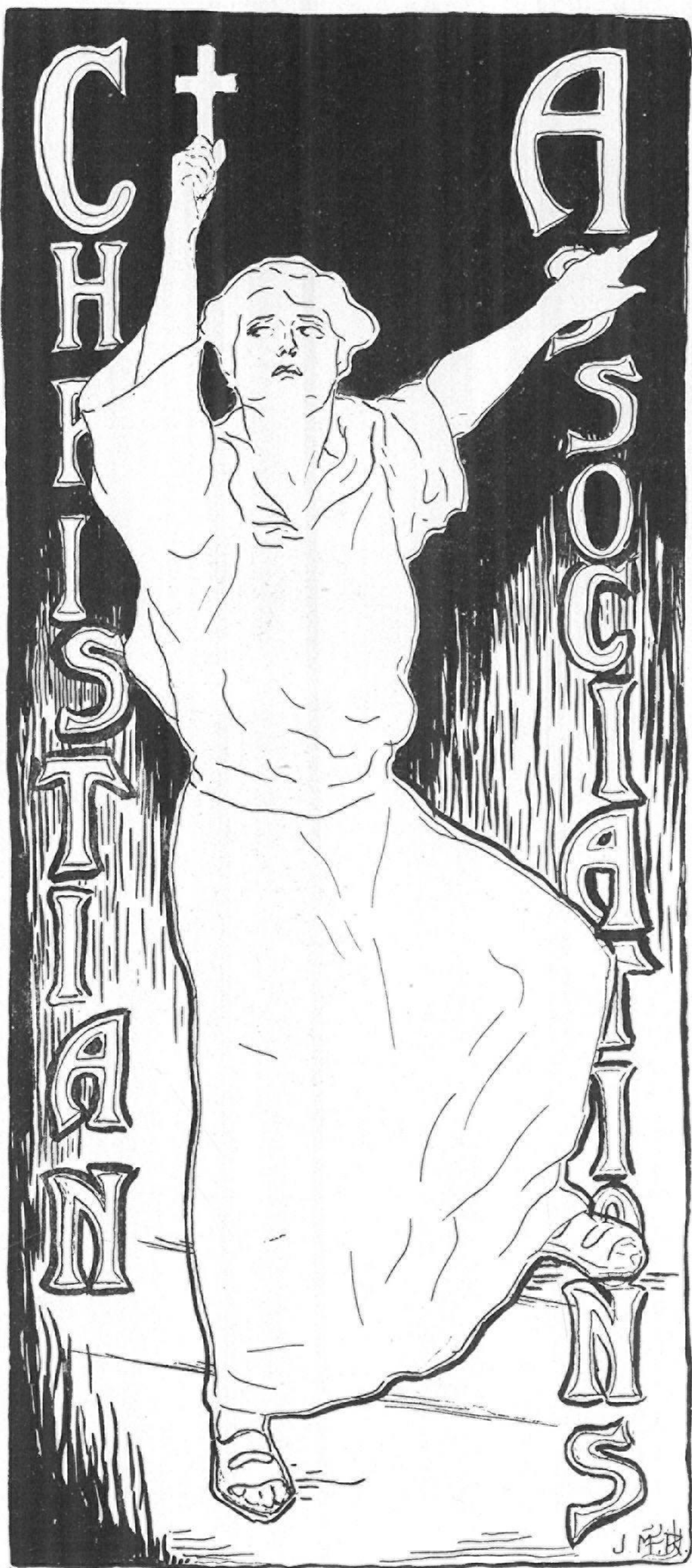


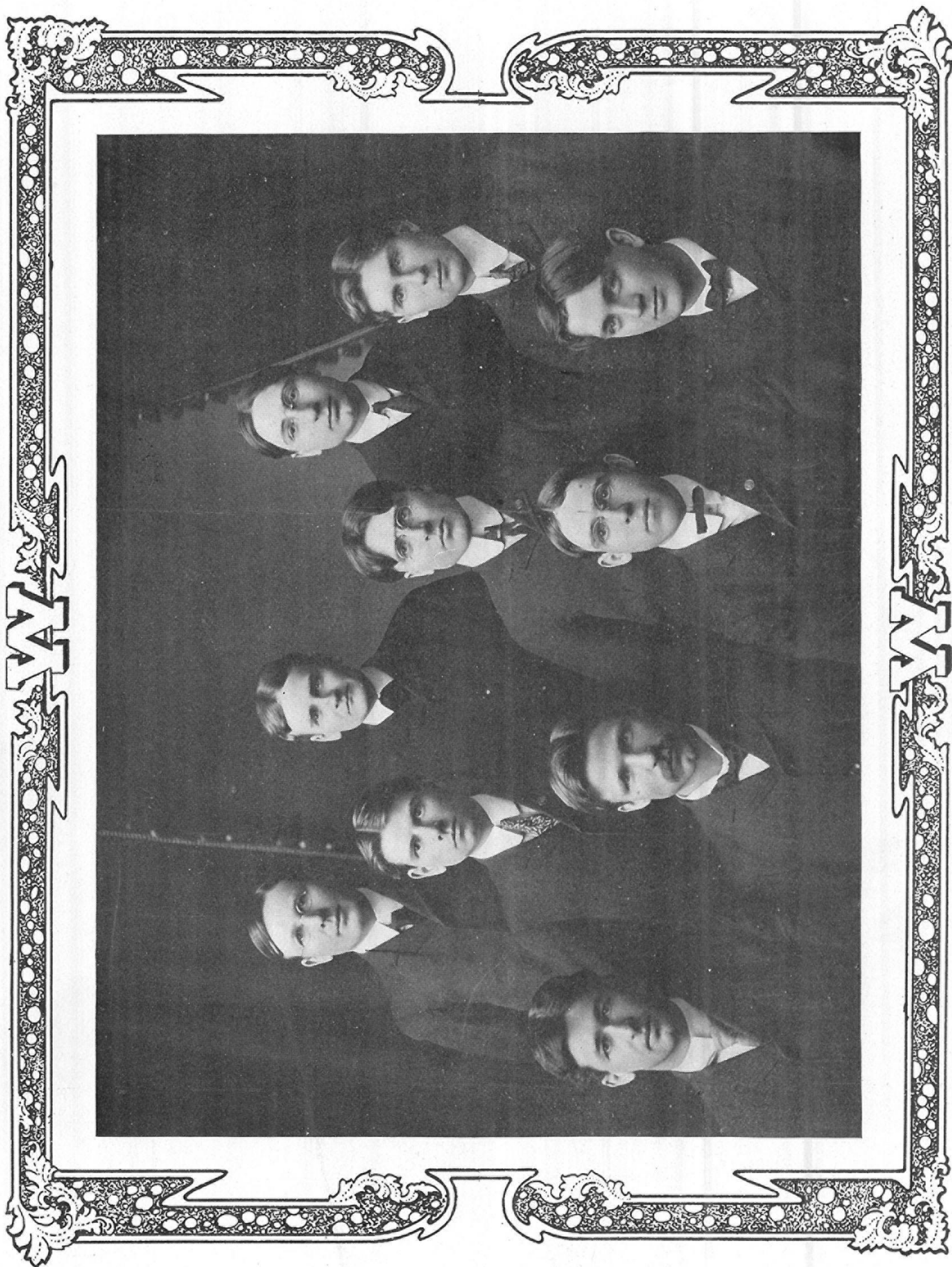
ROOTERS' CLUB.

This year the Rooters' Club, which had hitherto existed as an independent organization, was brought under the charge of the Associated Students and recognized as a student enterprise. The change has been for the better, the athletic teams receiving much more enthusiastic and united support than in years past. The chief rooter and manager are elected by the Associated Students and are responsible to the Executive Committee.

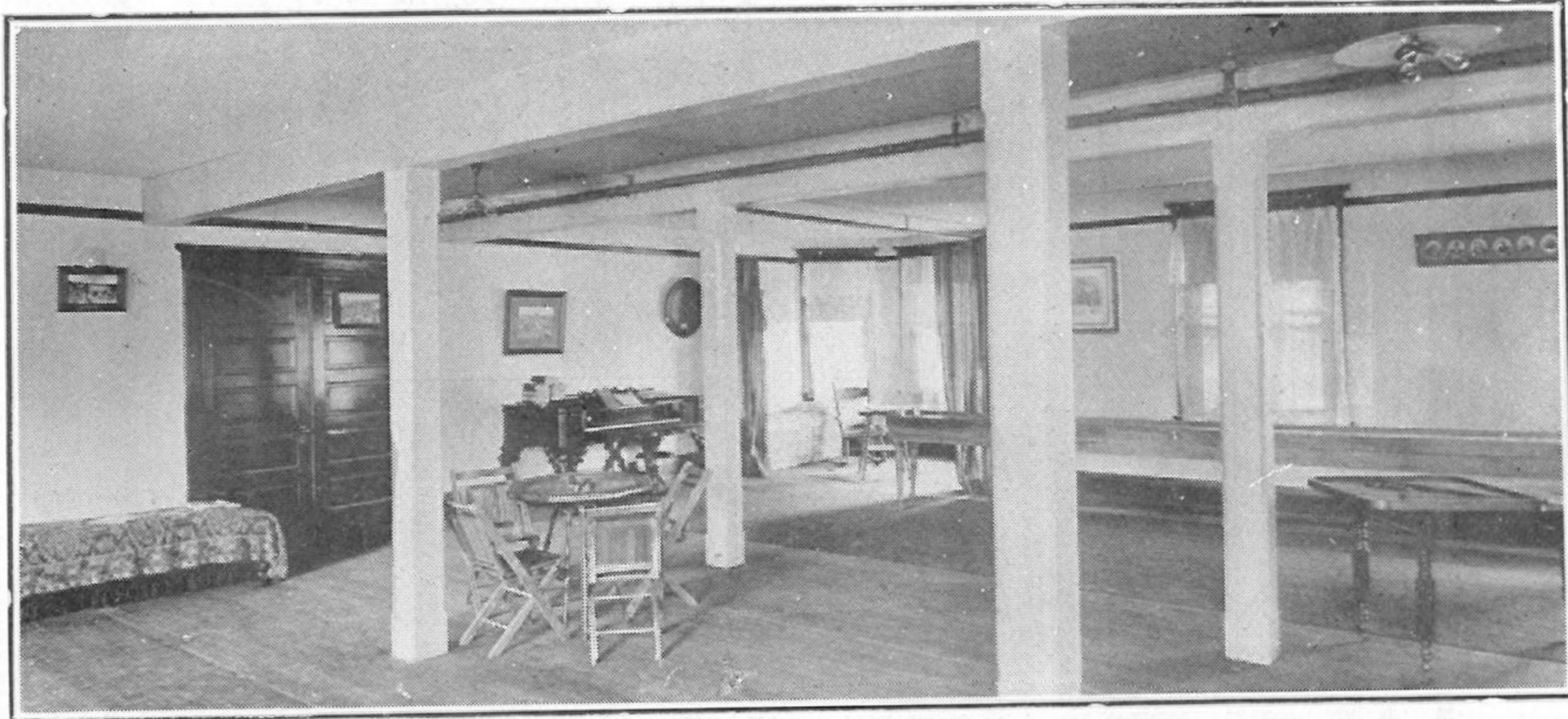
Chief Rooter.....LEROY FRISBEE.

ManagerGUY FORD.





Y. M. C. A.



Y. M. C. A. ROOM, MEN'S DORMITORY

OFFICERS.

President.....	J. H. STROHM, '05.
Vice-President.....	B. A. LINSAY, '06.
Recording Secretary.....	E. B. THOMPSON, '05.
Corresponding Secretary.....	A. R. TERPENNING, '04.
Treasurer.....	C. S. ZOOK, '06.
General Secretary.....	E. N. PARMELEE, '04.

ADVISORY BOARD.

PROF. A. R. PRIEST, Chairman.	GEO. A. COLEMAN, '82.
R. H. THOMPSON, Treasurer.	D. A. DUFFY.
PROF. E. S. MEANY.	DR. F. M. PADELFORD.
	C. H. BLACK.

CHAIRMEN OF COMMITTEES.

A. A. HOOVER—Bible Study.	B. A. LINSAY—Library.
A. R. TERPENNING—Religious Meetings.	E. B. THOMPSON—Intercollegiate.
M. D. SCROGGS—Missionary.	E. S. SMITH—Employment.
J. H. TRIPPLE—Membership.	M. W. TAYLOR—Fall Campaign.
	L. R. CARPENTER—Social.



Y. M. C. A. OFFICE



Young Women's Christian Association



OFFICERS.

President.....	BERTHA HEFFNER.
Vice-President.....	MILDRED BOYD.
Corresponding Secretary.....	MARION COFFMAN.
Recording Secretary.....	FLORENCE BAPTIE.
Treasurer.....	PHENE SMITH.
General Secretary.....	MAY WALKER.

CHAIRMEN COMMITTEES.

Missionary.....	CLEMENTINE BASH.
Devotional.....	EDITH TUCKER.
Membership and Fall Campaign.....	MILDRED BOYD.
Social.....	HELEN WETZEL.
Bible Study.....	MILDRED BROWN.
Finance.....	PHENE SMITH.

TYEE
1905

SOCIETY OF ENGINEERS



President.....S. H. RICHARDSON.
Vice-President.....KARL E. VAN KURAN.
Secretary.....W. C. FRANKLIN.
Treasurer.....CLINTON LANTZ.

J. FRANK WALLER.

D. F. McDONALD.

W. R. HILL.

K. C. McFARLAND.

R. I. GLOSTER.

U. KUNIYASU.

H. H. THEDINGA.

A. J. STEAD.

L. WERNECKE.

ROSCOE TEATS.

W. L. MILES.

E. D. ALEXANDER.

F. M. REASONER.

GLEN DUNBAR.

LEROY W. FRISBEE.

FRED McELMON.

M. W. HAMLIN.

M. O. BENNETT.

A. C. HASTINGS.

KARL HUBERT.

A. L. CHRISTOPHER.

J. C. RATHBUN.

E. D. COLLINS.

H. W. BOTTEN.

R. L. BATEMAN.

A. H. FISCHER.

A. C. SULLIVAN.

MATHEMATICAL CLUB

TYEE

1905

PROF. RAUNAM.

J. C. RATHBUN.

D. F. McDONALD.

V. KUNIYASU.

MARY G. O'MEARA.

W. B. WHITTLESY.

R. G. WAYLAND.

W. B. BURCH.

F. E. LAUBE.

A. H. FISCHER.

M. O. BENNETT.

A. B. CARLE.

ELSIE R. DAKIN.

H. G. DEMING.

F. M. ALLYN.

TYEE
1905

CHEMICAL CLUB

OFFICERS.

President, Wm. SCHOOLEY.

PROGRAM COMMITTEE.

MISS KOHAN. DR. JOHNSON. MR. LEWIS.

MEMBERS.

A. D. SMALLEY.	L. WERNECKE.
ALBERT MEHNER.	M. V. LEISER.
SARAH KOHAN.	ROY NELSON.
LESTER SWEET.	ELMER SHERRILL.
WM. SCHOOLEY.	DR. JOHNSON.
C. E. JOHNSON.	MR. LEWIS.
LEWIS D. SCHERER.	MR. HOPKINS.
NETTIE G. BREWER.	PROF. KNIGHT.
MYRTLE HEGGY.	DR. BYERS.

Outside Contributors of Papers Read Before the Club.

MR. NEWTON.	PROF. OSBORNE.
G. L. TANZER.	PROF. KINCAID.
PROF. RAYMER.	PROF. FRYE.

German Club.

TYEE

1905

OFFICERS.

President.....B. FREYD.
Vice-President.....E. HUBERT.
Secretary and Treasurer.....W. E. HAFFER.

MEMBERSHIP.

MISS O. G. BOETZKES.	MRS. I. HUGHES.
MISS L. R. KNAPP.	MR. E. G. SMITH.
MISS E. McCARTHY.	MR. A. L. CUNNINGHAM.
MISS M. COSGROVE.	MR. F. C. GUSTAFSON.
MISS B. FREYD.	MR. I. SHAY.
MISS G. M. GILES.	MR. J. H. SUTHERLAND.
MISS I. CUNNINGHAM.	MR. GEORGE CUMBO.
MISS E. HUBERT.	MR. E. B. ELLIS.
MISS E. HUNT.	MR. H. G. DEMING.
MISS A. HOWARD.	MR. E. J. HABERER.
MISS W. E. HAFFER.	MR. ELMER DAY.
MISS J. IFFLAND.	MR. CHARLES WAGNER.
MISS F. IFFLAND.	MR. JOHN WINTLER.
MISS F. L. SHERRICK.	MR. ROBERT IRWIN.
MISS N. M. TABOT.	MR. ROY NELSON.
MISS H. PUGSLEY.	MR. R. L. BLACKBURN.
MISS SUTHERLAND.	MR. JOHN O'BRIEN.
MISS H. BIEGERT.	MR. W. E. PARKER.
MISS H. BEYERS.	PROF. H. D. CARRINGTON.

TYEE
1905

XVI Tennis Club.



President.....WALLER.
Vice-President.....TERPENNING.
Secretary.....TAYLOR.
Treasurer.....RICHARDSON.

JOHNSON.	THEDINGA.
JACKSON.	LINSAY.
JOHANSEN.	SIELER.
RANDALL.	TRIPPLE.
HASTINGS.	BOLLONG.
PROF. VANDER VEER.	DEARLE.
DELAND.	SANDERS.

Faculty Tennis Club.

TYEE
1905



OFFICERS.

President..... A. S. HAGGETT.
Vice-President..... H. G. BYERS.
Secretary and Treasurer..... MILNOR ROBERTS.

MEMBERS.

DR. H. G. BYERS.	PROF. MILNOR ROBERTS.
DR. A. C. HAGGETT.	PROF. F. A. OSBORNE.
PROF. C. W. VANDER VEER.	PROF. H. LANDES.
DR. F. M. PADELFORD.	PROF. H. C. DAVIS.
PROF. J. C. THORPE.	PROF. T. K. SIDEY.

OTHER CLUBS.

Besides the XVI. Club and the Faculty Tennis Club, there are the Sigma Nu and Akros Clubs, and another club is constructing its court, the University possessing in all seven first-class courts.



Junior Day Program.



JUNIOR FARCE.

CLASS DAY EXERCISES.

INTERCLASS BOAT RACE.

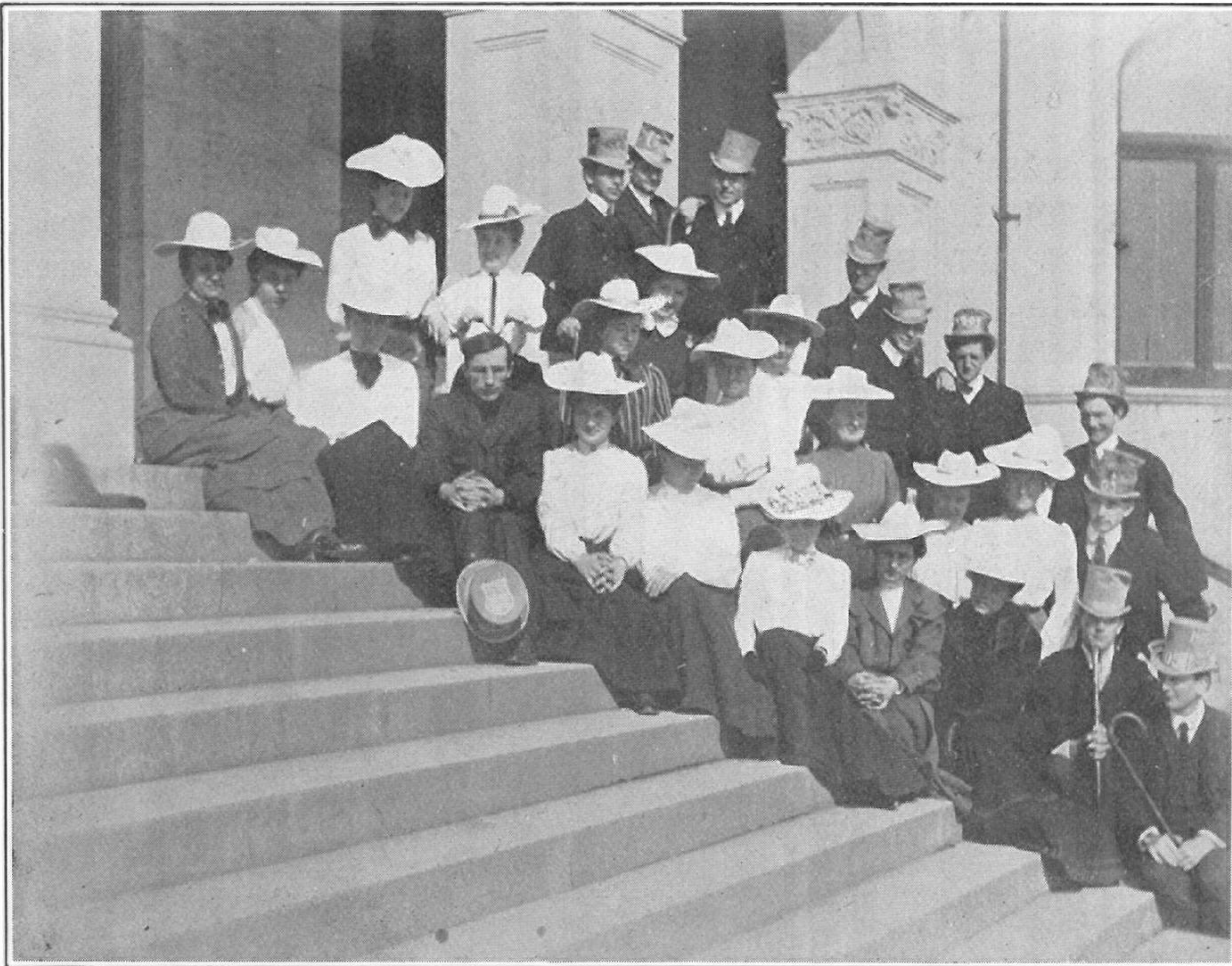
INTERCLASS TRACK MEET.

INTERCLASS BASEBALL.

TENNIS TOURNAMENT.

JUNIOR PROMENADE.





“Bedelia, The Totem Pole”

A Junior Farce.

Act I.—Scene laid at the Dormitory. The wonderful Totem Pole, “Bedelia,” discovered by Prof. Three Knives on Nootka Island, is left in the charge of Prof. Test Tube, who places it in the Ladies’ Dorm. Here the Totem Pole comes to life to the great horror and consternation of the inmates. Prof. Test Tube tries to pass her off as Miss Maxine Garrett, the new preceptress, whose arrival is hourly expected.

Act II.—Scene same as Act I. After many amusing and embarrassing complications, Bedelia changes back to a Totem Pole.

TYEE

1905

"Bedelia, The Totem Pole"

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

PROF. TEST-TUBE..... R. E. McGlinn
PROF. THREE-KNIVESH. C. Jackson
PROF. N. A. B. SMITHER JONES.....W. G. McLean
KISHAMA.....R. C. Rogers
MR. HANSEN, ExpressmanD. F. McDonald
MISS MAXINE GARRETTGrace Huntoon
FRESHIE GLEEKatharine Edwards
SOPHIE FROL TEST-TUBEHelen Wetzel
ANNIE WAYWARDStatira Biggs
BEDELIA, THE TOTEM POLEMarian Blethen

MUSIC.

BEDELIA—

ETHEL BROWN.

CELIA SHELTON.

NELLIE HILL.

LOUISE WETZEL.

GRACE HUNTOON.

Epochs of College History.

McGLINN.

SCROGGS.

McLEAN.

A Student's Dream.

SCROGGS.

JACKSON.

REASONER.

McGLINN.

McLEAN.

Peep Song.

MARIAN BLETHEN.

W. G. McLEAN.

Class Song.

BY CAST.

COMMITTEE.

CELIA SHELTON.

MARIAN BLETHEN.

Director—FRANK GILES, U. of W., '99.



1905 WINNING THE 100 AND 220 DASHES.

TYEE
1905

'Varsity Minstrel Show.



Musical Director.....ALBERT GALE

Stage Director.....CHAS. WRAY

THOSE TAKING PART.

Interlocutor—McDONALD.

Ends—H. LEISER (Mr. Frost), LUMM (Flunkout), SUMNER (Lobster), SPEIDEL (Ham Fat).

Circle—SMITH, EASON, REASONER, WILT, BALDWIN, SCROGGS,
STEAD, PHILLIPS, BELL, BRAWLEY,
BOLLONG, M. LEISER.

PROGRAM.

PART I.

Opening OvertureThe Whitmark, No. 2

Introducing portions of the following:

1. "Darktown is Out To-Night."
2. "Open Your Mouth and Shut Your Eyes."
3. "Talk About a Coon a-Havin' Trouble."
4. "We All Have Troubles of Our Own."
5. "Ding Dong Bells."
6. "Slumber, My Darling."
7. "A Raccoon."
8. "When the Cat's Away the Mice Will Play."
9. "My Little Honey."
10. "Toreador's Song."
11. Bone and Tambo Finale.

'Varsity Minstrel Show.

T Y E E

1905

Vocal numbers introduced during first part are:

"You're Always Behind Like an Old Cow's Tail".....By Mr. Frost
"Tell Me, Will My Dream Come True?".....Mr. Scroggs
"That's a Habit I Never Had".....Mr. "Flunkout"
"Out on the Deep".....Mr. Phillips
"My Castle on the Nile".....Mr. "Lobster"
"At Parting".....Mr. Baldwin
"I've Got Somethin' on Ma Mind".....Mr. "Lobster"

Grand finale, introducing an octette in "Ma Lady Moon."

Orchestrations written especially for this performance by Albert Gale.

PART II.

Assembly Monday morning, introducing members of the faculty.

Stump SpeechBy Fallis
Footprints in the Sands of Time.....By two Freshmen "in Potentia"
Dazzling, dare-devil, death-defying, danger-deriding sketch, entitled
Pydea Linkham, or the Girl Aeronaut".....Wilt and Baldwin
Banjo TurnBy Sam Sumner
Lillyputian DanceBy Some Others
Monologue, "Woman's Sufferings"Dootson

PART III.

We now present the laughing Teutonic Comedy, entitled

"UNIVERSITY JUSTICE."

Cast of Characters.

Judge Grosenheimer (Judge Protem).....Sigsworth
Prosecuting Attorney (ambitious as usual).....McDonald
Lawyer Bum (a case).....Parmelee
A. J. Bernard (a sheep stealer).....Christopher
Petty Larcenist (a mere child).....Sutherland
Officer McGinty (an officious one).....Jackson
Fitz (a hard case).....Scroggs

Concluding with a laughable finale proving conclusively "the thing that's good for fits."

"Junior Prom in Coontown," introducing the entire troupe, Strauss' little Dutch Nigger Rag Time Band concluding the performance.



Junior Promenade.

TYEE

1905

Saturday, May 14, '04.

PATRONESSES.

MRS. T. F. KANE.

MRS. A. R. PRIEST.

MRS. E. S. MEANY.

MRS. A. J. BLETHEN.

MRS. J. T. CONDON.

MRS. C. E. BOGARDUS.

COMMITTEE.

FREDERICK DOUGLAS, Chairman.

BESSIE ANNIS.

GRACE HUNTOON.

HELEN WETZEL.

ROY C. ROGERS.

TYEE
1905



SENIOR BALL COMMITTEE.

I. CURTIS PARKER, Chairman.

J. M. JOHANSON.

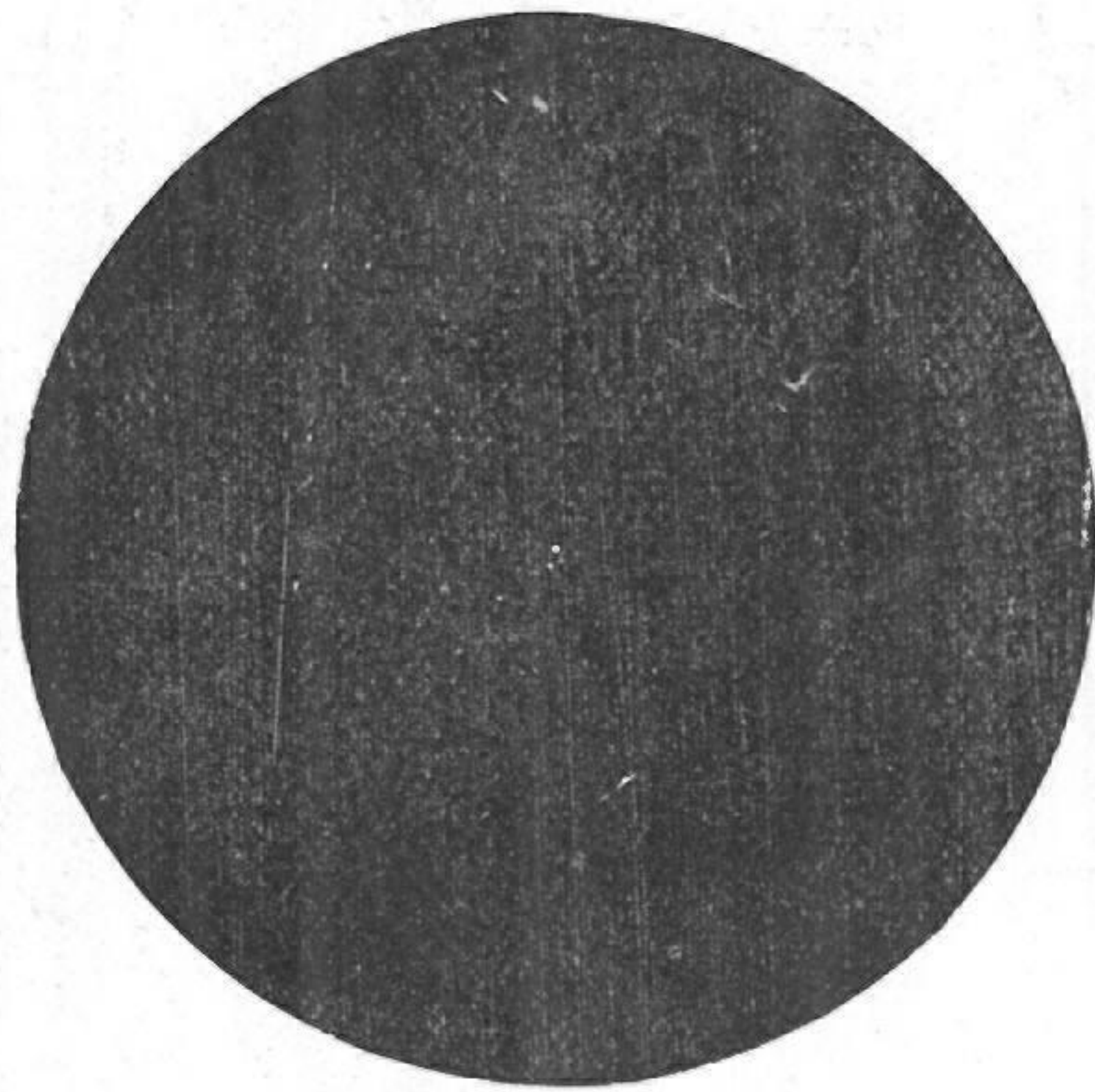
W. C. SPEIDEL.

ROSA WALD.

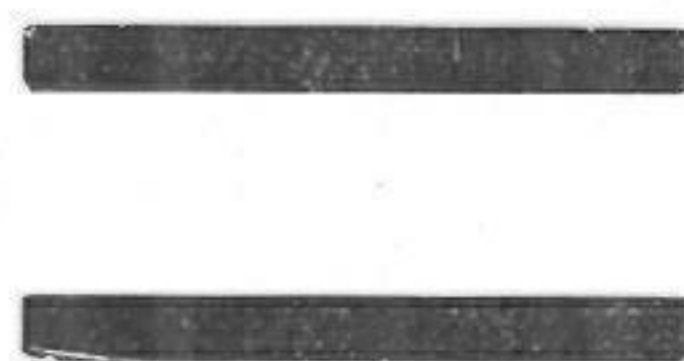
KATHERINE CROUCH.

Sophomore Frolic

TYEE
1905



COMMITTEE



TYEE
1905



Freshmen Glee.

PATRONESSES.

MRS. THOMAS F. KANE. MRS. A. J. BLETHEN.
MRS. EDMOND S. MEANY.

COMMITTEE.

D. D. PULLEN, Chairman. AMY WHEELER.
PERCY J. PERRY. B. B. HANDBLOOM.
MARGUERITA SINCLAIR.



TYEE
1905

Second Annual 'Varsity Ball.

Given by Associated Students of the University of Washington.

The Washington.

Friday, February 5, 1904.

PATRONESSES.

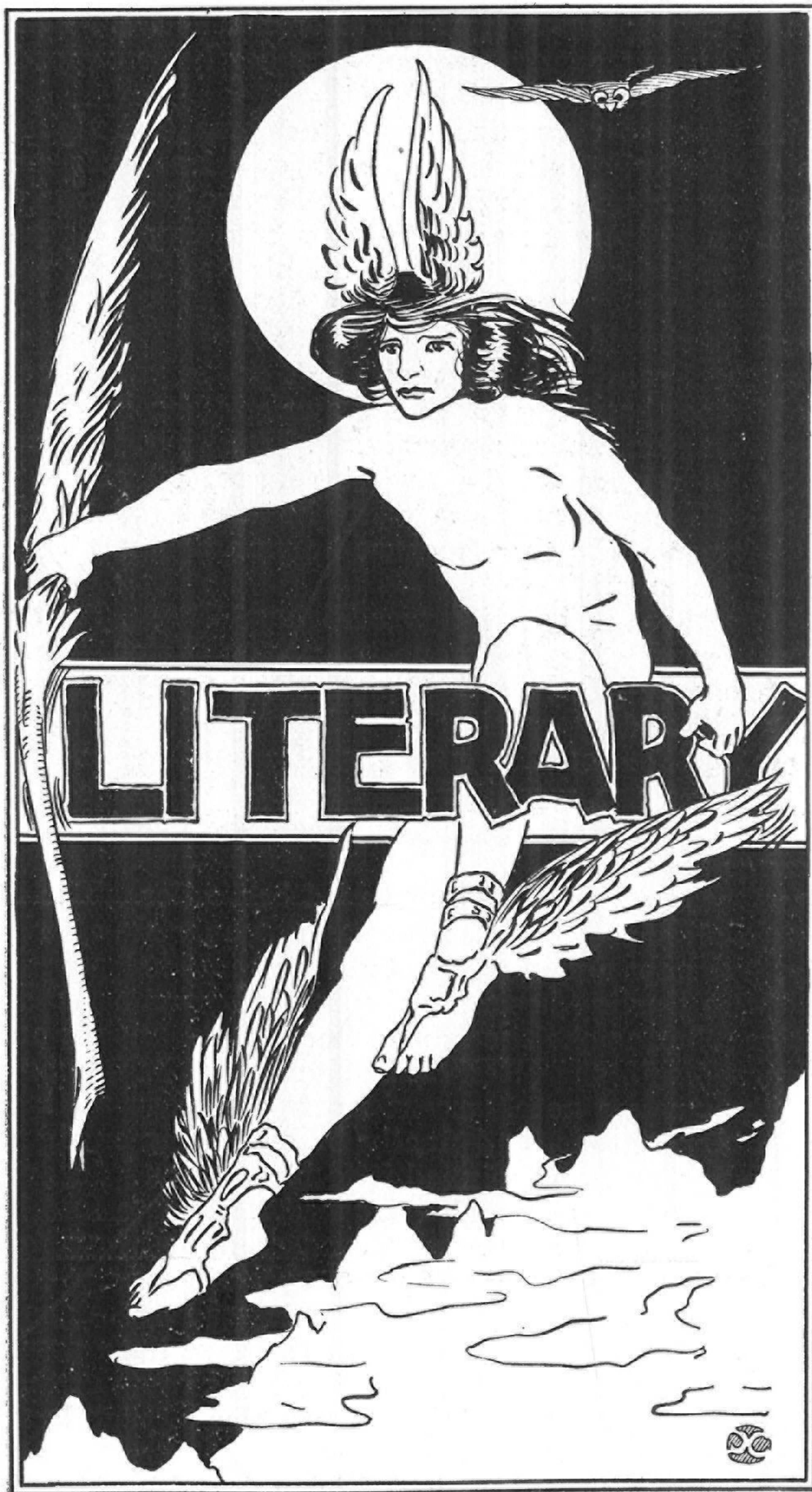
MRS. THOMAS F. KANE.	MRS. FRED H. BAXTER.
MRS. JOHN T. CONDON.	MRS. G. A. C. ROCHESTER.
MRS. WINFIELD R. SMITH.	MRS. SAM PILES.

COMMITTEE.

C. F. SEGRIST.	ROY LICHTY.
ALFRED STRAUSS.	ROBERT E. McGLINN.
E. B. STEVENS.	JOHN H. PERRY.
LOYAL SHOUDY.	



POOR '06 AGAIN IN THE TOILS.



THE CASE OF CHASE.

Helen Darling was indignant. Her cheeks were quite red, her eyes sparkled dangerously, and the way her heels clipped down on the pavement showed it plainly.

Leslie Winans recognized the symptoms and sighed audibly. He was a slenderly built fellow, with guileless eyes and a smile celebrated for its sweet girlishness. The two were Sophomores of a well-known university, and the man pleading diligently for an erring fraternity brother. But for all his arguments she had the same answer.

"Then he should not have called. It was insulting and I shall not go to the Prom with him; so don't waste your eloquence. If I weary him so that he cannot keep awake when he is with me, he must find some one more entertaining. Anyway, it is not his first offense. You remember the time he forgot all about me at the reception—left me there alone while he wandered home with the Coach. I forgave him then because he won that next game for us. But this is too much."

The "brother" in question was Richard Chase, Junior and hero of the "gridiron." He had gone to call on Helen Darling at her Sorority House. None of her "sisters" were at home, so everything was still and peaceful. He had stowed his huge frame luxuriously among the soft, fat cushions of a soft, fat chair, and Miss Darling, at the piano, was lilting in her soothing voice of moons and dreams and all such sleepy things, when she had been interrupted by a strange sound.

Miss Darling turned and surveyed her caller. The degenerate one, lost to all sense of decency, was not only slumbering openly, brazenly, but now and then a gentle snore added poignancy to the affront. Miss Darling hesitated a moment between amusement and indignation; but as she thought of her ignored music, and perhaps of her ignored self, she utterly failed to grasp the humor of the situation. She wrote a note, very vigorous and very cutting, enumerating his different sins, and finally breaking her engagement with him for the Junior Prom, pinned it to his coat and departed.

Chase, at last, very much refreshed, awoke to find his hostess fled, himself alone—read the note and stumbled home despairing. He aroused his room-mate, and after swearing him to secrecy confided his woes almost with tears. His transgressions had been many, and he knew the other men would have little mercy on him. Leslie sat up and scowled at the penitent. It was not the first time he had been called upon to right the troubles of the blundering and absent-minded upper classman.

"I'm beastly sorry," finished Dick miserably, "but honestly I had no intention—"

"No," said Leslie resignedly, "you never have."

"Can't you tell her the music lulled—"

"Let me think." He studied the foot of the bed, while Chase watched him anxiously. "Well, I'll do what I can, but it is the last time. If you can't manage any better, give up queening."

So that was why Leslie, between lectures, was using all his powers of persuasion to calm Helen's wrath. All in vain. Evidently poor Chase was "done for."

"Then I can say no more, Helen—Darling," sighed the would-be arbitrator, putting a certain loving accent on the last name which seldom failed to provoke a heated rejoinder, but which now passed disdained.

T Y E E

1905

Chase was visibly downhearted and careworn. The haughty Helen passed him by with a cool and icy nod, refusing to hold any converse with him. Again he sought his confessor.

"For the Lord's sake, Leslie, get busy. If she turns me down for the Prom the fellows will know I've done something else, and you know how they'll act."

"I've said everything I could and she won't unbend. You're thrown down all right."

Chase looked panic stricken. "But I've got to take her to the Prom. The fellows all know I've asked her. She's the only girl I like. I don't blame her for being angry. It isn't that I mind—"

"Yet you consider yourself in love," Leslie shouted.

Chase got red. "That's all right—you know well enough—Hang it! we won't discuss it. What I want to say is, if you get her to give in before the Prom you can have that pipe of mine you like."

"Good enough. Be still, sad heart, while I plan a massive stunt."

It was at a hop early in the spring that Leslie asked Helen to go canoeing the next evening. She was afraid she could not, but he was persistent.

"We'll only stay a little while. I'll come early."

"I shall have to work all day on a thesis, besides those lectures—"

"How can you mention such things during a waltz like this?" There was an interval during which Leslie cleverly avoided a collision, and as a cleared place opened before them they slowly swept down the room, in harmony with the orchestra. As the players neared the finale the music became so hushed and slow that the dancers seemed hardly to move but stood swaying—then the music was gone and all in an instant there was a scurrying for seats and ices. As Helen took the cold little glass of sherbet and smilingly touched it to Leslie's, he said: "What time am I to come for you?"

She was still filled with the glamor of the dance, and her voice was yielding. "Really, Leslie, I hardly think—"

"O, very well," he said stiffly. "Of course, if you don't want to—"

"But I do, only—"

"Then you'll come, Helen—darlin'." His voice was irresistably wheedling and he used his sweetest girl-smile.

"Yes, then, if only because you saved me or my dress from the feet of that terrible Arnold man."

In due time Leslie appeared and took Helen down to the boat house. He carried the canoe out, packed the "lazy back" full of cushions and launched it. He steadied the canoe with one hand and Helen with the other until she was seated, and then built a downy nest of pillows around her.

"You do look tired." He was suddenly all anxiety. "We won't go if you are."

"Too comfortable now. Come on. Canoeing is lots nicer than dancing, isn't it?"

"Um—that's according. Now, canoeing with you gives me infinitely more pleasure than dancing—"

"Why, Mr. Winans, you said last night my dancing was—"

"I was going to add 'than dancing with anyone else.' Doesn't that give you a thrill?"

"Yes, indeed," she admitted, too frankly to be flattering.

Slipping off his coat, he threw it over to her to keep off the chilly little breeze which swept the lake. He knelt by the thwart and with strong arms sent the canoe lightly out on the water. They talked banteringly of themselves and others, of all things, from "quizzes" to "hops," until the moon, coming up beautiful and clear, made such things trivial and of but little moment.

Out here beneath the lighted heavens, in the stillness and the solitude of the broad lake, the daily work and cares, the petty anxieties and troubles, faded away to unrealities. All that was real was the coolness and the sweetness of the wind, the purling water lipping the sides of the canoe.

They glided in and out of the deep shadows of a tiny island. The waves lapped the beach, the trees rubbed against each other complainingly, the twittering and piping of birds came faintly from the thicket. They brushed through tall standing reeds; water lillies went whispering along beneath the boat.

"Look at the sky," the boy said. "Isn't it deep?"

She lifted her face and gazed until her head grew heavy. She had a longing to burrow deep into the comfortable cushions and rest, but the tiresome thought that it would not be "quite the thing" came to her, and she resisted the temptation.

"Let's catch that path of the moon," he said, nodding ahead of him; and dipping the paddle into the water they shot away from the island.

Cautiously she turned, and folding her arms on the back of the seat, looking at the long reflection of a cloud which darkened the upper end of the lake. It looked as though at every stroke they could creep up into it, but each moment it slipped farther away.

"How fast one seems to go when one looks across the bow," she commented. In a good tenor he began to sing. She cuddled her chin down on her arms and watched the ripples slip by. They made her dizzy and she closed her eyes.

The observant Leslie regarded her narrowly, rising hope glimmering in his face. He changed the song to a slow, crooning waltz air. "That is pretty," she said, a bit indistinctly; "hurry and catch the shadow. We are almost there." He lowered his voice and sent the canoe along silently without lifting the blade from the water.

He noticed that her arms had relaxed and that her head was resting on them easily. The coat had fallen from her shoulders. After a while he replaced it, but she made no sign of having felt it. With the same long, silent stroke he went back to the shore and to a certain little nook which he claimed by right of discovery. Through overhanging boughs he skillfully guided his craft until it emerged into a natural grotto, formed of dense foliage. It was quite still and dark, excepting where the moonlight flecked through the leaves in shining patches.

With a breath of relief he shipped his paddle and chuckled as he looked at the unconscious Helen. He took the cushion on which

he had been kneeling, propped it up and leaned against it restfully, drew out his pipe, filled it with fragrant tobacco, and after many attempts succeeded in lighting it without arousing her.

T Y E E

1905

He puffed happily. "The Sleeping Beauty. Too bad old Chase isn't here to play the prince. Of all luck! Gum, when she awakes if I don't hang it on! O, Lord!" He shook with laughter. "And she had the cheek to turn Dick down for the same thing, the very same thing!" Even the pipe seemed to glow with his satisfaction. "I thought dancing half the night and studying all day would help my work along. And if the soothing motion of a canoe, added to the moon and my melodious voice, couldn't do the rest, I'd have been mightily mistaken." His conscience hurt some as he heard her deep and placid breathing. "Poor Helen! I'm playing a mean trick on you, but I must have that pipe."

He looked at his watch by the light of a match. "Whew! It's late. If I get her back before the others leave the library I'll be doing well. He coughed. No response. He spoke quickly and rather loudly: "Helen, it's awfully impolite to turn your back on a fellow like this."

She stiffened suddenly and lifted her head. "Caught that cloud, didn't we?" she said drowsily, and then she sat up very straight.

"Where am I?" cried the fair damsel, as she opened her starry eyes," recited Leslie impishly. "Ha! Can it be? Methinks I've been a-dreaming."

"O," she gasped. A long silence followed, during which he lighted a match and held it over his head, surveying with twinkling eyes her defiant face and tumbled hair, glinting gold in the light. She brushed it back uneasily.

"You thought I was asleep, didn't you?"

"Humph!" he grunted.

"You did, I know you did." She affected a gay little laugh, but it ended lamely.

"Miss Darling, if I bore you so that you cannot keep awake—"

"O, really, Leslie—"

"If, as I said," he went on, "I bore you so, I wish you would go canoeing with someone else. I am sorry. I apologize. I assure you I had no idea—" His voice broke pathetically. It was painful to hear. "Why," he demanded fiercely, "why didn't you ask to be taken home, instead of showing me in this way that I am such a bore?"

"Silly," she broke in, "you know I wasn't asleep. I'll acknowledge I closed my eyes for a minute or two. They ached."

"Helen Darling, you know you were asleep."

"I am sure I was not." But she was not so sure as her words implied.

"We were near the island when we chased the clouds, weren't we?"

"Y-es."

"And we're in the grotto now. You'll admit it's a good twenty minutes between the two; besides, I had time to smoke two pipes in here. Aren't you ashamed?"

"It's a mistake." She was very positive. "I never go to sleep."

He expressed natural surprise at this and they continued the

argument all the way to the boat house, and Helen realized with maddening certainty that she had gone to sleep. Gone to sleep in Leslie Winan's canoe—his of all others. Sickening!

They walked up the path—such an adorable path for Two, with its sweetly odorous branches arching overhead, and with its steep and narrow turns full of rocks and logs, over which Someone must be gently helped. But such a detestable road if the Someone isn't your Someone, and a cross, don't-you-touch-me Someone at that.

Leslie, as he had planned, "hung it on." He railed at her until she got angry; pretended to be deeply hurt; and she almost wept trying to explain. Then he gloated over the story he could make of it.

"Dick will feel better over his unpardonable crime when he hears of this. He worried all last semester over it."

Helen said nothing, but she was doing a good bit of thinking.

On the house steps she turned to him, her face flushing in the light. "O—ah, Leslie, I wouldn't mention this if I were you."

"No!" His wonder was great.

"No. I—I—O, please don't tell. They wouldn't understand, and it—it sounds so silly."

"Well?" he said suggestfully.

"And I am sorry."

"So was Dick."

"That was different." She had velvety brown eyes and a mouth that would have made anything seem "different" to a mortal man. But Leslie was wrapped in the chilling mantle of stern duty, so he replied coldly:

"I don't see it that way."

"If you won't tell, I—I—well, I'll forgive Dick."

"And the Prom?"

"I've made other arrangements." Her manner should have frozen Leslie stiff. It didn't affect him in the least. He was a remarkable boy.

"You're not going with a—"

"With my cousin Ned."

"That's all right. I can fix Ned."

"Mr. Winans, I must remind you of something you seem to forget. This matter between Mr. Chase and myself does not concern you in any way."

"Miss Darling, I must beg to differ with you."

She drew herself up, dignified, unapproachable. Leslie smiled—not his girlish smile. "Then I have an interesting story for Dick and the Frat House. You know how the fellows love to get hold of a thing like this. Ah, there is Madame, your preceptress. Good night."

"Wait." Helen's voice was almost friendly.

"Can't. You'll be locked out."

He was on the bottom step before she reached him. She caught him by the sleeve and said all in a breath:

"I just wanted to give Dick a lesson. I had intended going with him."

Leslie whistled.

"Peace it is." He held out his hand. As she put hers into it he added: "If I thought you could appreciate it I'd let you share the Pipe of Peace I'm going to smoke to this. It's a beauty." He swung down the steps as the door slammed behind her.

MARGUERITA SINCLAIR.

A COLLEGE EPIC



WHEN the Freshman comes he is not very wise,
As viewed from his upper classmen's eyes.
He thinks himself a Solomon great—
That he isn't to all, he learns too late.
For, before he faces this knowledge grim,
Many a shock has befallen him:
He must first get rid of his self-conceit—
That this may be done he is bound by the feet,
Dragged by the Sophomores to the lake—
Waste not your pity, 'tis all for his sake—

What happens there he never will tell;
It is enough that he learns his lesson well.
Then the Junior begins his lesson to teach,
Long are the sermons he has to preach
Before his protege sees that he's green,
That all of the world he hasn't yet seen.
With lectures and hazings and duckings galore
This Freshie soon knows what he knew not before.
That his rank in the "U" is decidedly small,
He counts very little, if any at all.
His self pride has left him, he's humble of mien,
His bombastic air is seldom now seen;
Alas! for the Freshman and his dream!
He can only sigh: "I might have been."

T Y E E

1905

Oh! Sophomore gay, why are you here?
You don't look at all as you did last year.
You walk as if you owned the earth—
Of massive books there's quite a dearth.
Your mouth is puckered, ready to shout:
"I'm coming, Freshie, you'd better look out!"
Can this Lord of Creation really be
The scared little boy accustomed to flee
Whenever he heard the voices grim
Of those in classes ahead of him?
If you'll listen, to you a secret I'll tell,
Pray don't repeat it, it wouldn't be well
For the Faculty to know, what's really true,
That the Sophomores return to the "U"
To study? Never! To pluck the joys
They lost last year as Freshmen boys.
The inside of books they seldom see,
Chapel they skip with the greatest glee;
Their canoes are seen all over the lake,
With hugest delight every rule they break.
The portage walk sees them, day after day,
From unlearned lessons running away.
Take heed, and stop on your downward path—
You haven't learned it all by half.
These joys you cherish are fleeting fast,
The chance for knowledge will soon be past.
When life's successes have by you flown
You'll probably wail: "If I'd only known."

The summer months drag for the Junior proud;
Thickly past memories upon him crowd.
To days gone by his thoughts return,
For future joys his heart oft yearns.
Of course, he'll study—a Junior is he—
An example he'll set for the Freshman to see.
In his major study he'll work for "A,"
He musn't be late more than once a day.
To chapel he'll go every Monday morn,
And sweetly smile at the Freshman forlorn,
Whose adviser he is in affairs of the class,
Upon their doings he must judgment pass.
Too swiftly for him the happy months fly,
For soon to it all he must say good-bye.

And now comes the Senior, so staid and prim—
 Our sympathy warm we extend to him.
 In his direction all eyes are turned
 To see what lessons from him can be learned.
 All sinful desires he tries to forget,
 He only studies—his canoe is "To Let."
 His place he fills with dignified mien,
 The lower classmen upon him lean.
 But when the first semester closes
 These great ambitions he swiftly loses.
 Four months only are left of the year—
 His position is seldom thought of, I fear.
 For no longer he delves in science severe,
 From German and Math. he is trying to steer.
 In three courses of history he's enrolled,
 His reasons for it cannot be told.
 Will you believe it? For, yes, dear me!
 He's an ardent student of Forestry.
 But soon his college days will end,
 So each vacant hour he likes to spend
 In the dear old spots around the "U,"
 With tried boy friends, and his sweetheart, too.
 Perhaps you don't your place quite fill,
 But with a'll your faults we love you still.

TYEE

1905

P. O., '07.



T Y E E

1905

AN OLD GRAD'S STORY.

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste.

—*Shakespeare.*

We were Seniors—and what was more, we were chums. For almost four years Jack and I had clung together. And somehow during that last spring we had formed a strange habit. Every evening, weather permitting, after the fellows had gone to bed, Jack and I would slip out and stroll away, arm in arm, to the Ad. building; and, leaning shoulder to shoulder as we sat on the steps, would chat things over. As I looked forward to graduation, I was inclined to be rather quiet and thoughtful; but Jack—never! He was forever keeping up a cheery, even jolly, run of fun and wit.

That night (when our story begins) Jack, for a wonder, was quiet. We had been listening to a quartet of "Sigma Alphas" out serenading. The music grew fainter and fainter until at last it was lost to us. Then we sat looking up at the moon. For a long time I allowed my thoughts to wander out into the future. But after a while they came drifting back. Jack was still absorbed in the moon. Then I took another mental excursion. This time I went back over the past, dreaming of Freshmen days. When I came drifting back this time I had taken a long journey. Jack still gazed at the moon and was silent. And then, out of the corner of my eye, I watched him.

His uncovered head was thrown back and the moonbeams fell full upon his finely-chiseled features. Jack's face was an inspiration. There was the delicately-moulded profile and princely poised head which spoke the man he was. His clear, quick eyes were quiet and glistened with an unusual moisture. I don't know how long I watched, in silent surprise, old Jack's face; but at last I felt I must break the spell.

"What is it, old man?" I asked. "Can I help you?"

There was no change for some minutes. He still sat and gazed up at the moon. I was beginning to feel that I had intruded, when he spoke, quietly and with no shifting of position.

"Yes, Bob, I believe you can."

Then there was a long silence again. I knew something was coming and so leaned close up against him and waited.

It was very late. Only the street light remained burning in the city across the lake. The last electric car, homeward bound, glided over the Latona bridge and was lost in the silence and gloom of the farther side. The tall pines threw their long shadows across the campus. Far out in the lake, across the moon's silvery path, a lone sailboat lazily crawled. There was not a sound to break the stillness, save the distant whistle of a Sound steamer or some idler strolling home singing in the moonlight.

Then Jack spoke, dreamily and far away.

"Such a night as this, four years ago, I was in heaven, old man. How I remember it! And yet how I've tried to drown even the echo of that memory. Olive and I had been to church. The spell of the night was upon us and we said little as we walked slowly toward her home. When we reached the gate we stopped just inside, and looking up at the moon I—we talked—and—well, old man—the little girl accepted me."

Perhaps I should have offered my congratulations; but something made me feel they weren't in order. After a short pause Jack continued:

"It's this way, Bob. We were children together. We went through the grammar grades at the same time. Then there were two years of high school, during which we grew to be chums. Her mother became an invalid and Olive had to give up school. I finished the "High" and am now a Senior at college. Olive has been bound back there at home all the time—sweet, loving, sincere and unselfish. Bob, to-night she means more to me than I can tell. But, old man, gradually during the last two years I've been getting mixed. Don't misunderstand me, please. I've simply changed—that's all. Olive hasn't—very much. Yes, she's truer and nobler in a way. I could leave here next June and go back to the little old fossil of a village, get a job, marry Olive and be happy and unknown. And yet, I don't know. Here's four years of college and all it has meant—frat, society, athletics, glee club, debate, student life and college culture. No, I'm a different fellow. I wonder, after my philosophy work and its results, if I could go back to the choir in the little Methodist church at home! Last week Prexy asked me if I would consider an instructorship in philosophy for next year. And there is the fellowship at Harvard which is waiting. And I **do** love my work. I believe I can make things count—Oh! I **can't** lose these opportunities! But there's Olive. And yet I know that I'm another fellow from the one who stood at her gate in the moonlight four years ago. And to-night she means much to me, and I'm afraid I'm more to her. Which shall win, Bob, love or ambition? And yet, that isn't quite right. There is always the fear that I've grown so far away from her in some ways that it might not be best. After all, though, there's no girl like her. Well, old man, you know it all. What shall I do? "

Long since I had closed my eyes upon the beauty of the night. I was bewildered. My reason and my heart were in confusion. Should the college and the scientific world lose this genius because of a little unknown girl in some obscure village? And, if not, should the price of such a prize for intellectual fields be a broken heart for one, and perhaps years of saddened loneliness for the other?

"Jack, old man," I said, and my arm stole over his shoulder, "I'm sorry, but I—really—I can't help you."

The moon had slipped behind the clouds. A cool night wind

T Y E E

1905

T Y E E

1905

stole up from the lake and chilled us through. Then, without a word, we rose, and arm in arm walked back to the house.

* * * * *

Another evening, a few weeks later, Jack told me he had news which he felt he should tell me. He had received a letter from Olive that morning. She had broken off the engagement. She said she felt they had both changed during the last four years. It would be best if they were both free. She did not wish to wound or hurt him, but it had been growing upon her that there was, after all, a gulf between them—not of their own choosing—but it was there. She released him, but would always be glad that she had known him so well. And then the letter closed abruptly, asking him not to answer. The same mail brought a letter from his brother, saying that Olive's father had sold out and had taken the family back East—no one knew just where. Olive had not told him of this. Evidently she wished to close the incident entirely. When Jack had finished he seemed already to be older by several years.

* * * * *

The other day I was sitting before my fireplace in my study, when Sweetheart entered and handed me a card.

"Who **can** he be, Bob?" she asked, enthusiastically. "He's such a fine, scholarly, fatherly-looking gentleman!"

The card read:

"JACK."

It didn't take many minutes to have him sitting before the fireplace beside me. It was a great surprise. After graduation Jack had gone East to Harvard, then to Europe, and now he was president of a large Eastern college. I had stayed in the west and buried myself in newspaper work. We had been out of touch for years. But we were making up for lost time just then. All the old college pranks, intrigues and fun were brought to life. Then we drifted again into the days since graduation. I told him of my struggle and fair success; how life was easier now, and I had built a gem of a little home close to the university campus and overlooking the lake. Then "Jack" went over what was without doubt a wonderful experience.

It took hard work for me to get it all out of him, so simple and modest was he. But newspaper men are not easily put off. In all our conversation I had missed something, and at last I made bold to ask:

"But, Jack, have you never married?"

The jolly smile and twinkle in the eye of a moment before vanished. We sat looking into the fire. Jack was silent. After several moments he arose and walked to the window. He stood look-

ing out upon the lake. There below lay stars and shadows; above, the pine tops. Both shadows and stars were duplicated in softest infinitude. As far as eye could see or ear could listen, was silence. For a long time I sat looking into the fire. At last I arose, and, going to Jack, in the same old chum fashion, put my arm over his shoulders. He followed suit, and thus we stood and looked in silence up at the stars and shadows.

T Y E E

1905

"Bob," he said at last, "I've never married and I couldn't. She spoiled them all for me. It may seem strange for a man of my age to talk this way, but it's only true. And somehow I've had her with me all these years. Her sweet, simple, self-sacrificing heart has been everything to me. I can't tell you how it has inspired and saved me. Often I've lived again that evening by the gate, the memory of which lingers like the echo of a song in my heart. And—and sometimes I—I almost wish it had been different, after all."

I said nothing. What could I have said? I could only tighten my arm upon his shoulder. Suddenly I felt a little hand slip into mine—the one hanging by my side. It was our little Olive. She had slipped into the room, as she often did, without a rustle, clad in her little nightdress, to kiss me "good night."

Quietly and without a word I slipped her little hand into Jack's. He closed upon it quickly and looked down in quiet surprise.

"Well, now," he said, "who's this?"

"It's just me—just Olive," she replied.

In a moment he had gathered her in his arms. In another moment he was sitting before the fireplace with her nestling against his breast and prattling. Of course, she must have a goodnight story. Jack leaned back in the rocker, gazed into the fire, and began:

"Once upon a time there was a little girl—"

Here I slipped out of the room and left them together.

An hour later Sweetheart and I peeped in upon a rare scene. Little Olive, nestling snugly in the arms of her new-found friend; old Jack with his grey head bowed close to that of the little one's—both sound asleep, and the moonlight streaming in upon them as they sat before the dying embers in the old fireplace. Across the campus, borne by the night breeze, floated the voices of other college chums:

Oft in the stillly night, 'ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond memory brings the light of other days around me.

MAURICE D. SCROGGS.

TYEE

1905

Willow Blossoms.



HE willow flowers are blooming
O'er forest and hillside,
Their golden stamens lighting
The pathway far and wide.

The gloomy pall of winter
Melts into April showers,
And rainbow arches glitter
Aslant the springtime bowers.

The lakes, no longer leaden,
Sparkle with broken light;
Their shores no longer sullen,
Murmur in cadence bright.

Fleecy clouds of morning
Make shadows o'er the earth,
The landscape adorning
For the seasonal rebirth.

The willow sends its greeting
To the violets beneath,
And bows with homage fleeting
To the bramble's arching wreath.

The mountains, sepia painted,
Stand forth in royal power,
By snowy robes surmounted,
To bless the passing hour.

All hail the willow blossom,
Harbinger of bright days,
It leads us to the bosom
Of summer's floral maze,

TREVOR KINCAID.

Diplomas and Diplomacy.

TYEE
1905

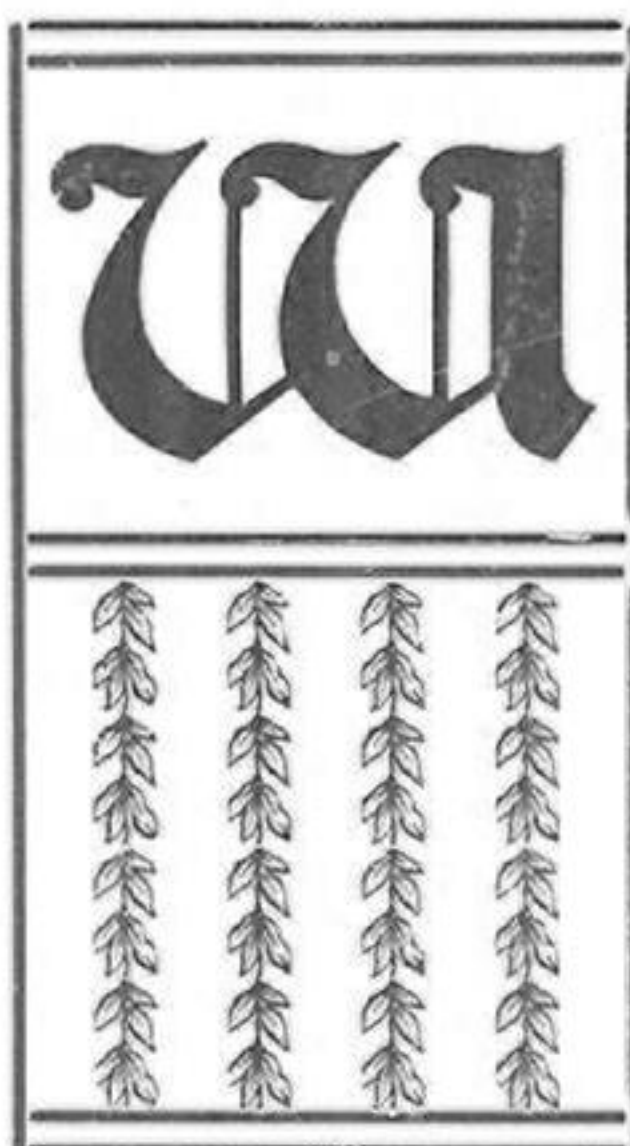


A Short Story.

Wherein is Hinted a Certain Post-Graduate Puzzle
for Western Co-Eds.

By Joseph Blethen.

Diplomas and Diplomacy.



"WHAT shall I do?" asked Robert of Helen. "Build the cottage and let this chance go by, or shall I build the warehouse on the corner lot and—and wait for you?"

"You should say, 'Shall we build the warehouse and wait for the cottage,'" replied the girl encouragingly.

"That does sound better," said Robert. "But it means using our happiness as capital in business."

"But we must do it, Bobby. Think of the rare chance Mr. Stearns has offered you! The agency of the Rainier Machinery Company! Why, this section will grow so fast under its three great irrigation ditches that such an agency will sell thousands of dollars worth of machinery every month."

"That's what Stearns said," replied Robert. "But I told him then, as I tell you now, that I should ask you before I decided."

That first thousand dollars had brought Robert Ruttty to a crisis. Instead of the next thousand seeming so proverbially easy, it seemed, now that he desired it so much, to be positively impossible. He had returned from the State University to Kernan City and the desert just in time to become a surveyor, and subsequently an assistant constructor on the Third Ditch. He had accepted, in part payment for his services, a ten-acre tract under the Third Ditch and a corner lot in the extended townsite. As soon as he should build the cottage on the ten acres, Helen Hoxworth was ready to go there as his wife.

Helen was a tall girl of twenty-two. Her eyes were dark, her hair darker. Her color was brilliant. Her slender figure seemed ever poised in readiness for a burst of speed. Her girlhood on the desert had given her courage and health; her four years in the State University had given her character and breadth; her love for Robert had given her sweetness and depth. She could not recall the time when roly-poly, pudgy Robert had not been her playmate. Their fellowship was something unusual for the West, where life chumships, among the shifting throngs, are as rare as boomless cities. The Ruttys had come into the Kernan Valley with the railroad. The Hoxworths had come with the building of the Peshastin. Robert and Helen had been sent to the State University together. Then had begun the new life, which had fired them both with ambition—a life which they carried back to the desert, the ditches, and the new, bustling town. Small wonder that they returned with plighted troth. Small wonder that Robert was eager to build their cottage with that first thousand. A cottage and ten acres would be a competency; but an opportunity had been presented which weighed the proposed home in the balance.

The two sat in the shade of a great cottonwood on the edge of the lazy Peshastin, the oldest canal of the Kernan Valley. From their shade they looked westward across long miles of desert heat to the foothills of the Cascades. Above these brown, rolling bases the peaks shot up glistening in the June sun, for their snow caps were not yet doffed before the warm presence of midsummer. To one of these peaks, abrupt, rugged, eternally snow-tipped, Helen had looked from childhood for consolation. They—she and Old Glory Top—stood together and weathered the storms of their individual worlds. When a storm raged in the mountains she felt that Old Glory Top was in the midst of the strife, immovable. When the clouds broke she rushed to her window to see the peak standing victorious above the scurrying banks of mist. To-day, as she sought to encourage her lover in this crisis of his commercial life, she was conscious of looking long and often at Old Glory Top. To-day the strife was in her world, and she must be, like her mountain, calm and steadfast.

TYEE
1905

"Of course, it's a most unusual opportunity," continued Robert. "I would not have received any such offer if Stearns had not been of my fraternity in the University. He will recommend the Rainier people to extend me unlimited credit in machinery and implements. But he insists that I build and own my warehouse. He says that if I will sell the ten-acre tract and build a warehouse at once, he will load four cars with machinery, put big signs on their sides, and let everyone between Seattle and Kernan City see that Bob Ruddy has gone into business."

"Splendid!" said the girl. "We must do it! Then, in a year or two at most, we can buy a lot in town and build a house."

"Very well. I will sell the ten acres at once," said Robert. "But I have another suggestion. Suppose I were to fit up a few rooms overhead. Would you object to the top of a warehouse for a temporary home?"

After a momentary pause, deep in its tragedy to the girl, she said: "It would be far better to wait for the house."

"Well, just as you say. I only want to please you."

The girl shot a look at Old Glory Top. "Bobby, you do not understand," she exclaimed. "The easy life around here makes you forget the significance of things. Mr. Stearns, for the Rainier Machinery Company, stipulates that you must provide a suitable building for your wares. Should not the girl who is to marry you stipulate for a proper home for Mrs. Ruddy? You will be a leader in the business community. Our home should be commensurate. You forget that we are better than our parents—yes, Bobby, I said better—because they have made us so. By their efforts, their thoughts, their money, they have made you and me better than they were, and we must live up to our standard. Si Stockton, the storekeeper who came to Kernan City before the Peshastin was dug, knows nothing beyond the horizon of his counters. His wife lives in rooms upstairs, breathing endless fogs of kerosene and tobacco

TYEE
1905

smoke. That store is their life. They know nothing better. But we have been taught better and must do better. Do you suppose Mr. Stearns would have made you that offer if he had supposed you were going to drop back to the level of Si Stockton? And—and do you think I wish my Robert to drop back in his respect for himself?"

The young man would have been angered if the truth of the girl's words had not squared perfectly with something in his own mind. "The Rainier people want new men who are alive to their opportunities," Stearns had said. "New men who can put on a little 'dog,' and astonish the natives with new methods. Stockton belongs in a cross-roads store where trade comes of itself. The agency has outgrown him and we must take it from him. In a new town like this we want a man who will go after business, who can organize men, who can go before a meeting and make a speech, who not only knows business but who knows what makes business and how to control the causes of business. By the time he is thirty Robert Ruttty can be president of Kernan City's chamber of Commerce. So much the better for the Rainier people. While he is carving out the career of the Honorable Robert Ruttty he is selling our goods."

"Stearns said that you would show me the right of it," said Robert quietly, and then he felt his fiancée's hand creep into his own.

The course of Helen's love, while pretty to the onlooker, had been far from smooth. From the first there had been misunderstandings in her own home. Being an only child, she saw that her parents would take the engagement most seriously. So on her return from college she broke the news adroitly. "Father," said she, "what is 'a man's work?'"

"Git to be somebody! That's a man's work," replied her father, who had been first a Confederate soldier, then a cattleman of the plains, then a builder of ditches on the desert.

"Well, Bobby has asked me to wait for him and I have promised. He says we are not to be married until he can do a man's work."

The old cattleman had remained silent for a moment and then had replied: "That won't be such a scandalous long time, neither, if he keeps that new fangled education hung up in the shed out of the way. All them Ruttys are hustlers. But even he can't build an irrigation ditch with books."

"But, father, you sent me through college. I thought, of course, that you would prefer that I marry a college man."

"Your ma and me bought you an education just like we'd buy you an automobile; 'cause you wanted it and we got the money to buy."

At first Robert had been all enthusiasm that the home over which Helen was to preside should carry on the gentler, deeper life which their college course had opened to them. But as the months went by his daily work in the rough, open tasks of survey-

ing and constructing an irrigation canal dimmed his truer vision. Helen saw it, and again it became the woman's task, as it has been woman's task in all the advances, retreats, marches and counter-marches of civilization, to weed in the garden of Possibilities and guard the sweet beginnings lest they be strangled by indifference. Man is elevated by woman's sweetness; yet its cost is ever woman's drudgery. The desert of human indifference to which these two had returned from college, bright-eyed, smiling, hopeful, threatened to dry the newly gushing fountain of enthusiasm just as the desert itself drank the wandering streams from the mountains and gave back no harvest. Helen must train their new thoughts along gentle places to the promised home, just as Robert was training the precious water along well-built canals to soil prepared for its reception. It pained her that Robert should suggest rooms over a warehouse for their bridal days. It was an unconscious dropping back to the material standards of the range, the ranch and the village store, where all wealth was visible, where all comforts concerned the body. The trained mind, the awakened soul, must endure the sneers of the unappreciative; the bride-to-be must keep her ideal undimmed.

T Y E E

1905

In her own home, as well as with Robert, Helen had the new battle to fight. Why should Helen cry over Robert's selling that ten acres, her mother demanded. Wasn't he going into business in town? And why not live in rooms over his warehouse? Other storekeepers' wives did. Sakes alive! When she and Helen's father married they lived in a wagon. And that wagon had brought them from Kentucky to the cattle country—from poverty to plenty!

"You were born in that wagon, Helen," her mother had said. "And now you're too good to live over a nice new store. If that's what education does for girls, I'm sorry we bought you one."

"Yes, I **am** too good to live over a store," Helen had replied, so calmly and with so pale a face that the mother was awed. "You and father helped; the State University helped; the girls in my sorrority helped; and the people I met during those long four years helped—all helped to make a new Helen and a better Helen—a Helen who is too good to do a poor thing now that she knows how to do a better—a Helen who would be untrue to herself did she not insist on doing better even than her mother. I would go live with Robert in a cave, were that a necessity. But you help to teach me to be something better and then deny me the right to work for that better life. Oh, it is hard, dreadfully hard, to fight you and Robert, and even myself, to keep from yielding."

So she had stood against misunderstanding, with none but Old Glory Top for comfort. So again to-day this brave girl fought for her promised home, consented with aching heart to the selling of those ten acres that a warehouse might be built—the ten acres that had seemed so sure a beginning. She remembered a saying of her grey-haired lecturer on political economy: "Every human success is builded on some human sacrifice." After Robert had gone and

T Y E E

1905

she was in her room weeping out the ache, she beat her helpless hands above her head and heard her own heart cry out: "Oh, God! I know I am right. I **know** I am. Make my sacrifices the means of Robert's success!"

The next day Helen went moodily about. Was Robert selling the ten? Who was buying it? Would some other girl—perhaps a plain, sweet, contented ranch girl, with no quickened brain and no tear-bringing ambitions—go there as a bride and begin her home life? Would Robert, with his new warehouse and his new rushing business, ever be as boyish and frank and enthusiastic in planning a homestead as he had been in planning that first one—that one now to go a human sacrifice to win a human success?

But if there was a depression within, there was a rush of action without. First, her mother was kind. Then Old Glory Top bared his head to her all day. Then, as dusk approached, a startling note came from Robert, brought by a dusty boy on a panting cayuse. The note was ragged and hasty, but oh! so full of meaning:

"Big freight wreck at head of Peshastin ditch. Several cars Puget Sound lumber in it. Train crew have orders to burn. I can have all the lumber I can throw into ditch and float away. Everything here necessary to build warehouse. Telephone my father to get help and protect lumber as it floats down ditch. This will save our ten acres. Hurry!"

"**This will save our ten acres!**" Ah, there was the old Robert speaking again. His first thought had been of their home; his first appeal for aid had been to her!

Thrusting the note into Mrs. Hoxworth's hands, Helen rushed to the telephone and called for "Rutty, Peshastin circuit." To Mr. Rutty she explained Robert's request and heard him promise instant fulfillment, his tone rising in excitement as he asked question after question about the location of the wreck and commented on his son's undertaking.

That done, Helen went to her window, put her elbows on the sill, her chin in her palms, and her eyes on the mountain. The sun was nearly over it. In an hour twilight would begin. By that time Robert would have won or lost. She drew her lids close to lessen the dazzle of the sun on Old Glory Top, but through her lashes she look at it, hard and steadily.. She must think, think!

She began to picture the course of the ditch from the wreck to the first flumes, through which the water was carried by Kernan City high up on a bluff overlooking the river. Robert's lumber could not enter the flume, since the sluice gate at its upper end was built to stop any floating object. But from the wreck to the flume the ditch circled lazily and contained no obstructions. Somewhere on the flat at the head of the flume Robert's floating lumber must be moored and guarded till it could be moved to his own land. His father and brothers would help him do that, but they must travel six miles by the nearest way to reach the wreck. Somebody must go above the flume at once to intercept the floating lumber and

guard it! She sprang up at the thought. Just as she took her eyes from the mountain he flashed the signal—"Go!"

Helen stood a moment irresolute. Then she felt the old spirit of her girlhood and was ready.

"Mother, I am going to help Bob!"

"All right, dear, you go. I didn't think Bobby was so plucky. I'll telephone the neighbors and get hold of your pa."

Helen ran to her room and donned her hunting suit. A short skirt and leggings, a belt that carried two Colt's six-shooters, a red cowboy handkerchief about her neck, a sombrero and driving gloves settled to their places with the speed of long habit. Thus attired the girl rushed to the stables and called a man to help her harness two horses to a light driving buggy.

From the Hoxworth ranch to Kernan City Helen drove by orchards heavy with fruit, by fields of alfalfa, and by verdant groves which had peopled the desert with the coming of water. As the road dropped from the desert level to the river, she drove by a cattleman's ranch where many ponies stood in the corral, where cowboys raised their sombreros in respectful salutation, and bare-headed Indians smiled and nodded. Leading up again to the flat of the desert, the road passed by the upper end of the flume, and disclosed the lazy ditch, bordered on one side by the sage-covered desert, on the other by the crowded growths of many ranches and straggling away toward the distant wreck. Driving a short distance on this flat she met a floating bundle of shingles, the leader of Robert's straggling flotilla.

Turning about, Helen retreated a few rods down the ditch to a small bridge, from which she dropped several planks into the water, forming a floating dam. The flagship of the shingle squadron touched the planks and stopped. The slow-flowing water gurgled by, and the head of Robert's crowding armada had reached port.

The sun was now behind Old Glory Top and straggling men were looking at the floating lumber. Helen began to feel nervous, though with no thought of deserting her post. It might be hours before Robert, with his father and brothers, would come, coaxing and guiding the larger sticks down the lazy stream. Until then the increasing jam of floating wood at the bridge was growing more valuable and of more importance to Robert.

That all-important functionary of an irrigated country, the ditch walker, was soon upon the scene. He was but one of a crew, but he instantly assumed the authority of foremanship.

"Who the hell throwed all this lumber into this ditch?" he demanded. "This ain't no Mississippi River. Who throwed it in there?"

Helen nerved herself to reply. "Robert Rutty is floating this lumber down from the wreck," said she.

"Bob Rutty, eh? And he has set his girl to guard it. Couldn't he find a **man** to do it? Here, you boys. Pile this lumber out of here and it's yourn."

T Y E E

1905

T Y E E

1905

"But this is Mr. Rutt's lumber," exclaimed Helen.

"Rutt's lumber!" sneered a bystander, seizing a timber. "I reckon it's any man's lumber who wants to take it."

A flash from the sunset on Old Glory Top struck into the girl's eyes and glinted back. "Just as you say," said she. "Any man's who wants to take it." Then this daughter of a manly man drew a revolver, leveled it at a thin shingle lying on the water, and split the bit of wood with a bullet. The accuracy of the shot was no plainer than the inference of the action. The bystander who had sneered drew back into the crowd.

A rancher, bearded and hearty, by whose bridge the lumber had been brought to rest, stepped toward Helen with a smile of recognition.

"You're old man Hoxworth's daughter Helen, ain't you?"

"I am, sir."

"I thought so. You're that impulsive with a gun—just like your dad. That State University didn't hurt you none. Honey, you just put up that gun an' stop worryin' yourself. Bobby was the first man to the wreck and that makes this his lumber. They ain't no man about here goin' to touch it. Especially he ain't, seein' that after he got done with Bobby Rutt he'd have to explain things to your dad."

"But this here lumber's got to be throwed out," said the ditch walker with authority. "Them as throwed it in has got to throw it out."

"Then suppose you saunter up to the wreck and explain them views to Bobby," said the rancher.

The ditch walker grumbled and started off, with a parting threat that he would have everybody jailed, some for turning the ditch into a log-jam and some others with threatening him with a gun. The ranchers laughed and began helping Helen with the lumber.

As the sun slid over the western side of Old Glory Top, a few of Helen's girl friends, who had heard of her adventure and desired to share it, rode up on their ponies. A huge fire was kindled and the watch changed from a serious matter to a girls' frolic. The deepening twilight brought out the stars. Through the clear air of the desert there crept the cool of the night. Men came, lifted their hats to the girls and passed on. The lumber, spreading further and further up the ditch, had grown to thousands of dollars in value. The lights from the ranch houses twinkled, and yonder, to the west, a leaping flame hid Old Glory Top, writing, with quivering finger against the smoke, the story of the wreck.

The elder Rutt was the first of Robert's party to reach the young women. He was in the saddle, and had been aiding the lumber along the ditch only where aid was most needed. His greeting of Helen and her friends was as genuine as was his surprise. When Robert and his brothers followed a little later it became Mr. Rutt's pleasure to compliment Helen before her lover.

Robert thanked Helen warmly. "You saved the lumber and the ten acres, too," said he, and there was in his tone something that only Helen could understand. Perhaps, in the years to come, he would realize that she had saved him.

T Y E E

1905

The bevy of girls looked at the pair in an ecstasy of sentiment. The tension over, Helen laughed and chatted to the verge of hysterics. But the lumber must be watched till teams could be secured to haul it, and hungry bodies must be fed and warmed. Robert insisted that Helen and the girls drive home under his father's escort. But the friendly rancher objected and demanded that they should all go to his house for food. The invitation was eagerly accepted, but as they were about to go, a lone horseman came out of the moonlit waste. The chatting girls stopped to look, for his was not the dress of the rancher.

"I'm looking for Robert Rutty," said the lone rider. "Is he here?"

Robert, recognizing Stearns' voice, made a dive for him, and the two men pounded each other as though they were back on the athletic field of their own University.

"Good boy, Bobby. I heard about this in town. All Kernan City is talking about it. You must name your warehouse 'Castle Crash.' And the young lady, Bobby. They are saying nice things of her, too. Wasn't I presented once, back in the old fraternity days? I know a man who will build you a house and take a mortgage on that ten acres. If the young lady will make it a September wedding I know the firm will do the right thing by their new agent."

The bevy of girls broke into delighted exclamations. They surrounded Helen, who had difficulty in quieting them sufficiently to greet Mr. Stearns and present him to them. Hardly had she accomplished this when a clear, ringing, continuous shout came to them.

"It's father," said Helen, laughing. "He thinks we may need assistance. Hear him yell!"

The old cattleman rode up in a cloud of dust, sprang from the saddle and stepped to his daughter's side. There was a quick, animal loyalty about him. He was ready for his part in the family trouble without waiting for explanations.

"Do I get cards in this deal?" was his quick, characteristic greeting. "I was off on the range an' I'm a little late."

"The game has just closed," said the elder Rutty in response. "The youngsters played it to suit themselves."

Mr. Stearns was presented to the old cattleman, and took the occasion to formally announce Robert Rutty's appointment.

"Good!" exclaimed the old man. "I always told Helen she wouldn't have to wait long for Bobby. I don't reckon you've made a mistake none in throwin' the brand of this here Rainier Machinery outfit onto the boy. It ain't every youngster in Kernan City can git up in the mornin' at the usual time, pick a warehouse out of an irrigation ditch and go to bed at midnight a rich man."

T Y E E "Thank you, Mr. Hoxworth," said Robert, "but there are precious few youngsters in Kernan City whose friends help him so promptly."

1905

"Friends are always glad to help when they have a good leader," said Mr. Stearns. "You did not wait to consult anybody about jumping out to that wreck. Such a happy thought as that makes your friends proud to aid you."

The ditch walker, having hunted up his foreman, returned with him to the scene.

"What will you do with this lumber, Bob?" asked the foreman.

"Leave it lay where it is till mornin'," interrupted the old cattleman. "I don't reckon this country has progressed to that stage of civilization where a man dassent leave his lumber out doors over night!"

"But it can't stay in the ditch all night," said the foreman, quietly. "It has already backed up the water till the banks are washing."

"You bet it can't," said the still revengeful ditch walker.

Foreman Clark had a ranch, several horses, and two full-grown boys. Robert had all that in mind when he replied:

"Let it lay for two hours and I will have teams here. Then we can lift it directly from the water to the wagons. By the way, Clark, why can't you take the job of hauling? I'll pay you cash. And I'll pay the ditch walker here \$5 extra to watch the banks while you are loading."

The foreman thought a moment and then accepted. The ditch walker struggled with his pride, but the five dollars conquered.

"You surely are a persuasive pair, you and Miss Helen," said he. "I retracts what I said to her away back, and I takes your five."

The hospitable rancher grew insistent. "Say! Folks as likes their coffee cold can stay out here and rag-chew till old Peshastin runs dry; but folks as likes their coffee hot better come a-runnin'!"

To the westward a faint, red glow told of the dying fire where a wreck had been. The tide of fortune had passed on, but Robert and Helen rode at its flood.





His Lament

THE Summer time is very near, beloved;
The Campus and the College halls, the lake
So lonely will this near vacation make,
For you go with the rest, I fear, beloved.

The Portage road all still and drear, beloved,
The paths behind the "Gym" no more we'll take,
And three long months I'll mourn for your dear sake,
Thus sad I'll be until—next year, beloved.

The Labs will be all odorless and dark,
The Ad. steps free from Freshmen bold as brass,
The grand stand, rooterless and bleak and bare,
No more we'll cut our lectures for a lark,
Nor study trees, nor buglets in the grass—
But O, next year—yet will we then still care?

A. M. S., '07.

TYEE
1905

The Call of Brotherhood.



Now, in the beginning you must understand that many things happen within the four walls of a fraternity house that never come to the ears of the world at large. Because of these things, Hanley left the university between two days, accompanied by a suit case, and—to the railway station—by several hard-eyed members of a certain fraternity; and also because of these things the fraternity never sings a certain song that may be found in the brown-and-gold book over the piano. In all other respects this fraternity rushes prospective candidates and mixes in college politics and goes along exactly as it did before Hanley was constrained to board the Eastern express. Which is all very proper, though it may seem hard on Hanley, and sometimes people say things about this. The Boy is one of the people who say things. The Boy says: "What ever became of that chap, Hanley? Pretty decent fellow. Like to see old Hanley."

There are always two kinds of men in every fraternity—Inside Workers and Stars. The Inside Worker does not shine in society or politics or athletics; he is the man who can be depended on to do various unpleasant but none the less necessary duties. He will cheerfully spend his Saturdays in decorating for a house-party, or, if needs be, in standing off the more pressing collectors. The Star is different.

The Boy was distinctly not an Inside Worker. He entered college entirely unheralded and unknown, but by virtue of a big, well-set-up frame and a strong, earnest young face, he was immediately marked out by several fraternities for strenuous rushing. Therefore it was presently known to the university that The Boy was in a fair way to become an important personage. After he was pledged he decided to do something for his chosen fraternity. Quite unassumingly he made the 'Varsity, and very nonchalantly he played a great game at full-back all season. His head was just a trifle turned by this, but you could not blame him. You see, he was a Star, and Stars are better than any other folk. Besides, he was a very human Star, and his fraternity brothers learned to care a great deal for his grave, boyish face and the ring of his voice when he grew excited and aglow with enthusiasm at chapter meetings.

About this time the fraternity began to rush Hanley. Hanley was a thin, dark, dispassionate man, with a queer twitch to the upper lip of him; yet not without a kind of devil's comeliness. The Boy and Hanley entered the university together. For awhile they had been rushed together, and had grown rather intimate, as "barbs" do in such cases. And then suddenly the fraternity found out something—it cannot be told here—and Hanley was dropped. But because The Boy had been one of Hanley's friends, the reason—which was not a nice one—was withheld from him. This, as you shall see afterward, was a mistake—the first mistake.

T Y E E

1905

Hanley had a certain kind of bravado. He came up to the fraternity house one night. The Boy was away, as it happened, and when Hanley declared that he had come for an explanation the president of the chapter called his fellows down into the drawing-room. Hanley stood by a window and his face was white.

After the president had explained matters in a few words, Hanley spoke very slowly, his thin lip twitching in a rather ugly manner: "You've ruined my chances of making a fraternity here, haven't you?"

"I hope so, Hanley," said the president. "You are a hound and a sneak, you know," he added pleasantly.

Hanley looked around him, possibly for encouragement, but there was no encouragement in the hard faces. When he spoke again there was an ominous calm in his rasping voice.

"I'll ruin The Boy for you," he said, quite as if he spoke of the weather or of the last football game. Then he turned and walked steadily out of the door.

The chapter laughed rather uneasily when he had gone; it was manifestly a mere boast on Hanley's part. However, it was worthy of note that The Boy was at this time only a Freshman, and rather looked up to Hanley. Moreover, his fraternity brothers did not tell him of the boast which Hanley had made before them all. This was the second mistake.

Remember that The Boy was a Star and entitled to all the privileges of a Star. The football season was over and he was out of training for that, but he was very much in training for society. It was pleasant to The Boy. He began to go out more and more at night, but always he would come back and set himself to his studies, not yet being entirely a Society Star. That is, at first.

Later on, he came in just in time to roll into bed, and if he did study it must be with a wet towel around his forehead. Once or twice the fellows taxed him with being in love, but he denied it



utterly. Yet he continued to come in at two o'clock or worse in the morning with alarming persistency, and sometimes stayed away all night.

T Y E E

1905

Now no one, not even a Star, can do good work under such conditions, and the fraternity rather prided itself on turning out at least decent scholars. They took The Boy severely to task at last, but of late he had grown strangely silent, and now he refused to answer them. He had in the last few weeks grown something besides silent—there were dark circles under his eyes, and his hands trembled next morning. Clearly, The Boy was going the pace that kills.

The maddening thing about it was that no one knew or could find out where he went for his society. The Boy, in the silence that had fixed itself on him, never gave any hint of companions. But they found out quite accidentally what has been clear to you all along—Hanley was keeping his promise, namely, he was ruining The Boy. Hanley met The Boy every night, and together they would do the town; Hanley continually drew The Boy on to wilder excesses.

When the chapter learned the truth they cursed Hanley, and some of the intolerants were for doing him bodily harm; but unfortunately they did not. Instead, they warned The Boy, and, as might have been expected, this was entirely useless. The Boy looked at them in silence, and that same night he met Hanley and they visited the principal sporting clubs of the district. Finally they ended up in a saloon, on the bar of which The Boy danced in maudlin abandonment. This was learned afterward.

Meanwhile, you observe, Hanley was keeping his word, and when occasionally one of the fraternity men met him on the street his thin lip would twitch most unpleasantly. They had threatened him with many veiled threats, but he laughed and continued to lead The Boy on. Finally he left the university and devoted himself more assiduously to ruining The Boy. The facts of the case were that this was not at all difficult. The Boy was in a bad way now. He, too, gave up his college work and paid not the slightest attention to certain official-looking envelopes, bearing his name, which came from the Dean. He did not even take the trouble to open them.

There was a chapter meeting one night, and, as was now usually the case, The Boy was absent. They fell to talking of him, and as they talked their rage at Hanley and their love for The Boy grew and grew till some of them could not speak. The room

seemed filled with charged emotion; at least that is the only way
T Y E E I can account for what followed.

1905 There came the sound of a curious shuffling and scraping outside in the hall, as if some heavy body were dragging itself over the floor. Some one opened the door and the light fell into the dilated eyes of The Boy as he raised his white, sick face. He was on his hands and knees, crawling slowly about.

The chapter merely thought that he was drunk, though this had never happened before. He was not drunk. He got to his feet and stood swaying uncertainly in the lamplight. The muddy water—they noticed all this afterward—dripped from his knees and smudged the carpet under him.

The terrible thing was that The Boy was laughing quite softly to himself, with unceasing, inarticulate mirth. Drunken men do not do these things.

The president of the chapter cleared his throat. "Old man—brace up," he said.

The Boy looked at him uncomprehendingly. "There's that thing again," he murmured to himself, "that funny—no, that very strange thing. Yes, it is funny—all going round, going round, and my head with it." He chuckled with a frightened, indescribable intonation, and put his hands carefully on each side of his temples. "All going round," he said again, and broke off with a shriek, staring straight ahead with wide, unseeing eyes. This was not drunkenness.

Someone got him to a chair. He leaned back, laughing to himself. "Hello, there, old light," he remarked, calmly looking at the incandescent bulb above him. "Why don't you speak to a fellow?"

"Oh, my God!" said the president. The men around sat as if in a spell, watching The Boy's glassy eyeballs and the strange smile on his dry lips.

"Listen," said the president, slowly and impressively, taking The Boy's hand. "Do you know who you are?"

The Boy looked up at him. "I'm the Czar, the Czar—" he hummed a few words of a popular song. "Oh, yes, I'm the man that broke—that broke—" his attention wandered once more. He also made other foolish remarks.

Some heaven-born inspiration caused the musician of the chapter to sit down at the piano and begin to play. At the sound of the music The Boy's face brightened.

"Go on playing," said the president.

The player swung into a dance tune or two, and in The Boy's face the hard lines began to fade. Something about the music held him. Then the boy at the piano did a wonderful thing. He pressed the soft pedal and began a certain song. Now, the song was one which the men of that fraternity always sing when an alumnus or an old man comes back for a visit after a lapse of years. The name of it is "The Call of Brotherhood," and the words begin:

"It calls me back, yes, back again, to those old days."

You see, it is a very simple song, just an ordinary song, but the music is curiously low and throbbing.

The music filled the room, and the men, watching The Boy's tense face, saw a different look in his eyes. His head turned for an instant to the player, then back again till he looked the president squarely in the eye, and after that his head never wavered.

The music throbbed on, yearning, passionate, and The Boy's hand sought that of the one sitting beside him and gave it a grip. With their hands gripped tight together The Boy sat there, and, as they watched, the color came back into his face. He sobbed once, a great, tearing sob; he started slightly, shivered as if from a dream, and sat up. The man at the piano played on, in low, caressing chords.

"Hello, Jerry!" said The Boy. "What's the matter with all of you fellows? You look like you'd seen a dead man. How the dickens did I sleep here all afternoon?"

There was another sound in the hall. The door swung back and Hanley looked in. His dark face seemed evil in the lamplight, and his lip was twitching.

The men were in an ugly mood then. The president, looking at The Boy, saw a terrible fear coming again swiftly to his face. The president waited not a second. Hanley had disappeared. The president went out into the hall. He came back soon with his own face rather white.

They got The Boy to bed, after which several of them sought out Hanley and persuaded him to leave the town forever. He was very glad to go. They accompanied him to the railway station, and though he was in bad condition to travel, they insisted that he go on the morning express. He went.

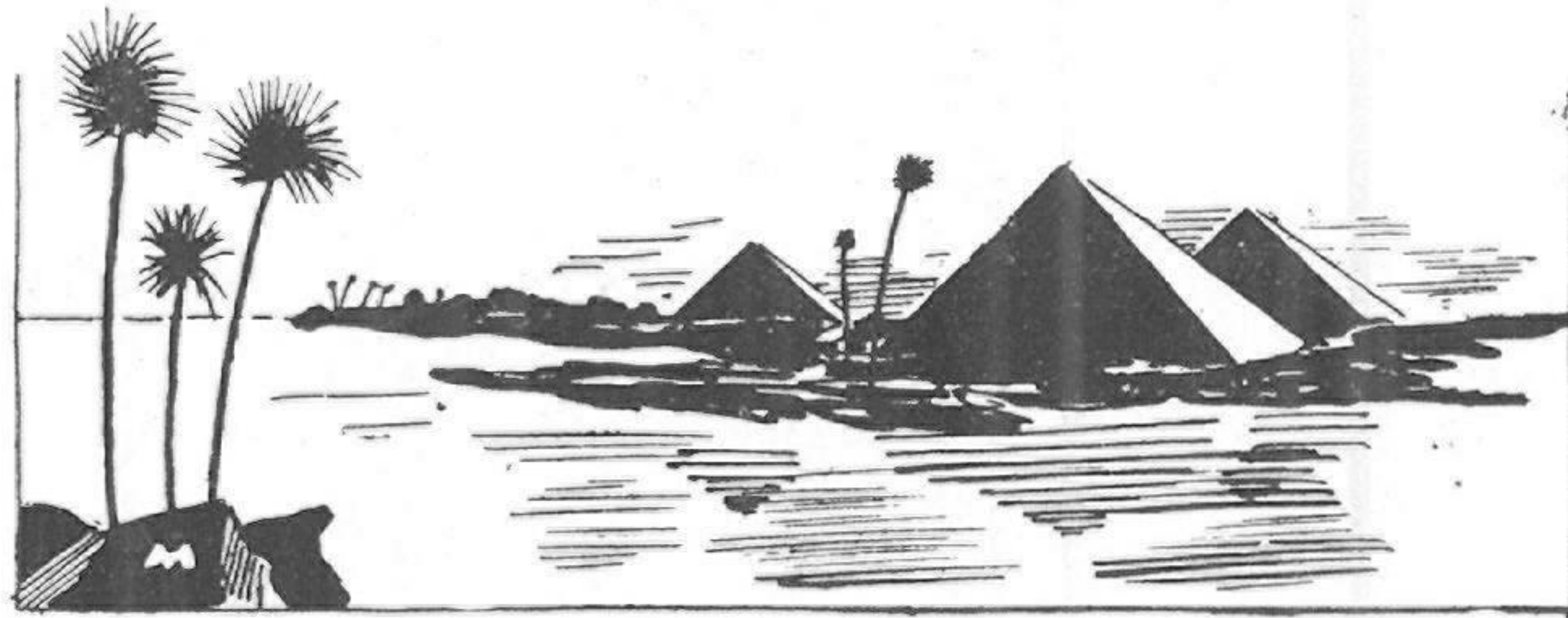
Now The Boy wonders where Hanley went. "Pretty decent fellow," says The Boy. It is to be noticed that The Boy played on

T Y E E the team again next fall, and he remembers nothing at all of a cer-
1905 tain time when he came into the fraternity house on his hands and
knees, making foolish remarks. Perhaps that is why he regrets
Hanley.

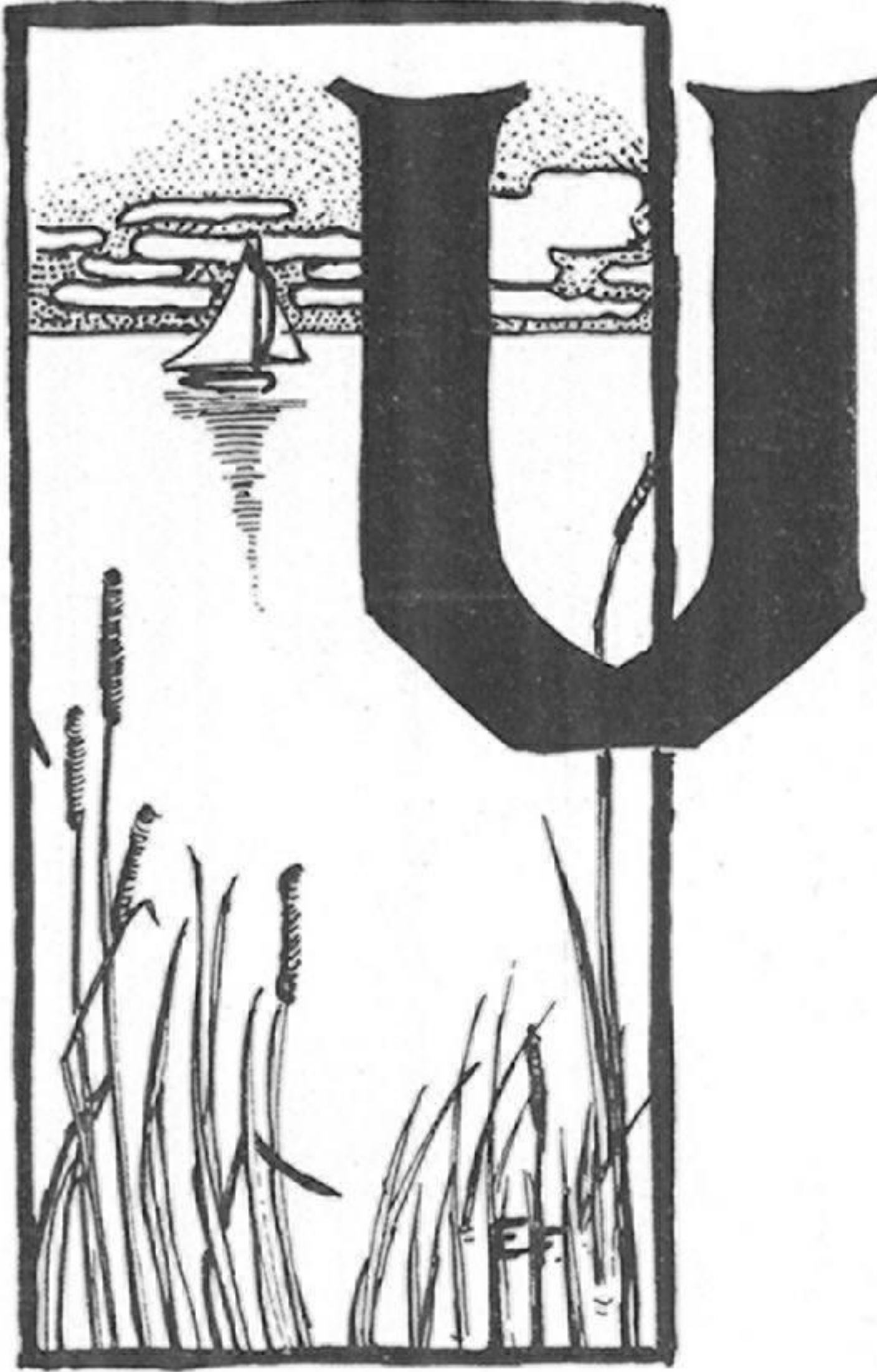
However it be, there is one song the chapter never sings, and
the name of it is "The Call of Brotherhood."

And if you do not believe this, always remember that there are
many things inside the four walls of a fraternity house that the
world at large does not know. Also, it is certain that I speak
whereof I know.

RILEY H. ALLEN, ex-'03.



A Spring Fever Pipe Dream.



PON the lakes the sunlight glints,
The breeze comes whispering from the Sound,
The foliage green with April tints,
The mystic spell of Spring throws round.

The hurrying feet and merry shout
Of students from the labs. set free,
From baseball field the cry "You're out!"
From track the crack of pistol comes to me,

Down on the lakes canoemen speed their way,
No fear of flunking in that beastly "ex.,"
All thought of care and trouble laid away,
No heed of philosophy or calculus complex.

* * * * *

Back from the meet the students homeward pike,
All sounds are deadened and the air is still,
From darkened skies the raindrops swiftly hike
And I awake, all chance for dinner nil.



TYEE

1905

A Modernized and Sophocalized Version of the Melancholy Tragedy,

of

"Romeo and Juliet."

Scene.

A veranda in front of the house of the Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, at Frankfort, Kentucky.

Prologue.

Enter Colonel Capulet, head of one of the first families of Kentucky. He briefly relates to the Bishop the story of the feud between his house and that of Major Montague, started years before by the Montagues' delivering his great-grandfather to the revenue officers because he insisted in maintaining his independence in the manufacture of whiskey.

The Colonel further relates that, at the election yesterday, young Romeo Montague killed his nephew, Tybalt Capulet, and, knowing the judge of the county to be a second cousin of Capulet's wife, had quickly left the country.

Capulet's young and beautiful daughter, Juliet, is prostrated by the death of her cousin. Capulet fears for her reason, and to arouse her has determined to marry her on the morrow to Paris Breckenridge, of Louisville, who is passionately in love with Juliet. Once married, she will forget her grief. She is much too good for young Breckenridge, but, nevertheless, the Colonel thinks it is a fine match and engages the Bishop to perform the marriage ceremony.

(Exeunt Bishop and Capulet.)

Parode.

Enter Chorus, composed of the "Fiske Jubilee Singers." They sing as an ode to the worth and beauty of Juliet, "She Was Bred in Old Kentucky."

TYEE

1905

Episode I.

(Re-enter Bishop with Juliet Capulet.)

Juliet explains that she is supposed to be at her dressmaker's, but has bribed her old nurse to accompany her to the Bishop.

She discloses to the audience that two days before the Bishop had secretly married her and Romeo Montague. Now, her father wishes her to marry Paris. She is sure he will kill her if he finds out the truth. Yet she will kill herself rather than marry a man she does not love. She does not know Romeo's address in Chicago, whither he has fled. Implores the Bishop to help her. (Exit Bishop to answer 'phone.)

Stasimon 1.

Chorus suggests that Juliet procure a divorce on the grounds of desertion. Juliet indignantly spurns the idea.

Chorus suggests that the marriage is illegal, since she is only sixteen and married without parents' consent. Juliet bids them cease to tempt her and declares that, although all the courts of Chicago should pronounce her marriage void, yet would she still be true to Romeo.

Stasimon 2.

(Re-enter Bishop.)

Tells Juliet of a powerful anaesthetic which, if she has courage to take it as soon as she reaches home, will render her apparently dead for sixteen hours. In the morning, when her death is discovered, according to the custom of the Capulets, she will be taken to the undertaker's to be prepared for burial. There the Bishop will see that she is not harmed until she awakes, at which time he will be at hand with an automobile. Meantime he will telegraph Romeo, whose address he has just received, to come immediately to the undertaker's. They may then escape safely across the country and catch the express train at Lexington. (Exeunt both.)

Strasimon 2.

Chorus chants an invocation for the protection of Juliet:

"O, welcome, pure-eyed Faith, white-handed Hope,
Thou hovering angel girt with golden wings,
And thou, unblemished form of Chastity!

TYEE

1905

We see you visibly, and now believe
That He, the Supreme God, to whom all things ill
Are but as slavish officers of vengeance,
Will send a glistering guardian if need be
To keep her life and honor unassailed."

—Adapted from Milton's "Comus."

Episode III.

(Re-enter Bishop.)

Describes a messenger boy approaching. Telegraph company sends word that after searching for two hours, and incidentally taking in a football game and two street fakirs, the Chicago messenger boy had been unable to find Romeo Montague at the address given.

Stasimon 3.

Chorus sing as a premonition of evil, "The Fatal Wedding."

Episode IV.

(Re-enter Colonel Capulet.)

Tells the tale of Juliet's death and the finding of the empty poison bottle in her hand. Thinks that she killed herself because of love for her murdered cousin. Curses the Montagues and vows vengeance for Tybalt's death.

Stasimon 4.

The Chorus sings an ode to Harmony:

"Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
For 'tis their nature to.
Let bears and lions growl and fight,
For God has made them so.

But men of sense should never let
Their angry passions rise.
Their mighty strength was never given
To take each other's lives.

TYEE
1905

Birds in their little nests agree,
And 'tis a shameful sight,
When members of the human race
Fall out, and strive, and fight."

—Adapted from Isaac Watts.
(Exeunt Bishop and Capulet.)

Episode V.

(Enter Policeman.)

Chorus asks: "What news?"

Policeman tells how, as he patrolled his beat, near the undertaking establishment, Paris Breckenridge, wild-eyed and dishevelled, came with his arms full of flowers and begged the undertaker to allow him to see Miss Capulet's body. While he was in the Morgue, Romeo Montague dashed up on a black thoroughbred, flung the reins to a little negro boy, and disappeared inside.

The next moment two shots rang out in quick succession.

Policeman entered the morgue and found Paris Breckenridge dead on the floor by the bier of Juliet, and Romeo Montague, with a Smith & Wesson six-shooter in his hand and a bullet through his brain, lying across the corpse of his enemy. In his pocket they found a Chicago newspaper telling of the death of Juliet and her intended marriage to young Breckenridge.

The Montagues and Capulets were summoned, and as the policeman heaped to bear the body of Breckenridge to another room, the Bishop entered hastily, incoherently explaining how he had been delayed by the refilling of the gasoline tank in his automobile, and that he feared he was too late. He rushed into the inner room where Romeo lay, and found Juliet just awakening. When she saw her husband dead, she snatched the pistol from his hand and, before the Bishop could prevent, killed herself.

(Exit Policeman.)

Stasimon 5.

Chorus chants an ode of lamentation:

"Woe, woe, and lamentation,
What a piteous cry was there.
All the Montagues and Cap'lets
Weeping, sobbing in despair.

TYEE

1905

"Woe to us! And woe to Frankfort!
O, our sons! Our sons and men!
Surely some have 'scaped the death blow.
Surely some will come again!"
Till the oak that fell last winter
Shall uprear his scattered stem,
Wives and mothers of Kentucky,
You shall look in vain for them."

—Adapted from Scotch battle hymn.

Episode VI.

Enter Newsboy, crying: "Louisville Courier-Journal—Extra Edition—
All about the Murder and Double Suicide—Famous Feud Ended—Monta-
gues and Capulets Reconciled—Mrs. Montague Dies from Shock."

Exode.

Chorus chant the lesson of the tragedy:

"O, Kentuckians, hear these maxims,
Hear these maxims and these morals
Of the melancholy ending
Of an old Kentucky quarrel.
Never violate the state laws,
In regard to moonshine whiskey.
Be not hasty with your children,
With your young and tender daughters.
Put no trust in telegraphing,
Nor your faith in automobiles.
Teach your sons less skill in shooting.
Teach them to control their passions.
Thus your land shall live in quiet,
Thus your urbanites shall prosper,
And no more your evening extras
Tell such tales of dire disaster.
'For never was a story of more woe,
Than this of Juliet and Romeo.'"

Collaborated by Clark and Dudley.

T Y E E

1905

Blessed are the Pacemakers.



He ain't a-running for his bloomin' health,

Nor yet a-running to develop grace—

He ain't a-running for to show his shape,

'Cause all he's there for is to set the pace—

And Plug—

Yes, Plug,

Though the floor is coming up to meet his face ;

Though his head is feelin' dizzy

And the lights is reelin' busy,

He plugs around the track to set the pace.

He hasn't got the slightest chance to beat—

He hasn't got the sprint nor yet the stride—

He just keeps on a-pushin' of his feet,

And breakin' wind and taking corners wide.

And Plugs—

Yes, Plugs,

Though his insides lose their old familiar place ;

Though each step ties up a muscle,

Yet he knows he's got to hustle—

And he plugs around the track to set the pace.

Now when you see him trotting 'round the track,

A-lettin' of his staring eyeballs roll—

It may be fun—but recollect the fact,

He's pulling out the inches from his soul.

As he falls behind, but fighting still—

And as his team-mate sprints and wins the race—

Just give a cheer for that there breathless dub,

Who plugged around the track to set the pace.

He Plugged—

Yes, Plugged,

Though his knees was wobbling in a hopeless chase—

If he reads this little ditty

Here's to him—we know he's gritty—

'Cause he plugged around the track to set the pace.

RILEY H. ALLEN.



T Y E E

1905

Cy's Dream.

We had been there for a long time I was sure. Everything around was perfectly still. The beams in the alcove were shadowy, but behind the altar a light breeze came through an open window and stirred the heavy odor of flowers. There were acres of flowers—the altar, the organ loft were covered, and our coffins were thick with them. The bottom of my box was getting blamed uncomfortable. I wondered how Jim and Spi felt about it. If I could only figure out how long I'd been there. I wondered if I could talk. Cautiously I ran my tongue out. My lips were stiff and resisted. I pushed hard. All the efforts of that long, still body were put into that push. Suddenly something gave way, and the upper part of my right jaw fell in. Golly, I must have been dead a long time!

The shock was discouraging, but I tried the talking stunt again. Yes, it would work, though my conversation was somewhat limited, owing to that hole in my face. I consoled myself with the thought that probably Jim was worse off than I. He had been so thoroughly spoiled before he died.

The rest of me seemed all right and I managed to sit up. But I didn't sit there long. One look was enough for me, and I laughed till my stiff sides ached. There in the coffin next to mine lay Jim—long-nosed, long-legged, light-haired, Sunny Jim. Straight and still in his narrow box, one white hand stiffly holding a bunch of roses, and the corner of one eye seriously contemplating the tip of that nose. He evidently was figuring out where he had seen it before. My mirth was too great for the frail legs under me and over we went—Cy, coffin, flowers, hole-in-the-face and all.

The next minute Jim's bunch of roses hit me in my neck, and I turned round to see Jim and Spi hanging over the edges of their coffins guying me.

"You're a stiff," said Spi.

"I believe you—on the dead, I do," said I.

"We were due to be buried a long time ago," said Jim, whose friends always said he'd kick even after he was dead.

"It isn't a question of being due," said I. "It's a question of how long we've been overdue."

"We've been waiting weeks for the funeral and nobody's come yet," put in Spi. "Suppose they're mad?"

"No. We must have died of some contagious disease. We'll spoil if we don't get under ground soon."

"Let's go bury ourselves," said Spi. "This isn't fair to us. The minister at least might have remembered us. He has his money and has left us the flowers. What more does he want?"

"This is an insult—to be laid out and gotten ready for your own funeral and then to wait and wait and not a person come near. Come on, let's go."

So we started off. Jim, as usual, hunted all through his clothes for car fare, but, as usual, there was nothing doing. That blamed kid brother probably made a big haul. We were greatly relieved to find three bicycles in the shed near the church.

Somehow my joints were horribly stiff, and the other two boys grumbled because their fingers would get stuck to the handle bars and not come off. There was only one thing to do. We were dead, had been dead for some time, and needed to be buried. If other people wouldn't do it, it was up to us. We got on the wheels and

TYEE

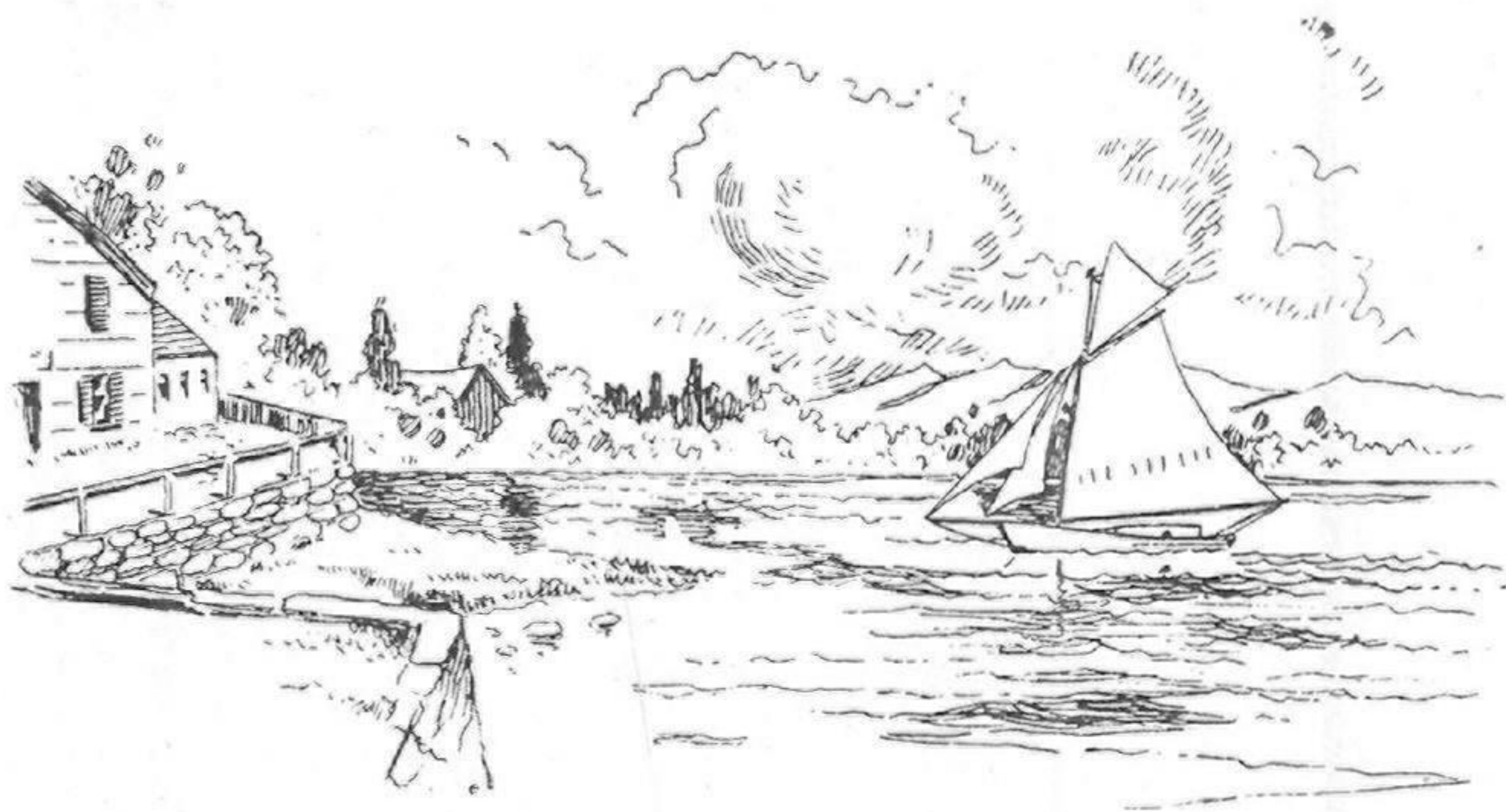
1905

started along the street to the cemetery. Everything was still. The fields were deserted. It seemed an awfully long way, and the wind whistled thro' that hole in my face uncomfortably.

There was a little bridge we had to cross over a stream, but my wheel wouldnt' turn. Down the banks, over logs, bump, bump, I went, splash into the water, leaving Jim and Spi unconsciously wheeling along to the cemetery.

The shock made me jump—back to the world of realities. The clock went off and I roused the whole Frat. House to get something for my toothache.

“S.”



TYEE

1905



DAVE'S MOTHER USED TO BUY HIS CLOTHES.



NOW DAVE BUYS 'EM.

A Riddle.

The soft gloam falls on the lurid day,
The cricket whirrs his plaintive lay,
Between the trees the shadows slide
As two forms linger, side by side.
Their shadows blend with the darkening trees,
Their voices sink with the murmuring breeze,
'Til a voice says faintly, "Lee! Now stop!"
Can you guess who's there—on the Phi Delt walk?



Hell.

[With Apologies to Dante and Dr. Padelford.]

CANTO I.

A car, late by an hour, in the dead of night
From its hind step did drop me in the mud.
With great celerity I from the mire
Did spring; glanced right and left
To see if my gaze should meet
The forerunner of a P. H. D.
Fresh from the midnight conclave
Of the faculty anvil chorus. 'Twas well,
Indeed, that such my gaze did 'scape,
Else had I been on the carpet jerked
For conduct unbecoming.
Far back i' the shade of an overhanging
Roof a Senior's crouching form
Did with himself hold converse;
Belonging to that class renowned
For general pusillanimity.



Entered they the domains of higher intellect,
Raged war two years apace and then relapsed
Into innocuous desuetude.

As I to him spake
Upon mine ears there burst
A howl of fear, et cetera,
And forth from the outer darkness came
The sound of running feet.
With speed terrific up shot an imp
Into the air, and then came back
To earth again.

Forthwith full many a score
Of reckless yaps of hell upon him
Pounced. Upon the luckless imp was thrown
A light, and he forth was hailed
As "Monte." Then like a turkey trussed
Upon a barrel, was ridden
Down the hill.



CANTO II.

Scarce three moons pass
And I again from trolley car
Descend. But ere two paces I
Advance when twenty minions
Of the darkness down upon me swoop
And lift me up, and then—
The earth comes up and they
Upon me sit.

With divers arguments
Upon their feeble intellects is
Impressed the fact, no Soph
Am I. Apologies conspicuous by
Their absence mark their withdrawal
Into the deep, dark shadows of the Inn.

Ye Gods! (and little fishes). Once more
Upon mine ears there bursts
That howl of fear!
By Bruiser Ford and Pullen led,
Another band sweeps by,
Bearing in their midst a mixture odd
Of Sophdom, yelps and cuss words.

Three martyrs to the college rites
Baptismal are hurried to the lake.

Society Items.

[From The Tyee War Correspondent at the Front.]

TYEE

1905

SIGMALEE.

'Phone message received; George Sohns on the road to the house on the 8 a. m. car.

The Sigs have been jubilant the past month. Their winnings from Van Dorn's Chinese lottery have increased from fifty pounds of chocolate creams to a meerschaum pipe.

8:30 a. m.—George Sohns reported just north of University Station.

Pecksniff Stevens decides to re-enter society.

2 p. m.—George Sohns sighted at Portage.

Cosgrove decided not to go to the Kappa parta. Was not feeling well.

Gilly Duffy, the Harry Lehr of Washington society, intends buying Jim Hill's steamship the Minnesota and giving a launch party on Green Lake.

12 m.—George Sohns blew in for a few minutes, burned a package of good tobacco and then went home.

GAMMA FLI BITER.

G. Franklin Purdy called. House rule No. 69 broken (11 p. m.).

Freshmen girls entertained Friday evening. Freshmen boys failed to qualify.

W. Tell Laube called. All the house rules broken.

Underclass maidens borrowed the Junior hats. Their own not becoming enough.

Miss Mowrey received. Among those present were: G. Franklin Purdy, Howard Cosgrove, Samuel Richardson, Ed Alexander and Dr. T. K. Sidey.

Peggy and George are enjoying many pleasant afternoons on the lake.

TYEE
1905

FIJI.

House closed April 24th, May 8th. Track team south.

Coral White may be daily seen strolling around the campus with a "W." on his manly bosom.

A terrific quarrel was the result of a difference of opinion between Dave Pullen, Dave Grant, Fred Laube and William Tell as to whose day it was to wear the red hat.

After the 'Varsity ball the fraternity held its weekly meeting at Stokes'.

Loyal Shoudy visited the "U." last Friday and gave a delightful pink tea to his lady friends.

R. Gaston Pearson entertained his lady friends at dinner at the 'Varsity Inn, Sunday.

KAPS.

Lee Brawley called last week. So did Mr. Pollock.

At a recent indignation meeting Alpha Kappa Gamma forwarded resolutions to Beta Theta Pi demanding the abatement of the serenading nuisance. "Frank Reasoner, Won't You Please Come Home," and Jackson's "Maiden With the Dreamy Eyes" began to pall after the two hundred and fiftieth rendition.

May Crahan has decided to devote her life to "Art."

The Sunday School class were entertained as usual. Firecrackers and fudges were the chief amusements.

One of the most pleasant affairs of the week was the picnic given by Grace Huntoon at Ravenna Park. Those present were Grace Huntoon and Lee Brawley.

The Junior farce committee met several times last week.

Miss Brown and Miss Crahan entertained at luncheon Tuesday. Covers were laid for four.

PHI DIDDLES.

T Y E E

1905

Gardner Millett has withdrawn from society. Sauerballed.

Dutch George entertained his friend Haberer, Saturday. Everybody else cleared out.

The fraternity has resumed operations since the return of the Glee Club Exiles.

We were pleased to see Lee Brawley with us at lunch several weeks ago. The Kappas kindly loaned him to us.

FROM THE BETAS.

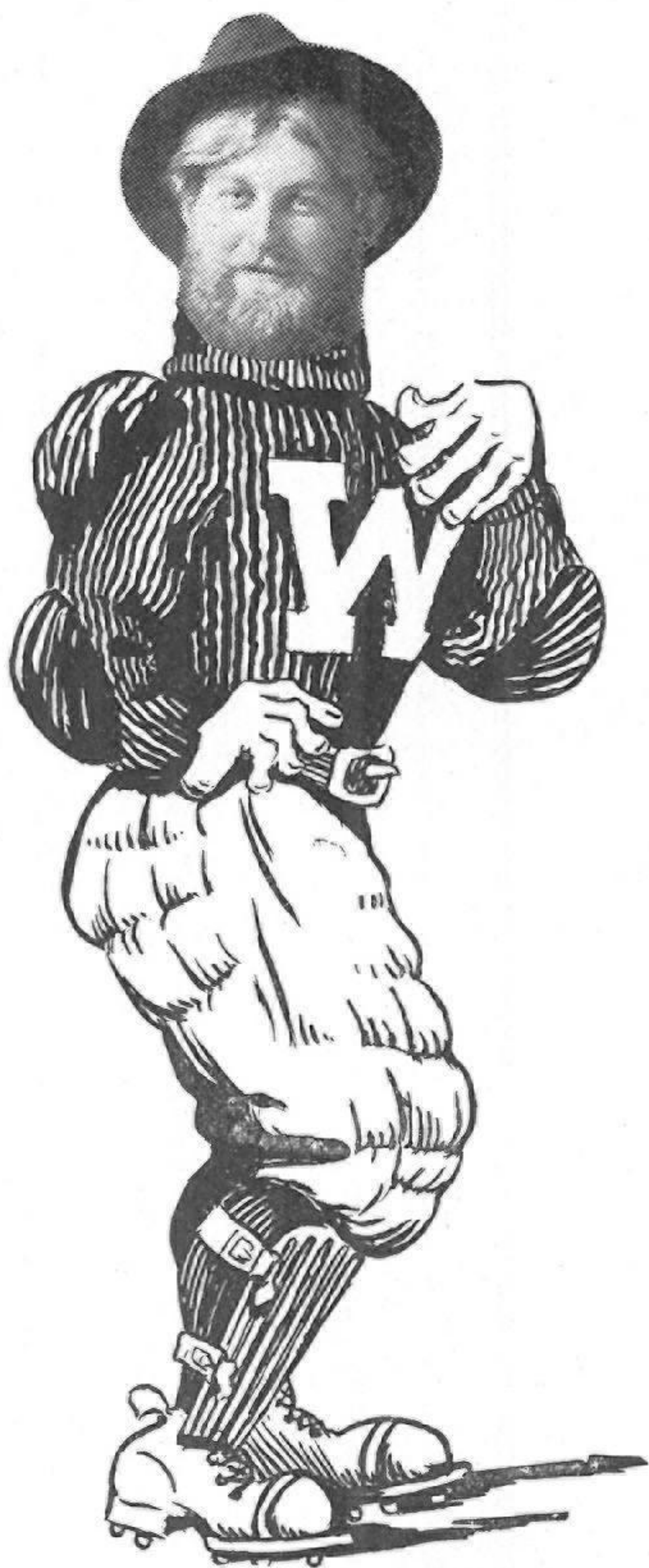
The "Bar" sign was blown away last night, but was recovered without being seriously damaged. Its fall was softened by Curt Parker.

Sunday night. Serenaded the Kappas. Serenaded the Gamma Phis. Serenaded the Delta Gammas. Serenaded everybody. Everybody sore.

We are proud of our foxy Ayllette, who conceived the cute idea of appointing himself chairman of the delegation from Utah in the moot convention, in order to gain a reputation as a queerer. No results.

Burke did not call at the Women's Dormitory last night. Tied in his room with the door barred.

[Our society editor should consider herself censured. She has not handed in the returns from the other aggregations. We suppose she is afraid of knocking her friends and so has neglected her duty.]



The Boy Wonder.

There was a right tackle named Tom,
Who was quite a football phenom.

Whenever at ease
He made love to Louise,
Who thought him the only bon homme.

Q. What group of trees does C. M.—
study in Forestry?

A. Cosgrove.



A Lament.

N the spring a young man's fancy
Lightly turns his love to muse,
'Till a clod-souled ruffian shakes him,
Shouting, "Wake up! Pay your dues!"

Chorus: Reasoner, Pullen, Phillips, Hank Schneider, "My
Sweet Chim-Pansy, I Love You Olney."

English IV.

TYEE

1905

"Does a man die at once who swallows a flame?"

Asked Paddy of Sec. one day.

"If the flame should consist of very hot air,

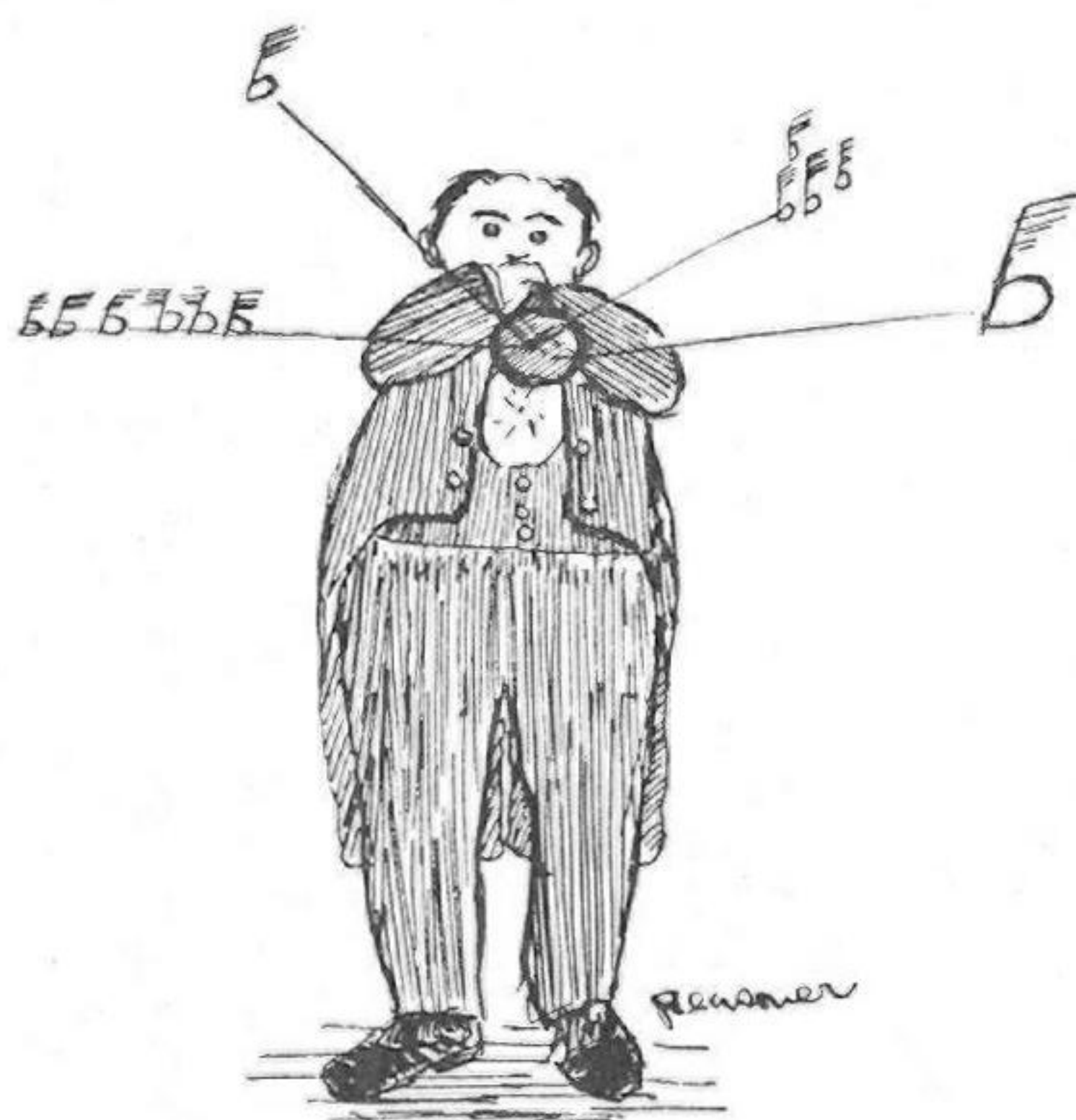
I think that perhaps he may."

"What do you think about it, Dode Brinker?" he said,

"Well, I have a reason that fits it—

The man who inhales it should die very slow,

Compared to the man who emits it."



Reasoner attended the Mozart Symphony Concert.

Would that the Regents of the University could look at the above specimens of "art." Then it might be possible for the University to own a School of Art to satisfy the students' cravings for the development of the artistic side of their nature. Then, again, it would alleviate the anguish of a suffering public.

TYEE
1905

The Specific Wave.

THE SPECIFIC WAVE.



Published by Some Student.



JOHN R. SLATTERY.....Editor



Manager:

J. R. SLATTERY.



Staff:

JOHN RUSKIN SLATTERY.

JACK SLATTERY.

JACK R. SLATTERY.

J. RUSKIN SLATTERY.

JACK SLATS.

SOMETHING SHOULD BE DONE!

We have noticed a serious defect in our University. One day last week while in the library preparing for the famous Idaho debate, we noticed the matting at the north end of the library was becoming frayed. **Think of it—Frayed.**

Suppose President Elliot should visit our college and notice this glaring anomaly! Just imagine his returning to the East and some one mentioning the University of Washington (of which the "Pacific Wave"

is the official publication and of which "we" are the editor), the cutting reply: "Pooh! Their library carpet is frayed."

The Regents should take notice at once in regard to this.

READ THIS!

As the day for the big game approaches the interest daily grows more intense. Washington's Gladheathers are in the best possible condition, and should we win victory will surely roost upon our banners.

Already red-vested sports from many towns gather to lay the long green upon Washington, and the sparkle of their many brilliants as they stand nightly conversing on the street corners puts the arc lights to shame.

The odds favor Washington, and thousands upon thousands of dollars are banked upon Washington's valiant pigskin huggers. Every true sport and son of Washington should attend the game, well padded with the necessary and ready to flash it. It might be added that the editor, he who debated against Idaho last year, is getting up a little pool, and should anyone wish to come in he should notify him at once.

LOOK HERE!

The Senior class has had its election. It has been in fact a re-election. The president is a man of ability, character and integrity, and we shall give him our heartiest co-operation. But because such a one was elected does not necessarily indicate that there was not another man of equal, if not greater, ability, and whose modesty has caused him to hide his "light under a bushel," as the immoral Shakespeare says. But the strongest of characters has its weakness. The president has appointed certain committees and the men thus honored are doubtless capable; but from these lists a name has been omitted which is a by-word in the University. His great abilities for four years have been patent to those

students who are far-seeing enough. Modesty forbids us to say more.

(Errata: A terrible mistake has been made. It is "immortal Shakespeare," not "immoral Shakespeare.")

OBSERVE THIS!

The successful college journal is the one that knocks boldly and fearlessly.

OBSERVE THIS ALSO!

In our last issue a great injustice was done Messrs. Wilt and Baldwin. We said their performance in the minstrel show was a minus quantity. We wish to rectify our blunder and assure the gentlemen in question that we heartily enjoyed their stunt.



TYEE
1905

THE DOERS



AND



THE DONE.

An Everyday Occurrence.

Hello! Is this the Kappa House? Well, please let Mr. Baldwin come to the 'phone, will you? Yes Yes, thank you.

HURAH!. FOR NAUGHTY FOUR.

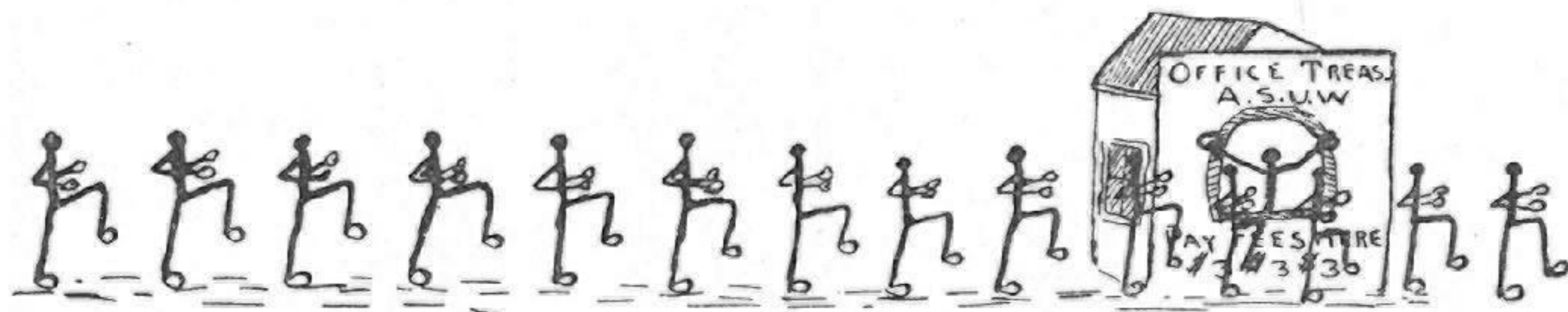
At the Senior party—Bob Evans to a bunch of wee Freshmen girls: "I'll give you just five minutes to get out of here!"

Alphabet of Interest.

T Y E E

1905

- A** is for Alfred, whose last name is Strauss,
He plays der cornet and vears a stuffed blouse.
- B** is for Bertha, and also for Bones,
Now that he's gone she most mournfully means.
- C** is for Cozzy, the light-fingered gent,
Who stole Van's ham sandwich with honest (?) intent.
- D** is for Dave Grant, an athlete big,
Who jumps like a rabbit and runs like a pig.
- E** is for Ethel, so charming and true,
Whom everyone calls "dè coy duck of the 'U.'"
- F** is for Freshie, real rollicking rakes,
Who dumped all the Sophomores deep in the lakes.
- G** stands for Grace—Oh! fiddle-de-dee!
Can't think of anything to rhyme with Lee.
- H** is for Haberer, the popular man,
Who runs for Vice-President whenever he can.
- I** is Ike Curtis Parker, a big Spanish don,
Who gets poco-loco whenever she's gone.



Where can these law students be going? Is it possible that they are going to pay their A. S. V. W. fees? There's Kennedy in the bunch. Nay, nay, Pauline. They pass it up.

TYEE
1905

J is little Jacksteimer, a Fresh fiancée,
Who is apt to elope on most any day.

K stands for Kirkman, a pattern for Loeb,
The genius of Balaam, the patience of Job.

L is for Lil, a charming girl—quite,
She never gets tanned—she always keeps White.

M is for Manche Bennett, who wins with a rush,
On the charming Miss Texas he has a great crush.

N is for Nell, a noble young maid,
She does what is right—is never afraid.

O is Prof. Osborne, the meanest one yet,
If you belonged to his class you'd think so—you bet!

P stands for Portage—lallygaggers' delight—
It's a beautiful spot, by day or by night.

Q stands for Queens, some twenty or more,
Who always go strolling by the peaceful lake shore.

R is Sam Richardson, known as a "has been,"
We sometimes wonder where he ever came in.



Oh! This is easy. Don McDonald with the Y. M. C. A. in
the distance. What! Is it possible they pass here, too?

S is braw Slattery, ink-slinger brave,
Who manages, writes, edits and reads—the “Wave.”

T Y E E
1905

T stands for Tibbals, king of the track,
A warm place in our hearts he never will lack.

U represents University life,
A medley of pleasure, excitement and strife.

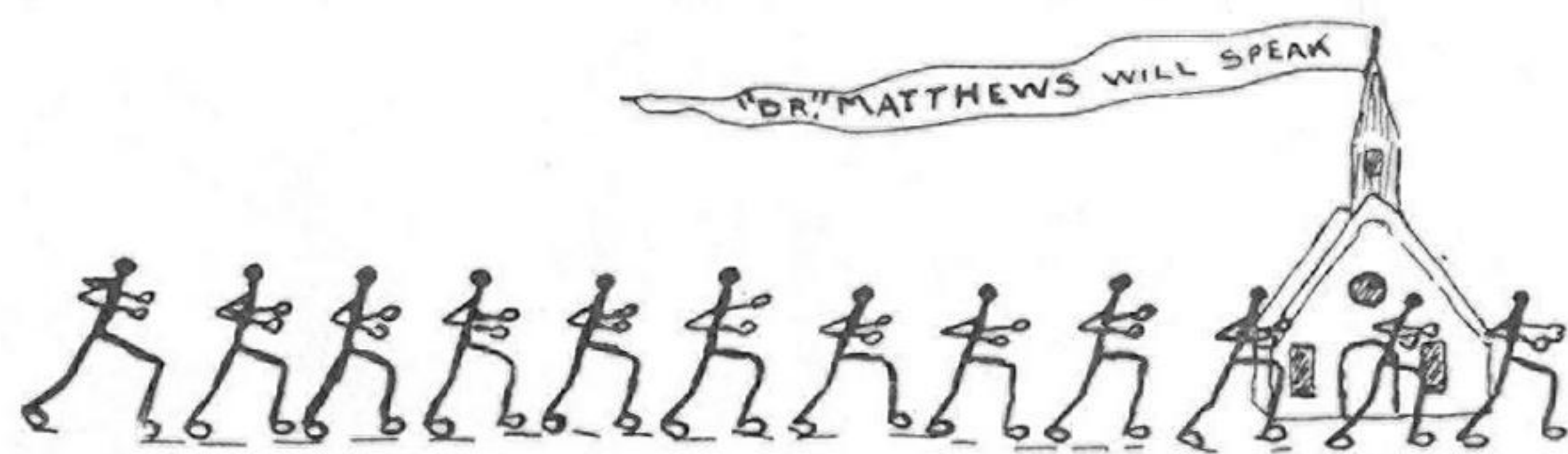
V is Van Dorn, who thought he'd be cute,
And while off with the Glee Club went on a toot.

W is for Wetzel, stately and tall,
If she tumbled (to this) what a fall!

X stands for the obnoxious exam.—
When it is over we softly say—fudge!

Y are young innocents, who flock around each year,
Not always are they just what they appear.

Z stands for Prexy, and every good friend,
Their virtues we'd laud—but we've come to the end.



Oh, yes! They are going to hear Dr. Matthews speak. Do my eyes deceive me, or is that Bill Phillips? Of course, they will cut out Dr. Matthews. But where can they be going?

TYEE
1905



Monte

A Freshman he is and has been for
years,
He was "dyed-in-the-wool" when he
came,
He talks continually into our ears,
And his story is always the same.

This man I am speaking of comes
from a mountain,
His "rep" is that of a hot-air fan,
His head is quite often under a foun-
tain,
This "Monte," the "Christopher"
man.

"ON THE ROAD TO THE SIG. HOUSE."

She: "Oh, dear! Oh! Oh! This road is so dusty. Can I ever get across?"

Cosgrove, on the other side: "Come over here, dear. Aren't you glad you're with me?"



Ah, ha! The moot court! Will Cozzy go there? Shade of the immortal Blackstone! But they glide by without touching.



TYEE
1905

No, little children, this is not a Centaur, but the watch dog of the treasury on duty.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

The following are fair samples of the questions hurled at us from time to time. We try to make our answers as satisfactory as possible under the circumstances:

Q.—What kind of labor was performed on campus day?

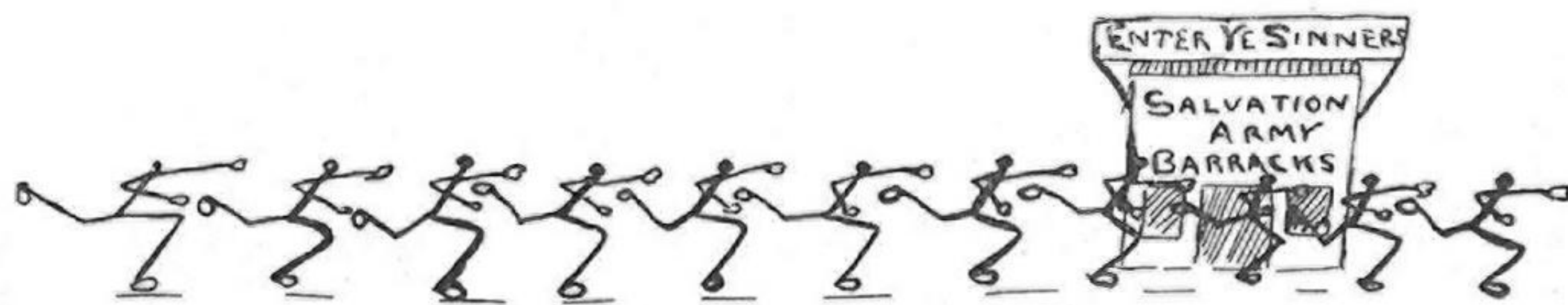
A.—(Meany)al.

Q.—Have you seen the bottle Don McDonald carries filled with milk?

A.—Don't recollect the bottle; but are you sure it's filled with milk?

Q.—What kind of light did the Jewish people have while in the wilderness?

A.—In tents light. (Forgive us, but we were forced to it.)



Has fear of their salvation entered 'em? Even as the gentle zephyrs do they fade by the Salvation shop. But where can they be going?

TYEE
1905

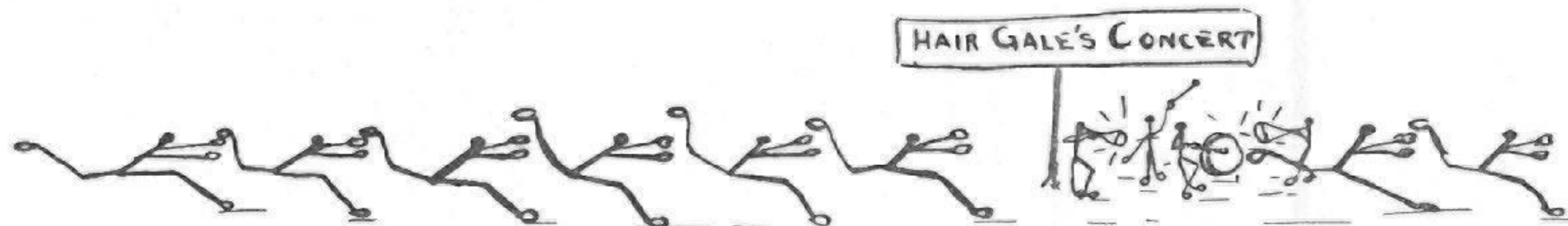


Yer belt is unhookit,
Yer necktie's on crookit;
Ye may not be drunk,
But be jabbers ye look it!

Impossible to be Killed.

April 20, 1903.—Prof. Meany, to student, who has expressed a wish to register in forestry: "Ha! ha! ha! Do you know, that Glee Club killed my forestry class with that fool song of theirs."

April 20, 1904.—Prof. Meany's forestry class has a total of 23.



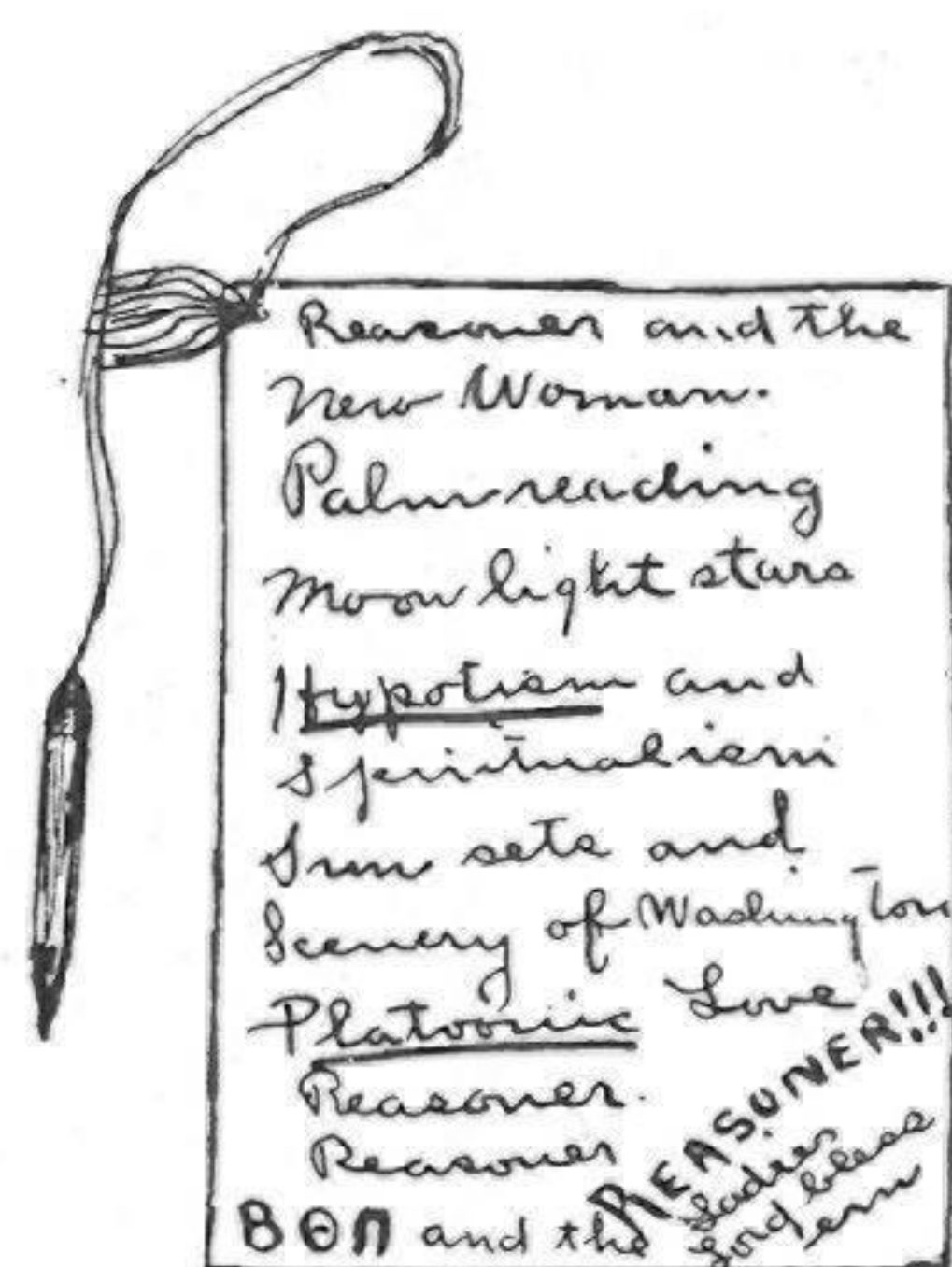
Ah, ha! Music hath charms for these savages. They wish to see Gale's hair orchestra. Ah, me! Gale is passed up again.

*J. Richardson, why
don't you talk to the
Metropolitan Press? They
keep calling us up here
every day?*
Markham

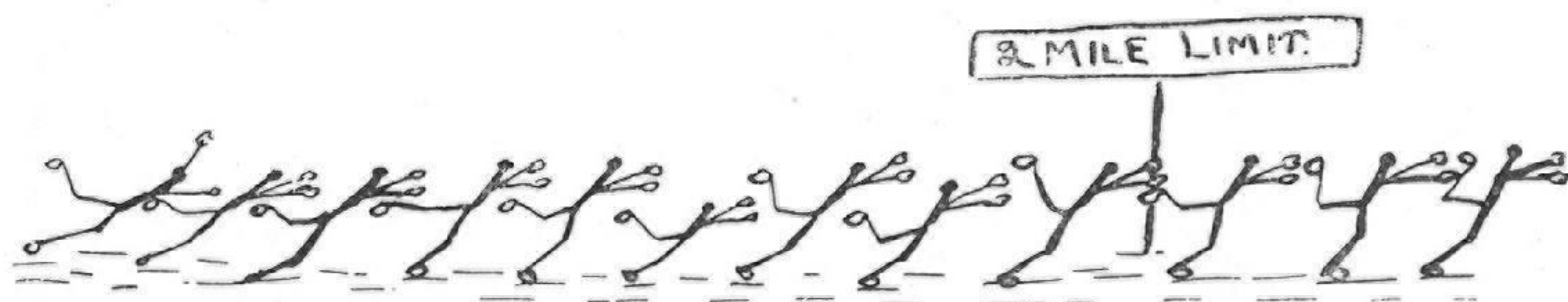
TYEE
1905

1904 "Tyee"—Oh what a fall was there my countrymen!

The above was found in the Tyee box in the registrar's office.



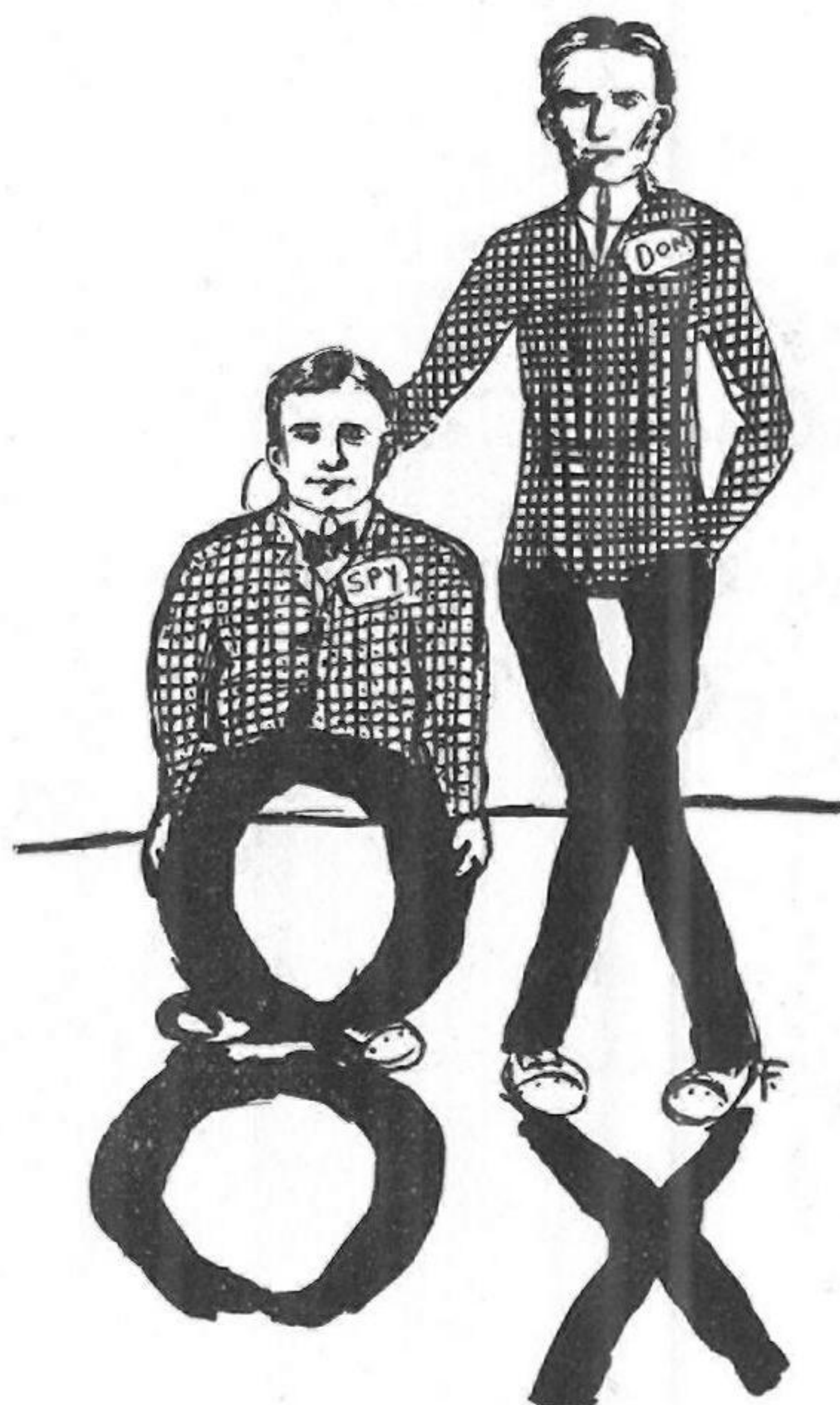
Frank Reasoner is the proud originator of this conversational card. It is especially convenient in conversation with young damsels on the banks of the Portage. We expect to see the use of these conversational cards become universal.



Suffering snakes! Peck Stevens! The two-mile limit! Things look suspicious! Hanson and Laube, the "has beens," bring up the rear. My! How fast they are running!

TYEE

1905

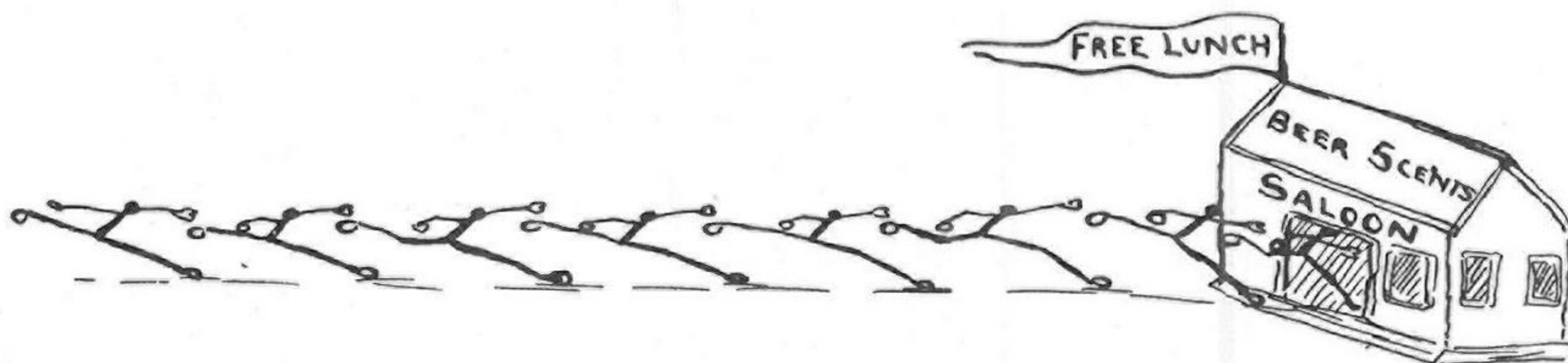


This is the appearance Speidel and McDonald put up when they meander down the walk.

Doc Wilt, while on the Glee Club trip last fall, suffered a severe toothache, and as a result was forced to take a month's vacation when he returned. Forget it, Doc; there were others.

Page 338, Tyee, 1904. "Sophomore Class elects manager and editor of Tyee, '05."

Yes, we have had a little trouble, but not much more than our respected predecessors had or are even having now.



By the little red hatchet of Carrie Nation! There, they disappear with Perry in the lead. Why didn't I guess it before?



TYEE

1905

Remember to-night, boys, I am not John Ruskin Slattery, the editor; J. Ruskin Slattery, the author; J. R. Slattery, the manager; John R. Slattery, the debater, or Jack Ruskin Slattery, the society lion. But, boys, I AM Jack Slattery, the sport!!!!

In the Philosophy Class.

He doesn't know whether we do know if Dr. Savery knew what he was talking about when he told his class that they didn't know from anything they did know, except what they do know that they didn't know.

Herr Gale to Miss Wheeler: "I wish that you would play the bass drum in my orchestra. I only give you this magnificent opportunity for two reasons: You know music, and you are handsome and will raise the standard of the orchestra's appearance." But Miss Wheeler did not accept.

TYEE

1905

Initiation

The Betas were putting a man through. H. Clare Jackson was puncturing the atmosphere with admonitions to Ewing, ever and anon dropping his voice to a rasping (I mean soothing) murmur, telling the victim of the glories of Beta Theta Pi. Johnson was busy applying a bug to Ewing's ear, when Reasoner discovered that they were watched. Johanson scaled the fire escape and turned on their magnificent "BAR" sign. The heavens were illuminated for miles around! The penetrating glare of I. Curt Parker discovered a couple holding down the Kappa steps, but closer inspection revealed the fact that it was only Karl and Ethel. The Virginian frantically grabbed the nearest bottle of "V. O. P.," drained it to the dreggs, the "BAR" sign went out and the initiation went on.



TYEE
1905



JUNIOR LAW



Millett.

"Millett" was a name we could utter,
Without blush, hesitation or stutter,
But on the Glee Club last fall
He souvenired a pool ball,
And then wrote "From Glee Club to gutter."

T Y E E We hereby acknowledge thanks to the following persons, other
1905 than members of the Junior Class, for their assistance to us in pub-
lishing Vol. V. of the Tyee:

ZILPHA FENTON.

LEROY SHERWOOD.

JOSEPH BLETHEN

JOHN CLANCY.

RILEY H. ALLEN.

MARION ROBINSON.

DONALD McDONALD.

WILIAM T. LAUBE.

HOWARD A. HANSON.

WALLACE ATKINSON.

MARGUERITA SINCLAIR

TREVOR KINCAID.

NED THOMPSON.

NINA SNOW.

THE EDITORS.

TYEE
1905



THE TOTEM POLE
SEATTLE

TYEE
1905

WE REGRET THAT

The Seattle Electric Company insists on maintaining an arc light in front of the Kappa House.

Bill Laube is a "has been."

The '04 "Tyee" bill is yet unpaid.

Curtis Parker is still butting in.

Roscoe Bell is in a dangerous condition. His case seems serious.

So many Gamma Phis are engaged.

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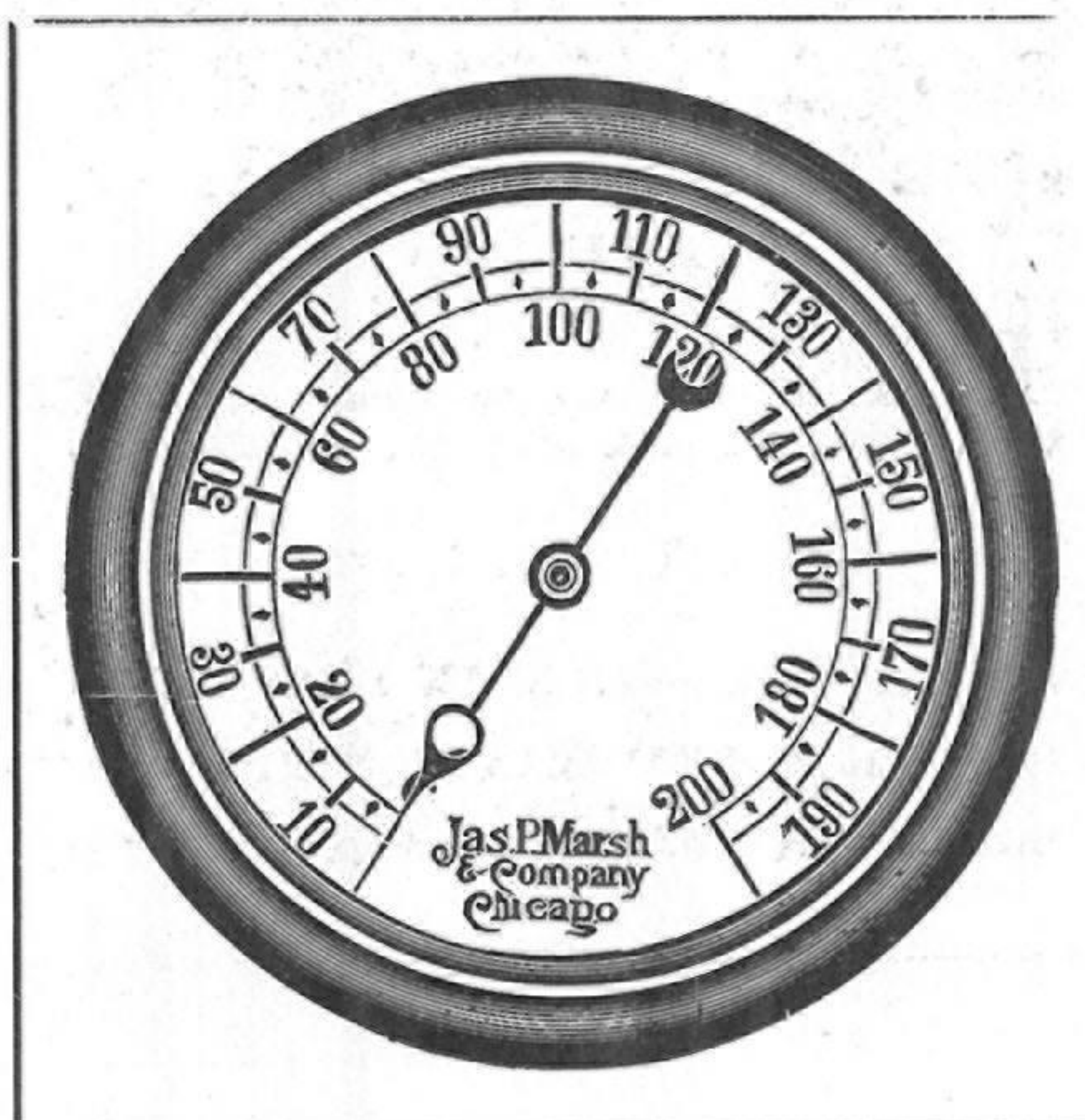
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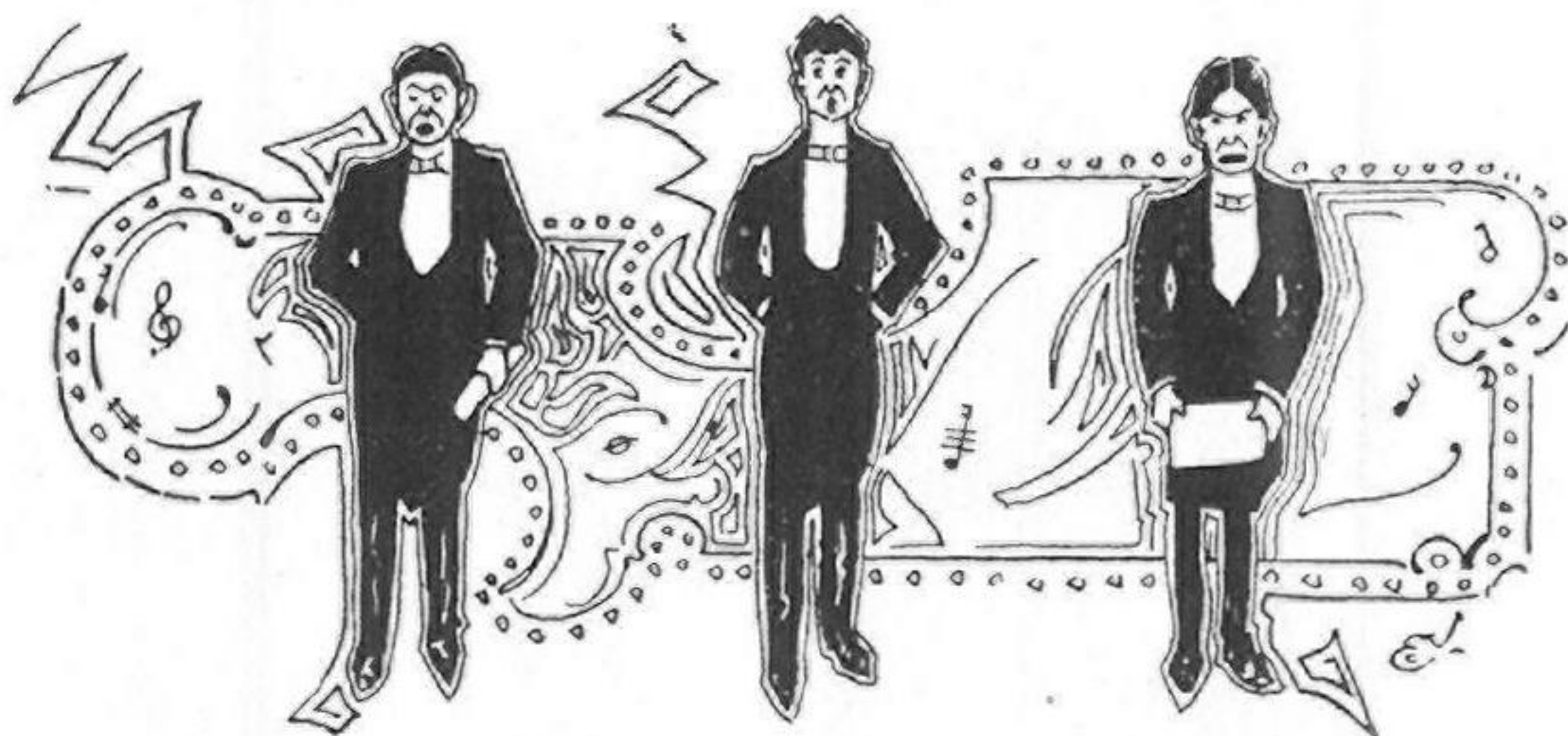
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